OCT. 27, 1945 10c

# Liberty

[redacted]

ALABAMA'S WAR ON

VD

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86.8 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED

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# COVER GIRL...MODEL MOTHER

**Her favorite likeness.** Mother and daughter laugh at Lynn's first "portrait." But they're downright serious about the care of teeth and gums. Yes, gums, too. For neglected gums often signal their warning to "see your dentist" with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. He may merely suggest, as so many dentists do, the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

## Francine Counihan says: "No one knows better than a model how important a smile can be!"

MOVIEGOERS who saw gorgeous Francine Counihan in "Cover Girl in Hollywood" would have rubbed their eyes had they known that this glamorous model is the mother of two robust youngsters—Bobby, aged 8, and Lynn, aged 4.

And Mother's lovely smile is going to be duplicated in her children—if *she* has anything to do with it. And she does! She's already started both children on the dental routine which gets much of the credit for her own smile. *Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with Ipana Tooth Paste.*

For Francine knows that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

**With Daddy in the Marines,** it's early to bed for mother and daughter these nights. But not before a stimulating bathroom workout with Ipana and massage. For Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to speed circulation in lazy gums.

**If parents only knew** what children are learning in thousands of classrooms today: the importance of regular gum massage. Too, 7 out of 10 dentists recommend massage, according to a national survey. (Same survey shows dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own use* over any other dentifrice!)

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

**Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with**

**Ipana and Massage**

**Behind the scenes** with a model smile. In the bathroom of her New York apartment, Francine shows her daughter how to guard teeth and gums with Ipana and massage. After brushing, Lynn massages a little extra Ipana on her gums to help keep them firm and healthy.

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*Cover: Eskimo Kiss*

*Baby Jo Ann Curley and toy Pluto (special permission Walt Disney Productions)*
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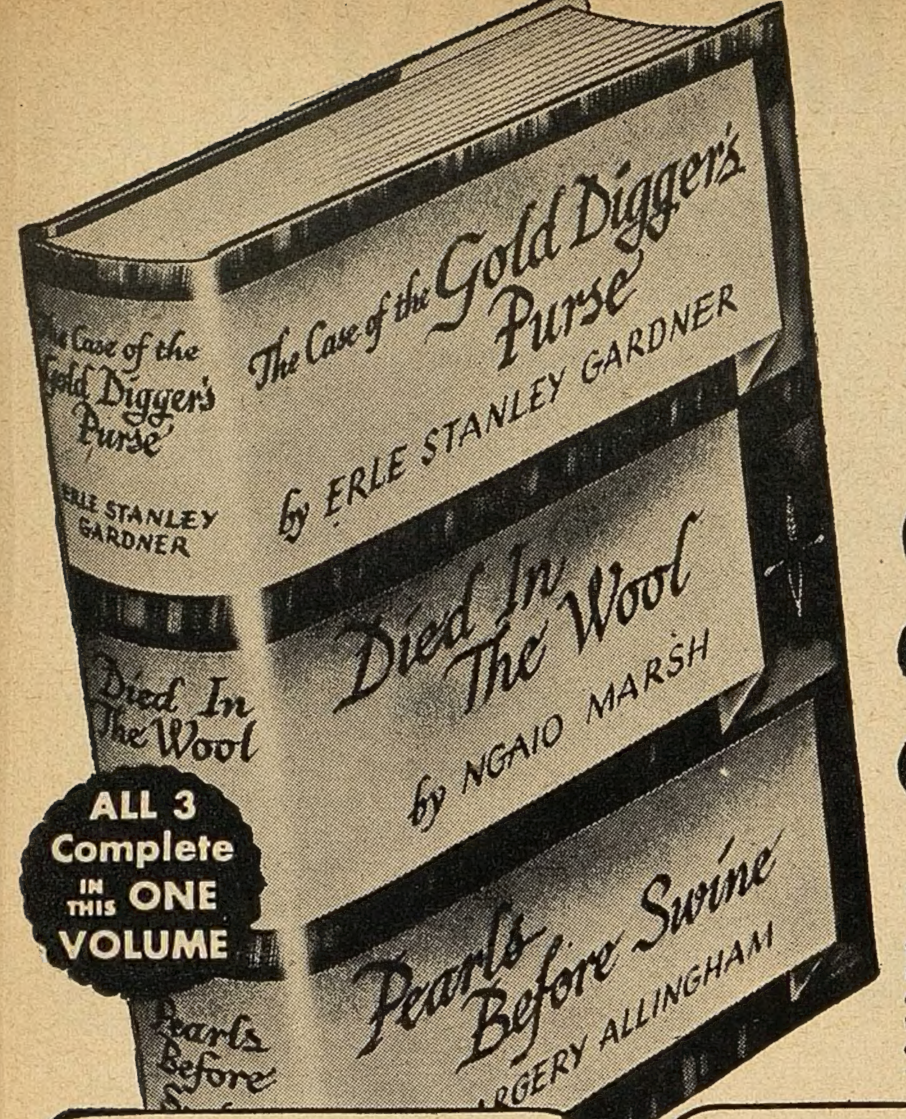

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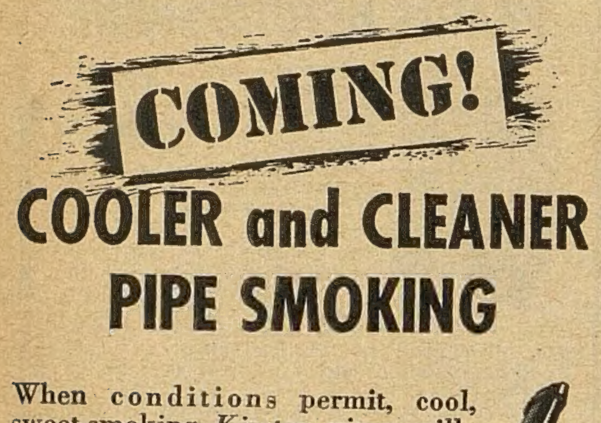

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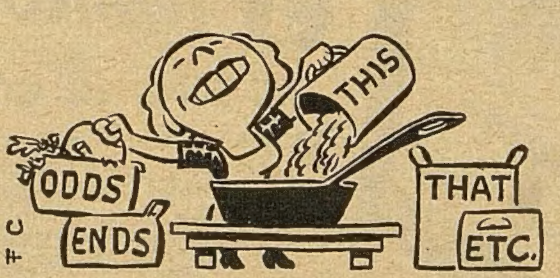
# VOX POP

## *"The Voice of the People"*

### ERSATZ HASH

BELLEVILLE, N. J.—It certainly seems strange to send recipes to Vox Pop, but I couldn't help doing so when I read about the "worried, wondering housewives" (Vox Pop, September 15).

Although hash does taste much better with meat, and you can even find some now, during the worst of the shortage I managed to fix some fairly good ersatz hash. The family actually said it was good—a compliment they never bothered to make when meat was in it.



Take three onions browned in butter (or substitute). Add half bunch of diced celery, two diced carrots, a green pepper (sliced or diced), four fresh tomatoes (skinned) or one cup of canned tomatoes. Cook for forty-five minutes. Add one cup of cooked rice and cook fifteen more minutes. Add water (boiled) if necessary. Enough for four servings.

The concoction tastes delicious.—*B. Mink.*

### EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPTS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In his editorial, Is the World to Be Ruled by a Triumvirate? (September 1), Paul Hunter points out that, in the interests of international diplomacy, we are likely to lose the services of our elected President as far as internal affairs are concerned. And it flashed through my mind that our great America could take care of that situation by electing an International President as well as a President of Internal Affairs.—*Everett Berry.*

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I agree with Paul Hunter—the world should be under a government of law, not of men. So why not begin with tax laws? There isn't a single nation on earth that finances its government by means of the *direct* tax system exclusively. That is, by means of *personal* income taxation, collected only from families and/or individuals, who are the ultimate taxpayers, no matter what kind of system is employed. This system is the only one under which there can be tax exemptions, just or otherwise. On its face, the installation of the direct tax system will lay the foundation for a new and very much better form of government—the very thing the world needs most, now that the holocaust is over.—*John W. Storms.*

### NO GAGGING

DENVER, COLO.—Even soldiers and ex-soldiers can read most of the article, They Made It, by Bill Slocum, Jr. (September 8), without harmful gagging.

But when the author tells about overhearing two of his roommates saying good-by, his I-am-an-unbleached-G. I.-in-correspondent's-clothing impression peels off like the regulation halo of an officer when he becomes a civilian.

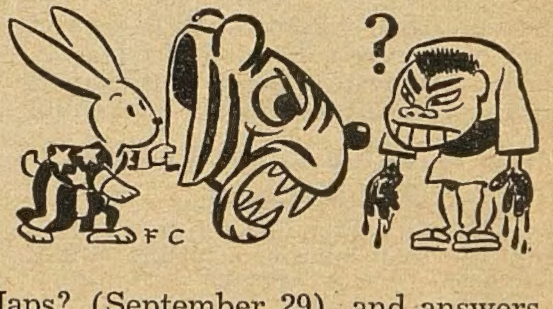
Mr. Slocum wants to peek into the ship's hold, but, like most correspondents, he can't give up his retreat above the throng.—*Emmett Glanzer.*

### DOG TAGS

CLEVELAND, OHIO—We wish to call your attention to an error in They Made It, by Bill Slocum, Jr. (September 8). The article states that one dog tag is buried with a deceased soldier, and that the other is sent home with his personal effects. That's wrong. The second dog tag is attached to the identification marker on the grave.—*Pfc. M. J. Joyce, Pvt. L. Dickson.*

### OUR BARK WORSE THAN OUR BITE?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Paul Hunter considers the peace in his editorial, Are We Being Too Easy on the Japs? (September 29), and answers an emphatic "no" to his own title question. Well, he's rationalizing, but in view of the lives saved (be they one or one million), I'd just as soon rationalize, too, and agree with him.



But the joker comes in Mr. Hunter's own words when he says "We will be in control of Japan and we can stamp out the elements in Japanese life which led the nation into trouble."

Sure, we can stamp them out, but are we doing it? As I see it, the answer to that one is a good loud "No!" From the way things seem to be going in Japan—and even in Germany where unconditional surrender was a fact—it's apparent that our bark is a lot worse than our bite.—*Carl Backer.*

### WOOLLCOTT'S BOSWELL

St. Louis, Mo.—Johnson had his Boswell, and now, I see, Woollcott has his Adams. Your book condensation, Alexander Woollcott: His Life and His World, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (September 15), does a masterly job of dissecting a great literary figure and putting him together again. Give us more like that. —*Philip Lynch.*

### WHERE'S ROCKY?

Philadelphia, Pa.—Where, oh, where are John Weaver's Rocky Ford stories that used to run as a series in Liberty? Have Rocky and his kid-commando nephew, Herbert, been knocked off for good? I hope not, for those are some of the best stories I've read in your magazines. —*Jean Wood.*

LIBERTY
PAGING MISTER ROCKY!
?
HC

Rocky and Herbert are still going strong. Another of their escapades is coming up soon. And a group of the stories already published have been sold to Twentieth-Century-Fox to be made into a movie, with James Dunn as a possible star.—Vox Pop Editor.

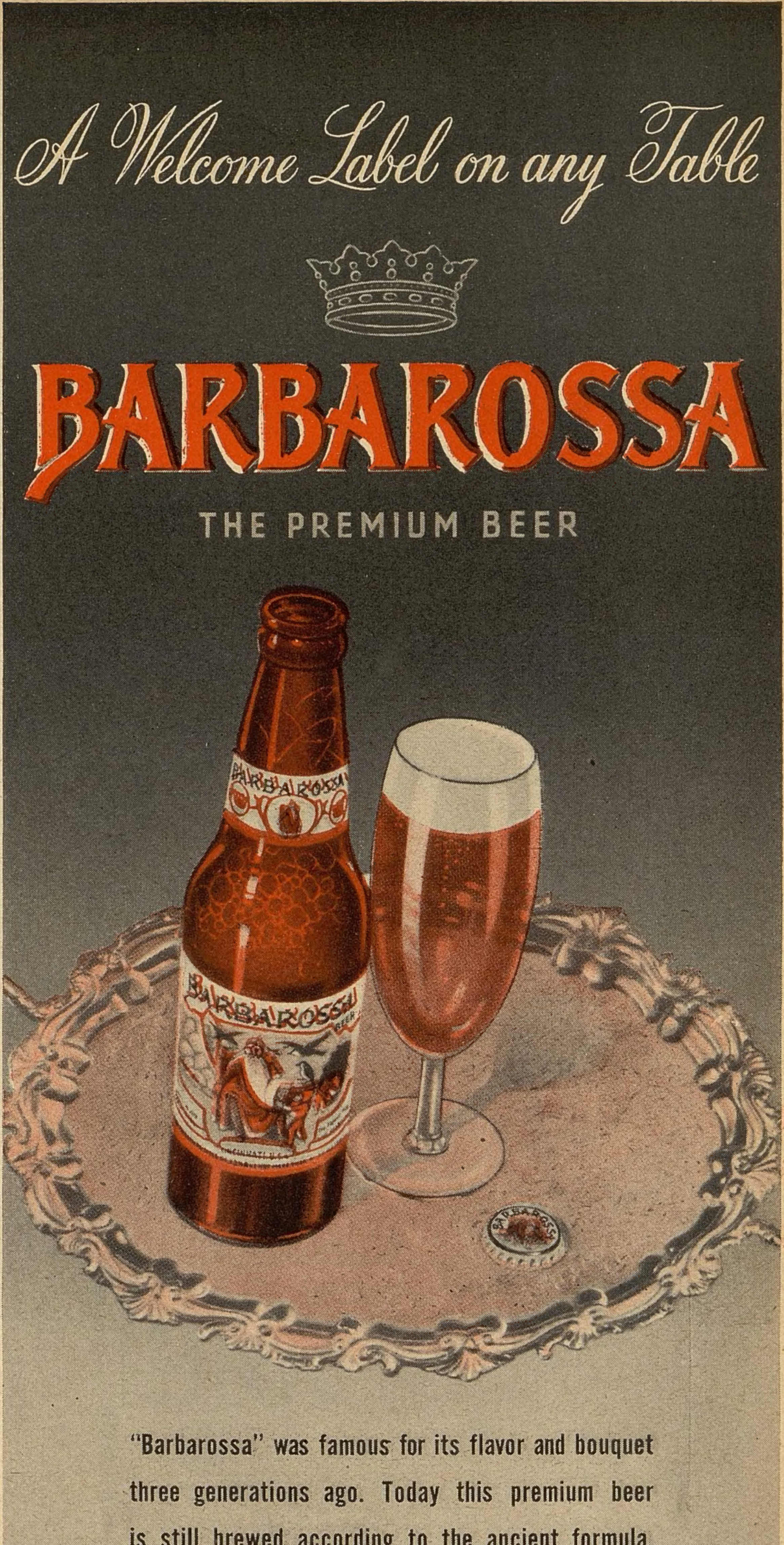
### LINDA AT BAT

Chicago, Ill.—That picture of redheaded Linda Christian batting for M-G-M (The Camera Eye, September 15) hit me right between the cardiac muscles. If she'd like to forsake Hollywood and play the field, she can vibrate on my team any day. —*George Files.*

### FROM WAR CRIMINALS TO GUINEA PIGS

Lynchburg, Va.—The world has one thing for which to thank the war criminals—they made it necessary for honest men to develop the atomic bomb to end the war the criminals started. Why not give the war criminals a chance to finish the

(*Continued on page 8*)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Switch from
"Hots" to
KOOLS

**If the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce reads this, we're only kidding!*

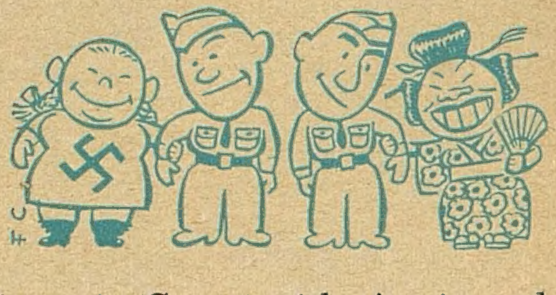
(*Continued from page 7*)

job now? Sentence them to dedicate their worthless lives as guinea pigs for the further development of, and experiments with, the splitting of atoms. Such action might give them the opportunity to redeem themselves for the terrible crimes they have committed.—*Lt. H. G. B.*

### I'LL TAKE VANILLA

Los Angeles, Calif.—Fraternizing may be fun for those fräuleins and G. I.s shown in The Camera Eye (September 22), but those of us at home who have husbands and fiancés over in Germany were pretty disgusted by that picture.

And then you read in the newspaper about all the Yanks who want to marry German girls. Aussies and English girls were one thing, but if we're going to have to entertain German and Jap wives in this country, too—well, I'll take vanilla.—*Joan West.*



### SCHOOL IS SCHOOL

Baltimore, Md.—I've just finished reading about the group of Russian students who came to New York to learn the language and the ways of America in It's a Topsy-Turvy World—to Them! by Juliet Bridgmen (September 22), and I found it very interesting.

Your first illustration gave me a laugh, though. The caption reads, "Mystified young Russians learning new ways of life," but the girl at the end looks anything but mystified. As a matter of fact, she looks as if she's asleep. I guess school is school, no matter how you slice it.—*Jane Crane.*

### SUPERBOY!

Bowling Green, Ky.—In a filler (September 8) you say that George Washington couldn't have thrown a silver dollar across the Potomac because the event was supposed to have happened in 1738 and the silver dollar wasn't coined until 1794. True; but there's another reason. George wasn't born until 1732. Pretty good heave for a six-year-old boy, what?—*R. T. Markle.*

Richmond, Va.—Brother, you would still be right, even though the silver dollar wasn't coined until 1794! You see, it wasn't the Potomac River at all, but the Rappahannock River at Fredericksburg, Virginia.—*W. H. Leary.*

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# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

### LIBERTY RECONVERTS

RESTRICTIONS on the use of paper by magazines now have been lifted, but supplies continue tight. Before long we will be able to print Liberty on paper of the weight and quality it deserves. Meanwhile we are going ahead with some of our planned improvements. With this issue we say good-by to small, hard-to-read type, narrow margins, cramped layouts, and skimpy pictures. We now are able to spread ourselves a bit and present our editorial content as we like to present it.

So, with this issue, we start a new arrangement of material. There are also more stories and articles, more and bigger pictures. A brand-new feature appears for the first time—the Thropp Family, a cartoon strip which will appear weekly hereafter and which we expect will become a great favorite with our readers. The Thropps make their bow on pages 38 and 39.

More improvements are coming as better paper becomes available. Liberty soon will appear on whiter and heavier stock. The Book Condensation will be on regular book paper, pleasing to the eye and to the touch.

We are extremely happy to inaugurate improvements we have long wanted to make but impossible under war conditions. We thank Liberty readers for bearing with us during the war, and promise to give them a constantly better magazine. We'd appreciate hearing from time to time how you like what we're doing.

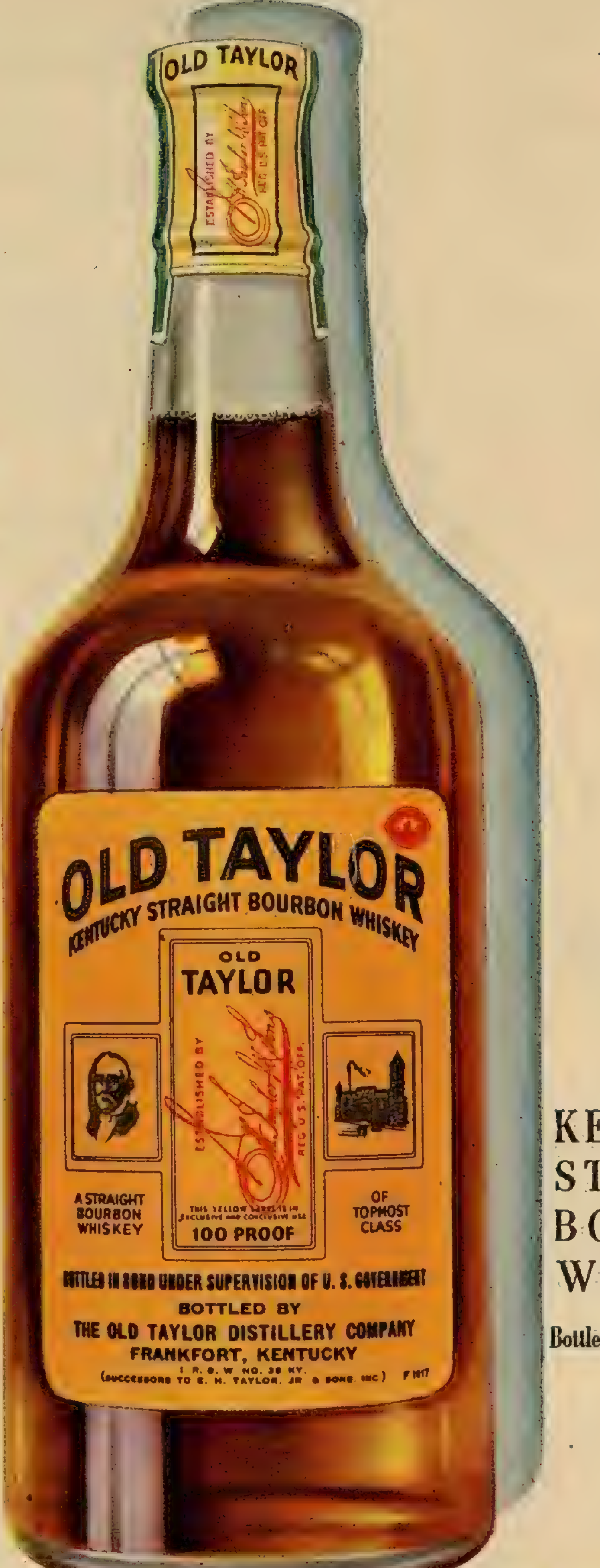
# NEXT WEEK

Liberty
10¢
Book: NO SHORTAGE OF MEN
What's Ahead for You in the First Postwar Year

AT peace, Uncle Sam won't need all his gigantic Navy. But what's to be done with ships retired to inactive service? Lt. Robert T. Furman tells you how laboratory wizards, to guard America's future, have invented DRY STORAGE FOR WARSHIPS. . . . IS THERE TREASURE IN YOUR OLD TRUNK? It's almost unbelievable, but it's true—this story by U. T. McCurry and John B. Hughes of forgotten billions of dollars which lie unclaimed in bank vaults and public treasuries. Maybe some of it belongs to you. . . . Is there BIG PROSPERITY AHEAD? Darrell Huff passes on to you a forecast by business men. It's sound, it's factual, it's based on "grass roots" information—and it's tremendously heartening. . . . Suppose, before the war began, someone had come to you and offered to wipe out all the hate and tyranny in the world if you would give up your life? Don't try to answer too quickly. Take your time, like Private Smith in the short story, MEETING IN APRIL, by Katherine Lyon. This is his answer. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, NO SHORTAGE OF MEN, by Ethel Hueston, is a laugh-a-minute story of the romantic antics of three gals.

# The Master's Choice

There's much of the old family heirloom about **OLD TAYLOR** – a noble bequest to judges of good bourbon by the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., of Frankfort, Kentucky. Though the famous colonel was the originator of many famous whiskies, none has retained his name through the years except this full-flavored answer to his personal preferences. Truly the master's choice is **OLD TAYLOR**. And truly a masterly choice for you to make on occasions where fine bourbon will be appreciated.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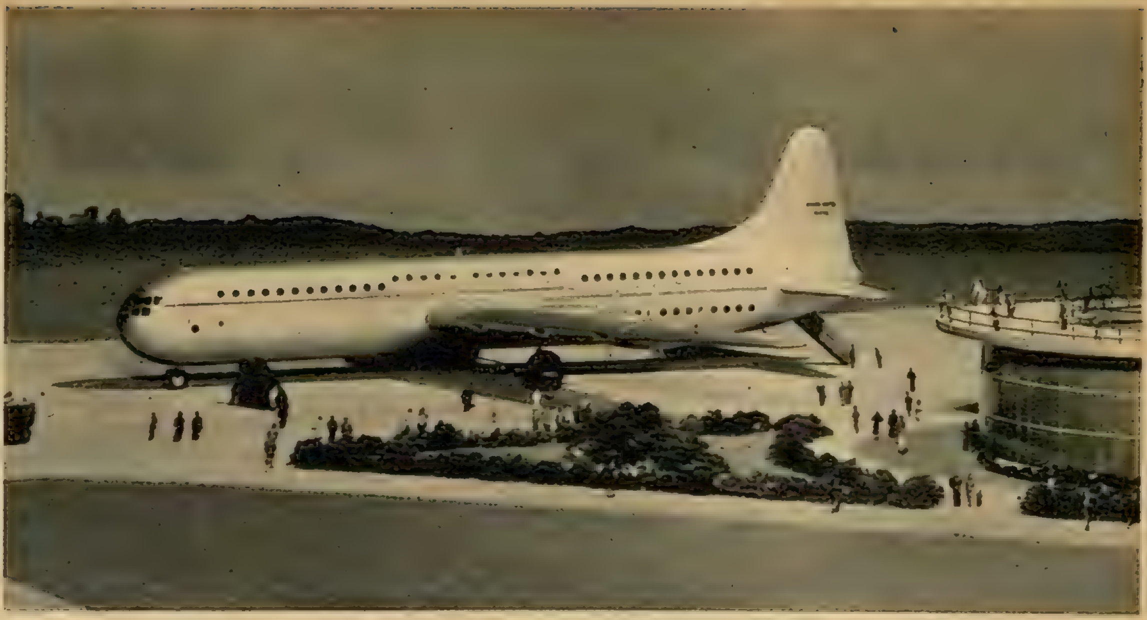

A preview of Consolidated Vultee's Model 37, the world's biggest passenger transport plane. It's the peacetime version of that projected superbomber, the B-36.

# ON THE BEAM

**Even with no atomic bomb, we'd have made the Nips say "Uncle"; witness five top-secret planes Uncle Sam had up his sleeve!**

### BY WAYNE PARRISH

NOW that military security wraps are off, we can tell you something about three of the Army's top-secret big-plane projects.

You will recall various leading officials hinting at superbombers far surpassing in range and performance the B-29 Superfortress. Well, they're coming right along. If the war had continued another year, the Japs would have gotten some real surprises even if there had been no such thing as an atomic bomb. It was no idle boast that our aircraft plants were completing work on some very exceptional airplanes.

The biggest of all is the B-36, a six-engined Goliath that would be able to fly 8,000 miles nonstop with a full load of bombs. If the atomic bomb had not panned out, and our armed forces hadn't moved so rapidly into the inner defense area of Japan, the B-36 would unquestionably have played a big role in World War II.

Just consider that the B-36 has a gross weight of something over 320,000 pounds, and has a wing span of about 230 feet and an over-all length of 183 feet, and you get a mental picture of the biggest airplane in the world. It is being built by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation at San Diego.

It is interesting to recall that the order for this airplane was placed in the dark days of the war, when Germany seemed about to grab off both Africa and the British Isles, leaving us no European or African base from which to send our bombers. We had to prepare for the possible day when we would send fully loaded bombers all the way across the Atlantic with enough fuel for the return trip.

Fortunately that necessity never arose, but the B-36 is the result of long-range planning, and such large aircraft can't be designed and built overnight.

Consolidated is planning a troop-carrying version of the B-36 which it calls the XC-99, and which will be big enough to carry 400 fully equipped troops. It is also planning a passenger-transportation version, Consolidated's Model 37, which will carry, as a commercial air liner, more than 200 passengers. A feature of this largest of all U. S. aircraft is the power plants. The six engines are pushers—that is, they are installed in the trailing edge of the wing instead of the forward edge. As for power, the B-36 will have six 3,000-h.p. Pratt & Whitney Wasp Major engines—that's 18,000 h.p. for one airplane.

Another project that was top secret is the B-35 being built by Northrop Aircraft Corporation at Hawthorne, California. You may recall a lot of talk a few years ago about the flying wing. The talk died down. There was a reason. The Army had ordered a huge flying wing, 178 feet at its greatest width, designed by John Northrop, who has contributed many ingenious designs to American aviation.

It is understood that the first of these huge wings is nearing completion and will be equipped with four 3,000-h.p. Pratt & Whitney Wasp Major engines. They will operate pusher style.

It is pretty difficult to describe a flying wing without a drawing, for it is totally unlike the conventional airplane. It's simply a big wing which is supposed to be more aerodynamically efficient than any other airplane. The Northrop wing is a huge job—something like thirty-five tons gross weight. That puts it in the same weight class with the Boeing B-29 Superfortress, and the Superfort, as everyone knows, is no slouch as an airplane.

You can be sure that when the

Northrop B-35 makes its debut in public, it will create a sensation. Aeronautical designers and engineers the world over will watch eagerly the results of the first tests.

Then there is a third top secret which was built by Douglas Aircraft Company and known as the B-42. Contrary to rumors ,the B-42 is not a superbomber, but was designed as a medium or attack bomber of unusual nature. Its purpose was to protect the Superforts on long missions. It is powered with two liquid-cooled Allison V-1710 engines driving contra-rotating pusher props which are reportedly located behind the tail surfaces. There are reliable reports that Douglas will adapt the B-42 to a commercial transport plane of unusual design. It is said to be a very fast plane.

In addition to these large projects, two new fighters were about to get into combat when the war ended. Both were Navy projects. The F8F, the Grumman Bearcat, is a single-seat fighter with a flush-riveted R-301 skin and powered with a single Pratt & Whitney R-2800-C engine driving a four-bladed Aeroprop. It reportedly can outrun and outclimb the larger twin-engined F7F Tigercat.

The second secret fighter is the FR-1 Fireball jet fighter designed and built by Ryan Aeronautical Corporation, San Diego. It is a combination aircraft with a conventional Wright air-cooled radial engine driving a propeller in the nose, and with a turbo-jet engine in the tail. The reason for this combination is that the Navy found pure jet to be unsuitable for carrier use, since a long take-off is required.

There are many other secret projects, some good and some which didn't work out so well, but the five mentioned above are the leaders. Such experimental projects are being continued to completion.

### Skies-Cracks in China

In the United States airway traffic is so heavy that pilots and control-tower operators have no time for levity in their plane-to-ground and ground-to-plane conversations. The talk is brisk, brief, and businesslike. But far away in China, where flying is no luxury and the boys sweat it out hauling cargo, a little comic relief is a welcome interlude. And despite the end of the war, cargo operations are far from completed in China.

We have had a direct report from Nanning, China, that the hard-flying pilots of Combat Cargo Task Force go through something like the following:

A pilot taxied his plane to the end of the runway and called the tower asking for take-off clearance.

"Gimme the word and I'll make like a bird," he said.

"You've got the nod, get off of the sod," came the answer from the tower.

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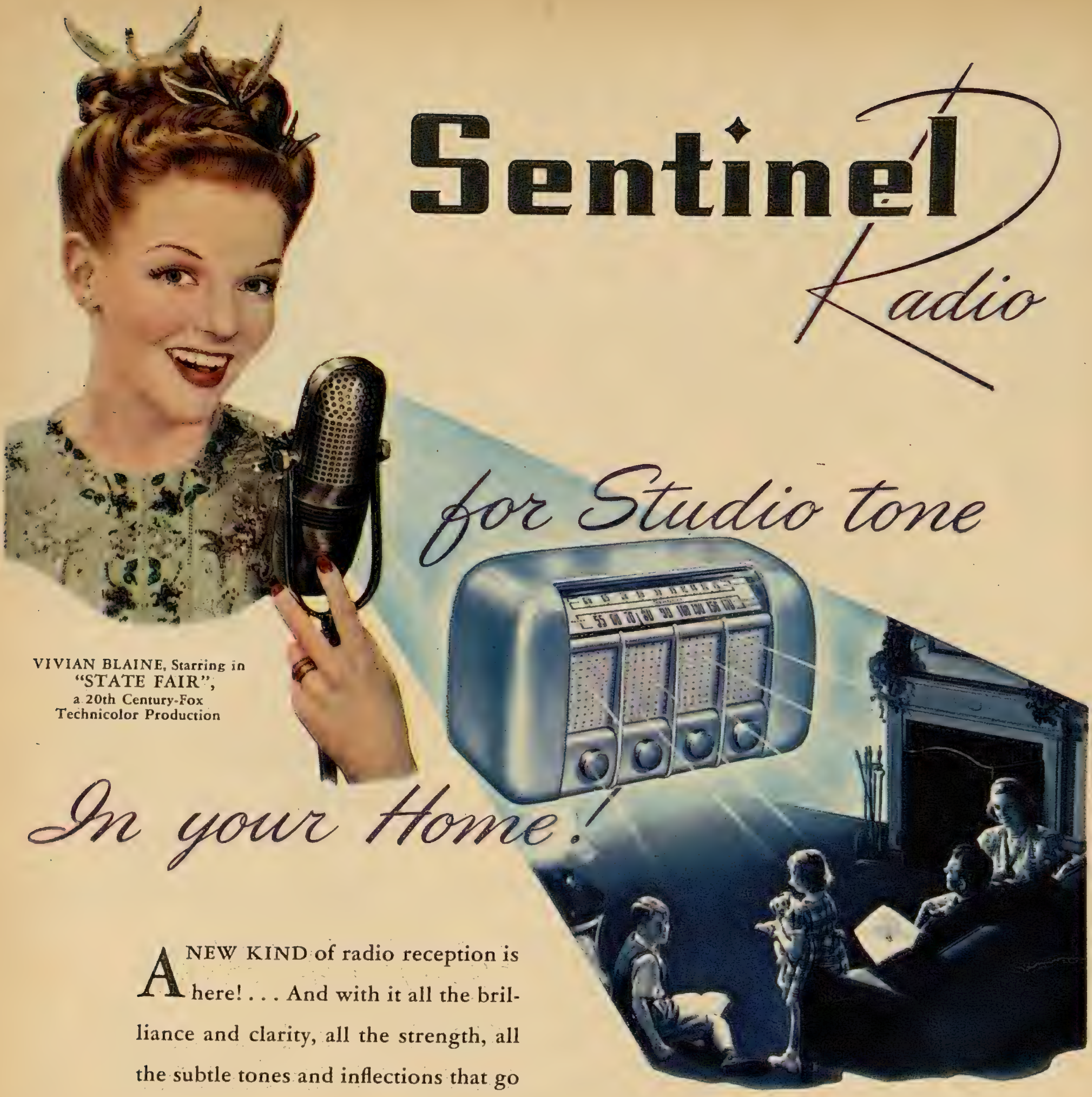
# Sentinel Radio



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The complete new line of Sentinel radio sets includes models for every purse and purpose—portables, table models, consoles, radio phonographs—AC and DC, electric and battery, AM and FM . . . a radio for every room in every home!

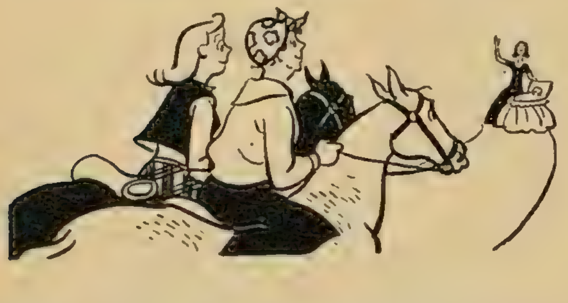
Sentinel dealers everywhere are ready and waiting to demonstrate the finest radio reception ever known.

**SENTINEL RADIO CORPORATION**
2020 RIDGE AVENUE • EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

# Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

VERY SPECIAL WOMEN: Mrs. Nellie MacDonald, fifty-five, and a daughter, Mrs. Frances N. Davis, thirty-two, rode on horseback from Santa Cruz, California, to Seattle, Washington, in order to see Mrs. MacDonald's new granddaughter, four-months-old Sundra Jo MacDonald. The 1,000-mile trip took nine weeks and cost each rider about thirty pounds in weight. Nights were passed in bedrolls on the ground. . . . Caroline G. Gries is an expert statistician who disproves the smug masculine theory that women are no good at figures. In 1917 she went to work for the U. S. Bureau of Markets, and has been engaged in foreign-trade statistical work ever since, evolving tables for converting foreign weights and measures into U. S. units. After twenty-eight years of service, Miss Gries retired this past summer from the Office of Foreign Agricultural Relations. . . . At 126 Clinton Street, New York, there is a small and delightful restaurant known as Dunn's Sea Food House. Mrs. Helen Dunn, the proprietor, dreamed up the engaging idea of keeping bibs on hand, embroidered in red with the names of constant customers. They cover the façade generously, clear to the lap.



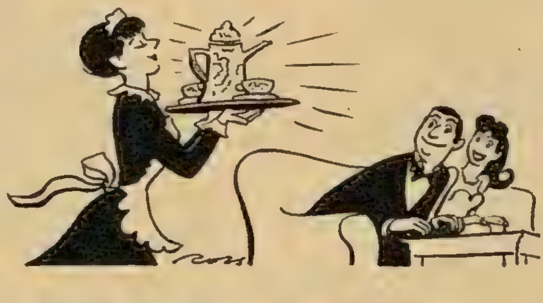
WHAT PRICE TEA?—I keep wondering what kind of tea the Billy Roses plan to use in their silver tea service purchased at an auction sale in the Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., in New York. It set Mr. Rose back $29,500!

### NO HARM IN HOPING

**Sharpen up the carving knife**
**For a more abundant life.**
**With the butcher, shout "Hurray!"**
**Pointless meat is on its way.**

SPLITTING HAIRS: A distinguished cosmetic house suggests its Solidified Brilliantine to counteract dryness of hair and scalp and help prevent hair from splitting at the ends. Though offered as a Christmas-gift suggestion for men and women overseas in hot sun-baked countries, it would also serve as a fine bon voyage gift to lucky plane travelers to Bermuda or other points south. Solidified Brilliantine is easy to use —just rub a little on the palms of the hands and apply directly to the scalp and the ends of the hair. Scented with lavender, it comes in a compact jar that won't spill in suitcase or package. . . . A brilliant new nail polish called Real Red has presented itself at a Fifth Avenue salon that specializes in hand and nail care. A true red, it is as merry as it should be to give just the right gay accent to autumn blacks, grays, and beiges. It is featured in manicure gift sets designed to catch the Christmas shopper's eye. . . . Another high-spirited color, bright as a holly berry and a perfect complement to dark winter outfits, is Bango Bright, which appears in a new lipstick and rouge, scented with lilac, to keep a thought of spring hovering about, even when the thermometer is taking a nose dive.

MEDITERRANEAN HEALTH: It wasn't the balmy Mediterranean sun as much as the AFHQ WAC dispensary that helped establish the health record set by the Mediterranean Theater of Operations WACs as they ended thirty months of service in North Africa and throughout Italy. A breakdown shows the number of days lost due to illness to have been lower than that reported by civilian firms in the United States employing the same number of women. Despite living quarters ranging from a museum and a convent in North Africa to tents and hospital barracks in Italy, plus many heatless days during the cold winters, there was very little illness among the WACs, though most of them had never lived in a foreign country before. The fine record may have been partly due to the fact that the WACs were in Grade A health. Physical rejection rates for Army women, long with-held by the War Department, show that about one third of all applicants were rejected. As was the case with men turned down by the Army, psychiatric and neurological causes topped the list.



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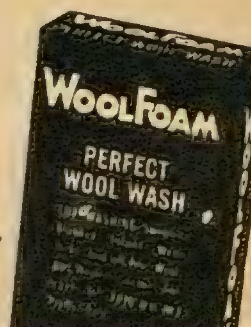

A face forever Eve .... created for Revlon by Hurrell .... Who would hazard what she means or wishes? She seems to be?

## Revlon's

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this daring shade that's a fashion "must"

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Yet is she? . . . and fingertips and lips all red . . . provoke more questions.

altogether new "Fatal Apple"

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Nail Enamel and Lipstick for matching fingertips and lips

Even "Fatal Apple" Face Powder is simply delicious. And as ever, Revlon's staying power is terrific!

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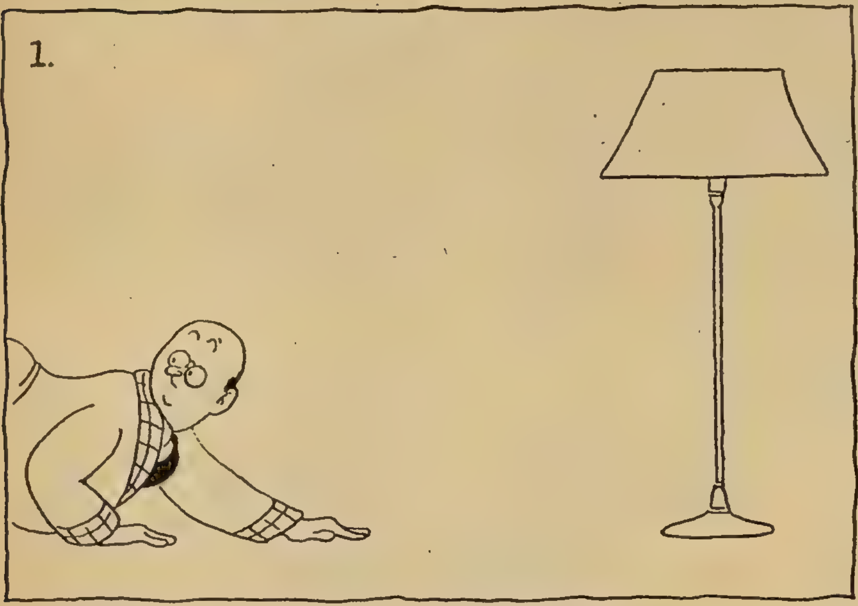

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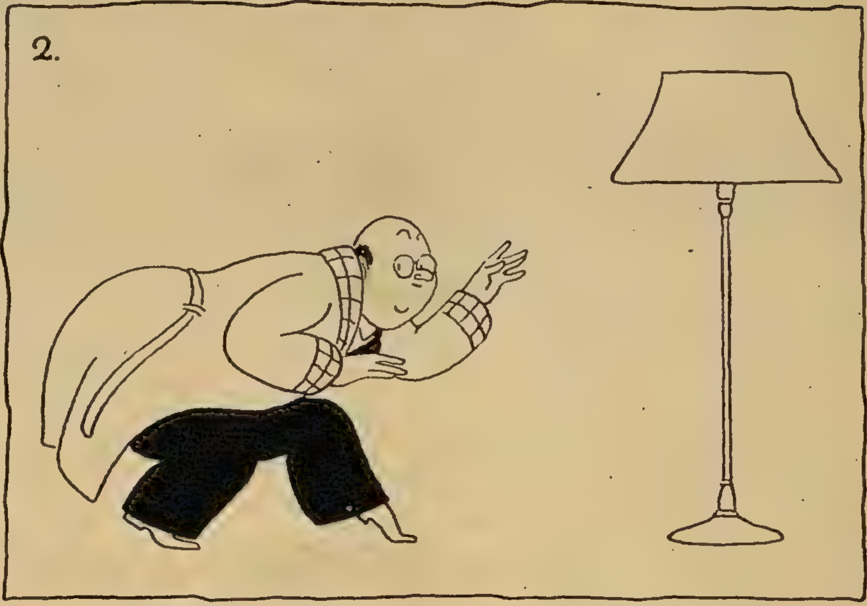

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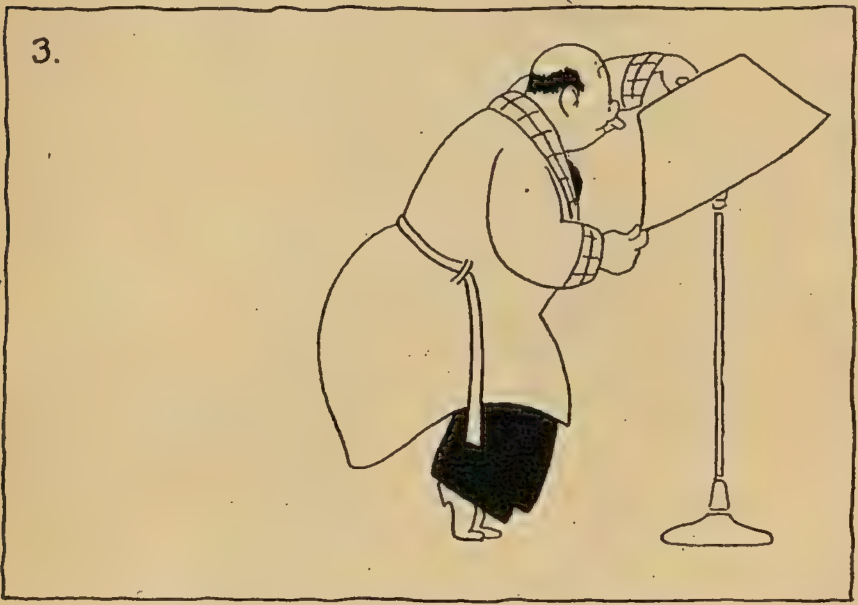

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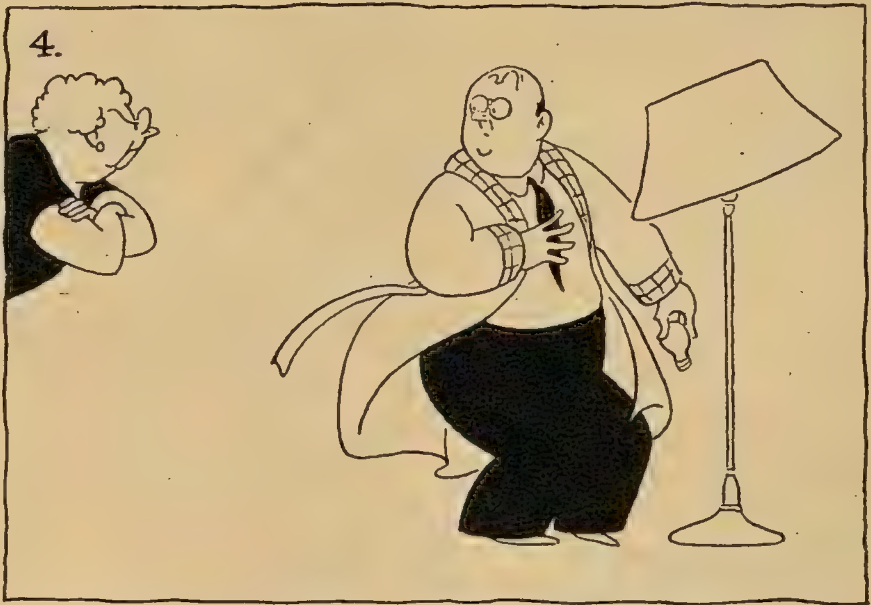

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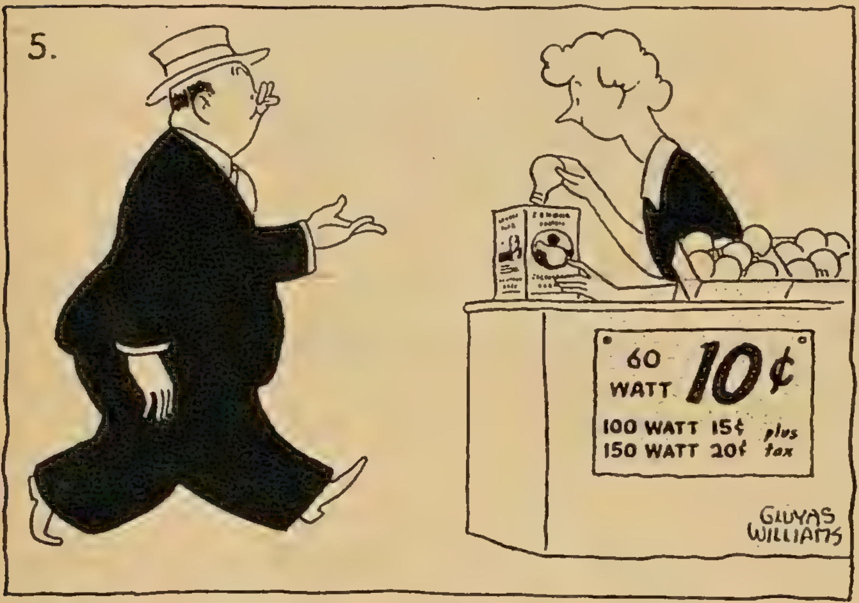
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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

6.

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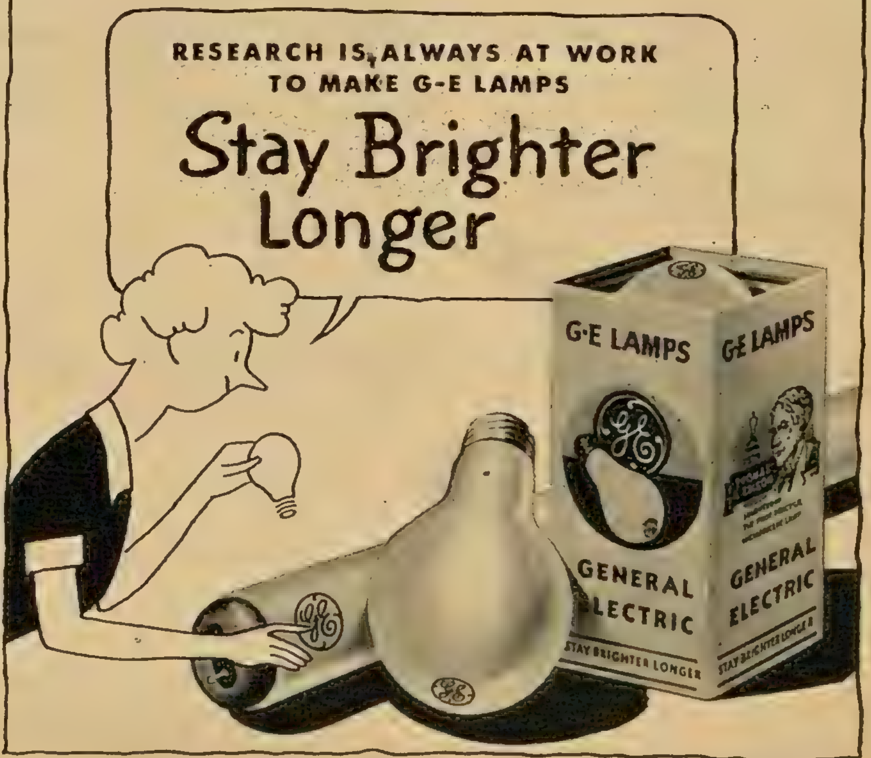
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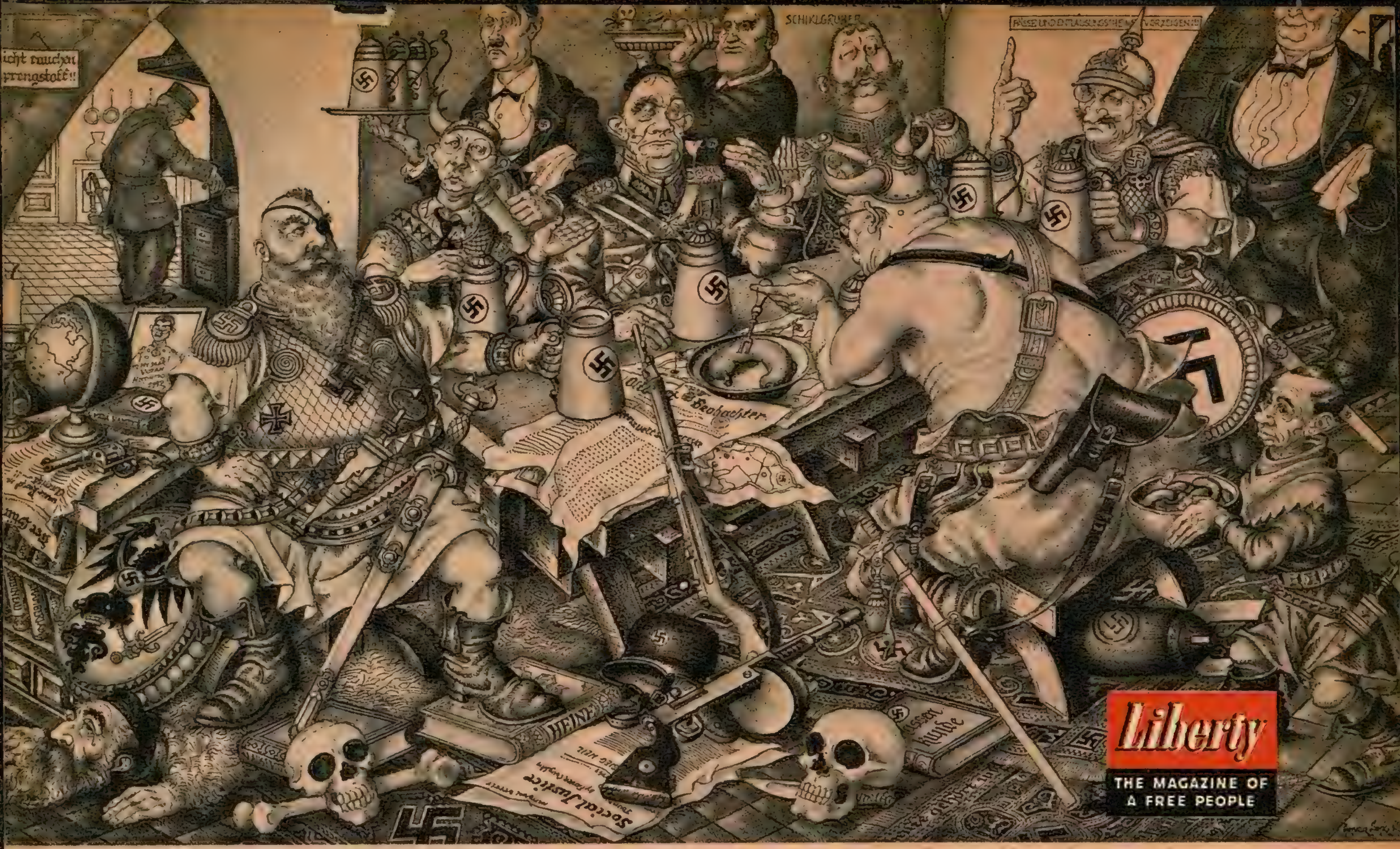
**G·E LAMPS**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**



Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

# They Who Live by the Sword . . .

## BY ERIKA MANN

***The mills of the gods are at last beginning to turn. Here is a preview of their grinding—and of the enemies of humanity who are the grist***

AS the curtain rises at Nuremberg and the show begins, few of the audience realize how thoroughly this production—the trial of Axis war criminals—has been rehearsed, on how many stages, in how many countries, and at what expense in time, effort, and money.

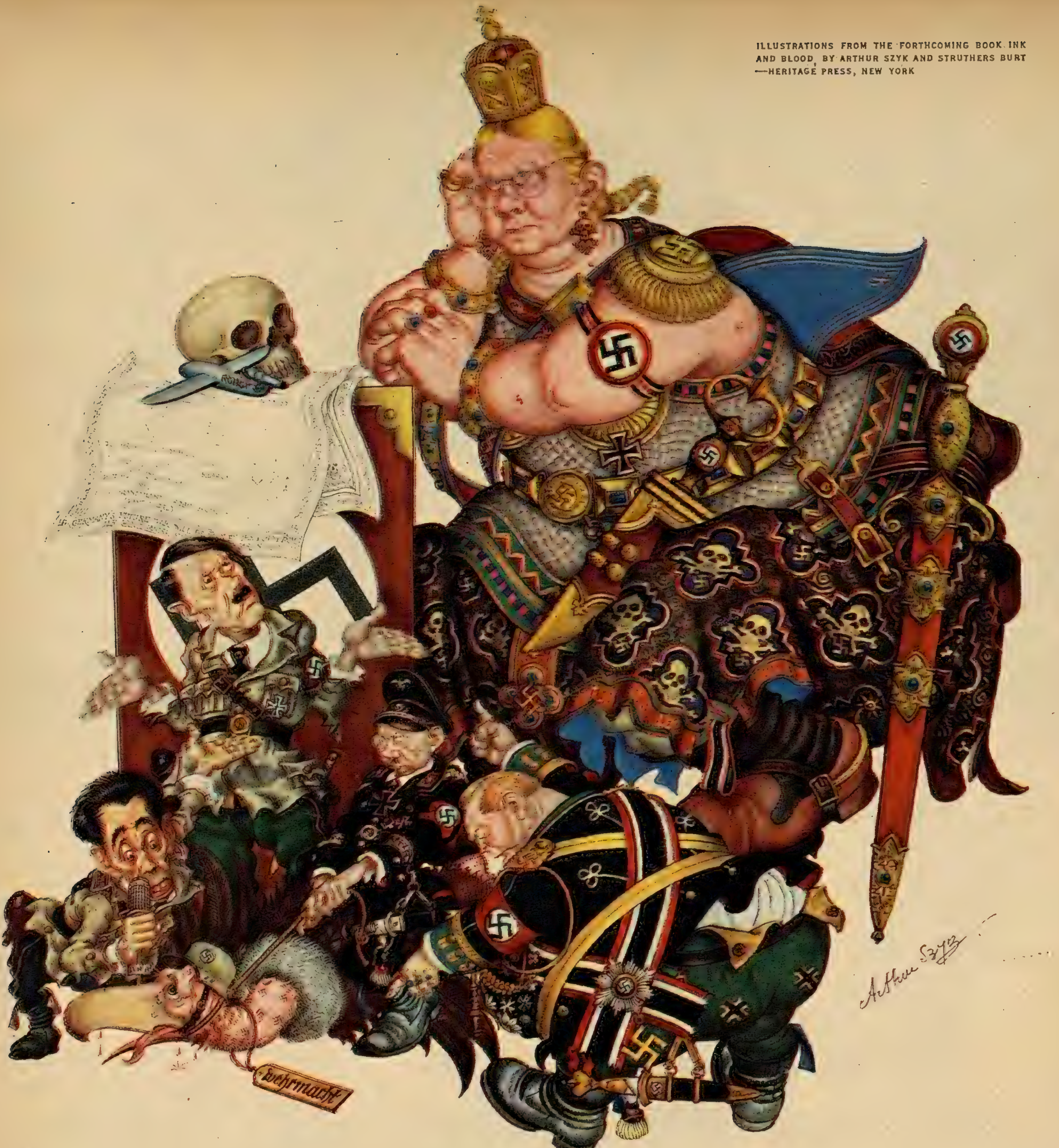
The sensational cast is strangely incongruous. The stars will be playing for their lives. Less spectacular will be the servants of the law who will decide the outcome. Against their verdicts there can be no appeal.

The "stars" rehearsed behind barbed wire. While not all practiced in the same place, the largest single group—fifty-two strong—was being held at Mondorf-les-Bains, an enchanted little spa in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg.

There an elaborate camouflage and defense system made the former Palace Hotel probably the most closely guarded prison in existence. Two days of circling the premises had offered no glimpse of its occupants. Finally my orders came through and I passed—the first and only woman to tour the Mondorf redoubt—through the double stockade that surrounds the "big house."

With me were Colonel Burton C. Andrus of Washington, West Pointer, combat C. O., and boss at the "Palace," and Lieutenant Colonel Richard W. Owen of New Haven, Connecticut, former reporter and commander of the 391st American antiaircraft battalion which staffed and guarded Mondorf. Both officers are masters of the only language un-

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of this article, Erika Mann, is the daughter of Nobel prize winner Thomas Mann, Germany's most famous expatriate novelist. Proscribed by the Nazis early in Hitler's career, he left Germany with his family and came to America. He is now a citizen of this country. His daughter Erika, a Liberty war correspondent, has waited many years for the time she knew would come—when she could return to her native country to report on what the Nazis have done to it intellectually, morally, and physically.*



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK INK AND BLOOD, BY ARTHUR SZYK AND STRUTHERS BURT —HERITAGE PRESS, NEW YORK

derstood by their charges: that of stern, indisputable authority.

"At first," Colonel Andrus explained, "these birds suffered from all kinds of hallucinations. One claimed to be a regent of something or other. As such, prisoner Horthy felt entitled to wear a necktie. I told him that he was nothing of the sort and that he had to obey as did everyone else."

Those were the days when former Reichmarshal Göring still insisted on wearing his chapeau during meals, just to be outstandingly dressed. Since you can't kill yourself with your hat, as you can with your tie, Göring's request was not considered excessive.

This was an adventure for which I'd been prepared for more than twelve years. Ever since Hitler rose to power, my family and I had been high on the list of traitors to the Third Reich. According to plan—along with a few million other items in the black books compiled by the men of Mondorf in their better days—I should have been "liquidated" the moment I set foot on German soil. I had refused to meet or interview any of these men, even prior to 1933. Here they were now—a sadly abandoned lot.

They sat in the living room—some twenty of them—reading aimlessly, writing, or doing nothing at all. From behind the half-open door I surveyed the room, unnoticed by its occupants. They were very quiet. A few wore undefinable uniforms, and no insignia indicated former rank; others were dressed as civilians—without ties, while a greater number spōrted the faded fatigues with which the U. S. Army supplies its prisoners. On their backs appeared, black and fat, the initials P. W. Unbecoming though they are, the P. W. suits seemed well liked at the "Palace." Whoever wears one considers himself "just another captured German" rather than a "major war criminal" awaiting trial.

Only the writers seemed genuinely engrossed in their doings. Prisoner Karl Doenitz—former Grand Admiral and would-be führer—scribbled feverishly. The Royal Navy had asked him a few questions and he was in the process of answering with typical German thoroughness. He'd been working for days. Internee

Admiral Doenitz

Alfred Rosenberg

Robert Ley

Karl Warlimont, once a general on the eastern front, had been questioned recently by Russian interrogators. He was now complementing his oral testimony with a garrulous written report. Even Robert Ley, former chief of the Nazi labor front, well-known lover of schnapps and quite an unliterary man, had taken to penpushing. The inventor of Strength Through Joy was composing his memoirs. Others were writing letters, telling President Truman and General Eisenhower all about their innocence and the cruelty of their fate.

Actually, however, the entire gang were doing one and the same thing: writing, embellishing and brooding over the parts they were busily preparing for *Der Tag*.

"Let's not disturb them," said Colonel Andrus. "They are nervous enough as it is, and I'd hate to see them go into hysterics."

Hermann Göring

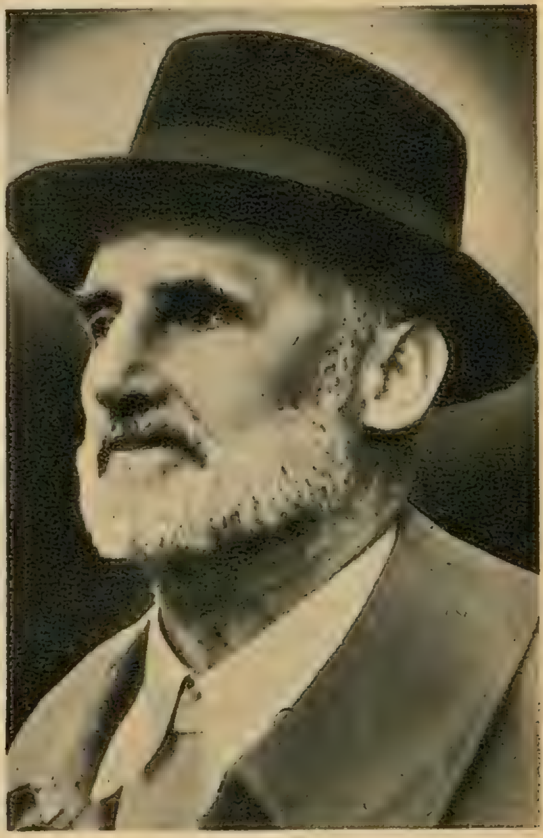
While the "big fifty-two" were never mollycoddled, much tender care was taken of their health. They'll be needed to answer questions and serve as witnesses and must be kept in good shape. Thus when a slight thunderstorm had frightened Göring into an equally slight heart attack, the creator of the *Blitz* (German for lightning) was given a mattress for his cot, and breakfast in bed.

Army authorities agree that their charge is in better physical condition than he has been for years. A morphine addict at twenty-three, after having been wounded in the Munich beer-hall putsch, he switched to the milder paracodeine when morphine threatened his political future. This was not all his own work; sanatorium treatment helped. However, when captured, he had a reserve stock of 4,000 to 5,000

(*Continued on page 91*)

Hans Frank

Joachim von Ribbentrop



Julius Streicher

# Colbert the Consistent

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

What's Claudette got that keeps her No. 1 in the hard, cold listings of exhibitors' reports—and in the top ten since 1935? Here's a gimlet-eyed analysis of Hollywood's perennial star

EARLY last spring the Box Office Digest made its annual announcement of top-ranking stars in the film industry. Its findings are based on actual exhibitors' reports. Number one on the list was Claudette Colbert. This came as no surprise to the Box Office Digest. Colbert has been somewhere in the top ten ever since 1935, when It Happened One Night broke all-time records.

She has made more money consistently for producers than any other woman in the business. Since It Happened One Night, she has received $150,000 a picture, and she usually makes two pictures a year. By the time the federal government collects $167,000, and the State of California takes $29,000, and Los Angeles County puts the bite on for $5,000, her salary melts to junior executive size. Claudette, a liberal in her political views, doesn't gripe about taxes. She admits, however, she's a little shaky for twenty-four hours every year after paying her income taxes. "The trouble with people like me in the movie business," she says, "is that we live like millionaires, and we're not millionaires."

Naturally, she likes to see her name heading the popularity polls, but nothing makes her madder than to see it heading the Treasury Department's salary-report list. "You'd think I was the Hetty Green of Hollywood," she moans. She considers those reports unfair because they're limited to salaries collected by the stars from the studios, and do not include bonuses, commissions, radio earnings, recordings, etc. The Colbert salary, even before the government whittles it down, is pin money compared with the annual take of Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, and other stars.

Many top stars, with a greedy eye for bigger and better net profits, have gone into independent production during the past three years, and when Claudette terminated her fourteen-year contract with Paramount in 1944, everyone thought she, too, would form her own producing company. "It would be too much of a gamble," says Claudette, who, unlike most members of her profession, never gambles. Not that she has any moral scruples against gambling.

"I think," she says honestly, "It's because I never win." If she plays a "hot" market tip, the stock immediately drops ten points. About the time Guest Wife was being completed the Santa Anita race track opened and everybody on the set started betting. Don Ameche, co-star with her in the comedy, owns a stable of bangtails. He told her one morning that his Sir Bim was running that day in the seventh, and was ready to win. Claudette ventured two dollars on the nose. Sir Bim promptly ran out of the money.

"Don," she said sadly, "you see—the minute I bet on your horse he's Sir Bum."

Claudette has made more than fifty pictures in the sixteen years she has been on the screen, but in none of them has she inspired the kind of uncontrolled hysterical acclaim accorded certain of her competitors. She has never been called the First Lady of Hollywood. Indeed, she has survived quite a succession of First Ladies. Nevertheless, she has managed year in and year out to win high favor with the moviegoing public.

Claudette, who is French-born, says, "I seem to represent to Americans the typical American woman." Her only flop was when she played a Frenchwoman—the ill-fated Zaza—in 1939. William Hebert, publicity man for the picture, imported two fleas, Sammy and Sadie, from a New York flea circus to co-star with Colbert in the French railway-coach sequence where Zaza scratches herself. Claudette, who hates all publicity, refused to pose with Sammy and Sadie, which upset Hebert. After the preview she politely inquired about her co-stars. "Oh, Sammy and Sadie couldn't face it," said Hebert. "They smothered to death in the property box." Miss Colbert dryly commented that she wished a similar fate had befallen her.

Last spring, when she again won top place in popularity rating, she overheard her family and a couple of close friends discussing her. How, they asked unflatteringly, could Claudette continue after sixteen years to be the top star in Hollywood? Someone suggested it was because she only makes two pictures a year and you don't see too much of her. Another suggested it was because, in her thirties, she still has the figure of an eighteen-year-old and can do more for a sweater than Lana Turner, and more for a pair of nylons than a Betty Grable.

"May I say something?" asked Claudette meekly. "Couldn't it just possibly be because I'm an intelligent actress?"

Claudette has no explosive bursts of temperament. Her sets are never closed to the public, and she's glad to shake hands with all visiting firemen. Hard-boiled working crews, who consider most stars a pain in the neck, find her easy to work with. Players know they will be given a break in a Colbert picture, and if by chance they steal a scene from her, she won't order it retaken. She picked Fred MacMurray, an unknown actor in 1935, to play opposite her in The Gilded Lily, and thrust him into stardom with one picture. When she saw the rough cut of Imitation of Life, she left the projection room weeping, and phoned Louise Beavers. "Louise, you're magnificent," she sobbed. "I've never seen such a performance. I can't stop crying. It's your picture."

WHEN she read the script of Tomorrow Is Forever, she told William Goetz, "No one can play Kessler except Orson Welles—though he'll steal the picture from me, of course." Actress Colbert and Actor-Producer-Writer-Director-Columnist Welles got along beautifully. He entertained her between takes with his magic tricks, for which Claudette is the perfect audience. He said she was too "fussy." And she said he was too "hammy."

The day Claudette played the scene where she has to sob out her great love for him with her head resting midway on his anatomy, Welles opened his vest and made it as uncomfortable for her as possible. Miss Colbert did her heartbreaking scene beautifully, though the buttons tickled. Even the old-time gaffers

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Claudette, Orson Welles (plus beard), and other players await the starting signal shortly before the camera rolls at the luncheon scene from Tomorrow Is Forever.

# Alabama Wars on VD

BY KATHRYN TUCKER

For the first time in history an entire state has compelled every citizen to undergo a blood test for venereal disease. No thoughtful American can afford to ignore the results

THE man with the brown suitcase stopped in front of the station and read the big sign above the street:

"Birmingham—The Magic City." He turned to his companion. "This is it, the Magic City," he said. "In forty-five days we're going to add another line to that sign, a line saying. 'No Syphilis, No Gonorrhea.'"

That was the middle of May, 1945, and the speaker was Robert P. Anderson, publicity mogul for the U. S. Public Health Service. In spite of the first mass campaign of compulsory blood testing in history, Anderson didn't get to add that final line—Alabama's largest city still has cases of venereal disease.

But the campaign did see virtually every resident between fourteen and fifty tested and tagged, more than 3,000 cases of infectious syphilis treated with penicillin, and 3,000 cases of gonorrhea cured. And the U. S. P. H. S. has found a pattern which it may follow in similar blood-testing campaigns throughout the country.

This history-making fight against venereal disease had its origin some five years ago at a Wilcox County plantation on the Alabama River, in the heart of Alabama's black belt. Planter Bruce Henderson discovered that syphilis was the direct cause of an alarming number of illnesses among his workers. Bill after bill received from the doctor bore the notation, "Patient has syphilis."

Henderson, never a man to hesitate, decided to try something new. First he called his tenants together and explained in simple terms the nature of venereal disease, how it is spread, the harm it does, and how it can be curbed. He gave the Negroes pamphlets that told them more about the disease. Once his educational campaign was under way, he began urging his tenants to agree to take a blood test, and called in the county health officer to make the tests.

Henderson listed all the "positive" reports, and saw to it that infected tenants reported regularly to the county health officer for treatment.

A year later he repeated the testing. Results were good: the rate of infection had dropped appreciably, and medical bills for the tenants had

BLOOD TEST
FREE TREATMENT FOR SYPHILIS
TREATMENT OF SYPHILIS WITH PENICILLIN Completed IN 9 DAYS
OLTON HO

Robert P. Anderson, publicity mogul for the U. S. Public Health Service, gazes at one of the huge signs with which he launched Birmingham's VD campaign.

decreased 75 per cent. Henderson was pleased but he wasn't satisfied.

"I realized," he says, "that there would always be cases of reinfection from neighboring plantations and neighboring towns. The program had to be more comprehensive."

So in 1943, when he went to Montgomery to represent his county in the Alabama Legislature, he carried in his pocket a bill that would make a blood test compulsory for every Alabama citizen between the ages of fourteen and fifty.

It was a revolutionary thing, that bill. For the first time it brought the battle against syphilis out into the open and set up definite plans to win it. The bill called for an annual appropriation of not more than $75,000 to the State Health Department for the blood-testing campaign. It required every Alabamian between fourteen and fifty to submit to a test when and where the department designated, under penalty of a fine of up to $100.

The senators listened attentively as the rangy, freckled south Alabama landowner explained his bill, outlined his hopes for the legislation, and emphasized the yearly toll of syphilis in the state.

When the roll was called, the bill was passed by an overwhelming majority. Alabama's revolutionary blood-testing law was on the books.

APPROPRIATELY enough, Senator Henderson's was the first county and Senator Henderson himself the first person to be tested.

From Wilcox County, the program moved into other rural counties—Sumter, Lee, Macon, Russell, Houston, and Dale—and as it moved, opposition melted.

Only one citizen, a sawmill worker in south Alabama, really balked. He declared he was not convinced the needle was clean!

After trying out their program in these rural counties, health officials determined to tackle populous Jefferson County, which includes Birmingham, the state's largest city. Meanwhile, up in Washington, U. S. P. H. S. officials had been keeping a sharp watch on the Alabama program. To State Health Officer B. F. Austin came word, "If you'll try the plan in Jefferson County, we'll provide additional personnel, treatment centers, a serological laboratory, publicity, penicillin, and money."

The offer sounded good to Dr. Austin and after conferring with Jefferson County Health Officer George A. Denison, he accepted. That brought Anderson, publicity man extraordinary. From headquarters in a small hot office in the Exchange Building he sent out spot announcements for the radio stations, fed stories to the newspapers, planned ads, supervised the placing of huge signs on downtown lampposts and kept a watchful eye on the entire program.

Those signs were really something. Six feet tall, they proclaimed in bright red and blue lettering: "Penicillin Cures Gonorrhea (the Great Crippler and Sterilizer) in Four Hours" and "Get a Blood Test May 15-June 30—Free Treatment for Syphilis—Treatment of Syphilis with Penicillin Completed in Nine Days."

BLOOD TESTING STATION
Please Report on Time

State Senator Bruce Henderson, author of Alabama's first compulsory statewide blood-testing law, takes the first test after the law went into effect.

Then the U. S. P. H. S. moved in, and launched a voluntary gonorrhea campaign in connection with the syphilis drive.

Penicillin was given to any physician in the county who applied. In return, the physicians furnished the U. S. P. H. S. with names and addresses of patients treated. Doctors were amazed at the response.

At the end of the campaign, records showed 1,005 persons had been cured of gonorrhea by private physicians and another 1,956 had been cured at the five health-service clinics.

But the gonorrhea program was a mere side line. The forty-five-day period had been set aside actually to detect and treat syphilis.

Things moved fast before the campaign officially opened.

Out at the State Fair grounds a tabulation center was set up to compile figures on the results and to check names of persons tested against an OPA list of ration-book holders in the county. Key punch operators were trained to make permanent records on tabulating machines. A filing system was installed.

At Hillman Hospital, the county's charity hospital, the U. S. P. H. S. transformed the basement from a dingy storage space into one of the world's largest serological laboratories, capable of handling 20,000 bloods a day.

The laboratory was planned by Dr. John F. Mahoney, director of the U. S. P. H. S. venereal-disease research laboratory at Staten Island, New York. Dr. R. C. Arnold, its associate director, supervised the installation, which was no easy matter: stacks of paupers' coffins had to be moved out, floors and walls cleaned and painted, assistants trained. Essential equipment was delayed en route, but when the first samples of blood arrived from the testing stations, the laboratory was ready to handle them.

Meanwhile the permanent treatment centers for white patients at Mid-South Medical Center and for Negroes at Slossfield prepared for an influx of patients. Additional treatment facilities were set up at

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# Price Control Must Go!

### BY IRA MOSHER

**President,**
**National Association**
**of Manufacturers**

"This country," Mr. Mosher says, "cannot afford OPA price theories much longer."

THE sooner the Office of Price Administration decides that full production and competition will drive down prices, the quicker this nation will have complete reconversion and full employment.

That fact becomes increasingly clear as more and more businesses now fighting to achieve peak civilian production get lost in the maze of what passes for reconversion pricing policy, only to learn that the sole road out lies through a doorway marked "Illusory Profits."

Inasmuch as few producers can afford to spend precious time groping amid this maze of confusion if our economy is to reabsorb displaced war workers and returning veterans, logic implies that the best way to eliminate confusion is to dispense with the rules that cause it.

These are touch-and-go days. Assembly lines must be retooled, materials bought, designs determined, and marketing procedures worked out if industry is to provide the vast number of jobs it intends to supply. The War Production Board has at least partially opened the door through which raw materials can enter the nation's factories. Yet the vital job of production now lags while we travel the pricing morass and the business man learns whether final OPA prices allow him to remain a going concern or make him a "gone" concern.

Even OPA officials admit that the only sure cure for inflation and runaway prices is production—the more goods, the more competition, the lower prices. It is a historical fact that prices go down when production goes up. And without large-scale production, there cannot be full employment.

There is no more implacable foe of high living costs than real competition. Get enough goods on the market and the public sets its own prices. Customers alone decide whether industry makes $100 refrigerators or fifty-dollar ones. But the goods have to get there first.

Chester Bowles, OPA's top executive, has expressed this same view many times. But the OPA currently points to the shortages now existing in many basic materials, and claims that the lifting of controls would curb true competition because big business would immediately rush into the market and grab supplies away from smaller, less rich businesses, thus preventing maximum production and competition. This argument shows a lack of basic economic knowledge. Our system just doesn't work that way.

For instance, if you were Big Steel, or something else Big that was operating in a free market, would you sell all your product to one Big Company? You would not. Freeze your output to any one buyer, and sooner or later he tries to tell you how to manage, and seeks to use his buying weight to move your price; or other enterprises, deprived of your material, soon evolve a substitute that may chase your own product out of existence. The "grab" argument has no foundation. Even if it did, there are monopoly laws in effect in this nation.

On the surface, it would appear that the OPA and American business want the same thing: to curb any inflationary price boom.

The OPA ostensibly fights inflation. But for some years now the OPA has resembled a painting by Salvador Dali. It has always been possible to discover some conventional forms in both OPA and the futurist portrait. But invariably these conventional figures turn up holding hands with a purple garden hose doing a minuet.

The OPA is still full of that symbolical nonsense.

In a recent list of allegedly free items, sporting-goods dealers discovered that *all* baseball equipment had been placed on the open market *except* "balls, mitts, gloves, bats, apparel, and shoes." Under the definition implied in this ruling, the World Series might have been played by eighteen nude men throwing nothing from base to base.

Ceilings were also lifted "on furniture made of glass," and rugs "the weaving surface of which is made wholly from animal skins." Home owners were further cheered to know that the price ban was lifted on spinning wheels.

These are only minor manifestations of the confusions that confront

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# Price Control Must Stay!

## BY CHESTER BOWLES

**Administrator,**
**Office of**
**Price Administration**

"Higher prices," Mr. Bowles says, "will mean not more but fewer goods—and jobs."

EVERYONE I know is heartily opposed to war, murder, sin—and inflation.

Yet OPA, in its four-year job of holding down wartime inflation, has found it a constant, often bitter, struggle! The price- and rent-control program has been attacked on the one hand by many sincere but misguided skeptics who told us that prices were bound to go sky-high during wartime; and on the other by selfish, greedy pressure groups eager for quick and easy wartime profits. It has managed to survive only because the people—the workers, farmers, and storekeepers—backed by an important segment of our business men and many farsighted manufacturers—have been solidly behind us.

Our job has not been perfect. I don't like those high clothing prices any better than you do. I don't like the fact that used-car prices got away from us before we could clamp down the lid. I don't like the high prices of some fresh fruits and vegetables today.

But we have at least managed to avoid a serious inflation so far. For the first time in any war, there is reasonable stability of prices and rents, with protection for our savings and our insurance.

Among the sincere skeptics who have consistently stated that control over prices and rents in wartime was impractical and undesirable were the leaders of the National Association of Manufacturers, including Mr. Ira Mosher.

These skeptics have now changed their approach. Today they accept our view that postwar inflation must be avoided, but now they say that the only practical way to avoid inflation is to *raise prices!*

According to their theory, higher prices will stimulate manufacturers to such tremendous efforts that we will quickly be swamped with goods and services of all kinds, and inflationary dangers will be over.

They say further that under OPA's price control, profits will be so small that manufacturers—they mention small business men particularly—will have little incentive to produce. They warn that production will slow down and, as a result, there will be fewer jobs.

I accept completely the sincerity of these gentlemen. Having said that, let me add that I emphatically and heartily disagree with them.

First, let me make OPA's basic position clear. Of course we agree that bigger and bigger production must be our goal, as the only final answer to the inflationary pressures which endanger our whole economy now as gravely as they did during the war. We have said that a hundred times.

And let me assure you quickly that we at OPA are anxious to lift governmental controls—more anxious than anyone in the country—because we have to take all the heat and pressure of administering them. But we firmly believe that price controls now, by holding costs stable for manufacturers and prices stable for consumers, are the fastest way to get enough production and enough jobs.

Let's not kid ourselves. The war is over—but it will be many months, and in some cases well over a year, before the supply of many things is big enough to meet demand. Relaxing price controls by granting extra profits in the way the N.A.M. suggests would be one of the most disastrous steps that we could take at this particular time. It would rapidly increase the prices people would have to pay, and the costs of operating business. It would retard production, discourage sales, and wreck our hopes for substantial postwar prosperity.

Let me make it very plain why. Within three months after the war's end it is estimated we will have some 5,000,000 men out of work. I am told that by Christmas the number may be almost six million. This, in our opinion, is no time to endanger price levels, to let food prices, clothing prices, and rent prices start upward. Nor is it any time to allow unnecessary increases in the prices of automobiles, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, furniture, building materials, and other products we all look forward to buying.

Second, let's remember that we had this problem of postwar prices, of postwar employment before, and

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# Price Control Must Go!

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business in its dealings with this agency. They only obscure the great underlying objective for which OPA was created—to keep the cost of living in line by regulating prices. Business agreed wholeheartedly with that objective during war, but profit regulation by decree, and especially unrealistic profit regulation during these critical days of early peace, will not supply the incentive for the business daring we need to make jobs. Present pricing policies only curb the production the nation needs so badly.

Government has pointed to the great statistical success of the OPA's wartime program as an excuse for its peacetime extension. Any economist—left-wing, middle, or Tory—might easily blow a hole in the fancy cost-of-living charts merely by pointing out that unpatriotic but very real phenomenon, the black market, which has been valued as high as $8,000,000,000. That sum never got into the OPA comparison charts.

However, old recriminations never solve new problems. The immediate task is to get going.

The basic reconversion pricing policy to which business is now objecting is clearly set forth in the third report of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, the Vinson report: to hold 1945 prices at 1942 price levels.

This will be done, states the OPA, in the face of increased labor cost, increased component-part costs, increased raw-material costs, and complete uncertainty about future markets. It will be done in one of the many following ways:

1. The manufacturer may use his 1942 ceilings.
2. If they don't seem likely to offer an industry any chance for profit, the OPA will work out an "increase factor," determined by using 1941 prices and adding advances in basic wage rates, the industry-wide margin of profit in the period 1936-39 or "some other period," and "lawful" price advances in materials.
3. The OPA will make adjustments for new firms on request.

As if this were not time-consuming and confusing enough at this stage of the employment picture, Judge Fred Vinson went on to state that "small business and producers of new models will be permitted to compute their own ceilings." With a Dali touch, he threw in the clause "subject to further review."

Wholesalers and retailers were given the dubious comfort of knowing the OPA was trying to work out another formula whereby they would be able to absorb manufacturers' increases so prices to consumers might be held at 1942 levels.

Very recently the OPA announced its formulas for the "assistance" of new business operators, to "speed" veterans into their own enterprises, for instance. New business is given two options. Under a little thing called the cost method, the manufacturer is required to give the OPA estimates of total current cost, including labor (a factor changing from hour to hour), materials, administration, selling, and general factory upkeep. The government will add to these a "profit factor" based on the full peacetime average of the particular industry the new business man is entering.

Three months following this, all bets are off. The new manufacturer must submit new estimates based upon "experience."

**Both debaters insist their aims mean more jobs—more assembly lines like this one.**

If this system seems unwieldy to a firm which wants to supply jobs in a hurry, the new producer may adopt for his ceiling the price of some similar article already on the market. According to the agency, "appropriate additions or subtractions from the ceiling price are then to be made for material differences in cost of production between the two articles."

Within the bounds of such a litter of formula, anything could happen or not happen. Recent events indicate that too little is happening as business reluctantly awaits its fate. And this country cannot afford to wait for anything. It needs jobs and the production that makes jobs now.

Another Dali touch appears in a current requirement that manufacturers "produce a certain percentage of inexpensive items in relation to luxury items." This is to prevent industry from making high-priced goods to the alleged neglect of the low-income groups.

Again this argument runs counter to simple economic fact. Business knows that mass markets hold the key to enduring success. It has always catered to the so-called low-income families. Luxury business has always been marginal. Faulty OPA policies that force a profitless price on low-cost items are the only thing that is forcing producers to emphasize the luxury field.

Meanwhile confusion mounts and production lags. Book, chapter, and verse, the evidence demands that OPA leave the scene. In Washington, for instance, the War Production Board, well aware of the job possibilities in the construction field, attempts to scrap its restrictive order. But OPA says "No," asserting that unrestricted building would lead to real-estate inflation, uncontrolled material prices, disturbed rent controls.

This—while a nation waits for $15,000,000,000 worth of building a year, with jobs for thousands and thousands of men! This country cannot afford the obvious economic expensiveness of OPA's "cheap price" theories much longer. What good is a nice low price tag on some item not in existence because that same low tag prevents its being made?

Possibly there is still too much "war business thinking" in governmental and public circles. Honest prosperity is at hand if we but move to take it. Yet, psychologically, war habit endures.

It is dominant in labor's thinking as organized labor pushes for take-home pay equivalent to that earned by long hours and overtime.

It is dominant in some governmental circles now pushing for subsidies after their usefulness as production stimulants has gone.

It is dominant in wide sections of the public, where people think that government should continue to solve all problems, that legislation and edict can replace sound economics and the ability of Americans to stand as individuals.

It's time we forgot wartime economics. Let government prevent only unregulated monopoly, and let it truly accept the fact that the best road to low prices lies in competition and plentiful goods; then there will be plentiful jobs and prosperity on an enduring basis.

We can get a good start in this direction if Congress will set a definite date for the termination of OPA, or at least assure business that it will not be extended beyond next June 30.

THE END

# Price Control Must Stay!

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without wise controls we made a sorry mess of it. During World War I the cost of living and the price of industrial products rose more than twice as much as they have during this war, under inflationary pressures much less powerful than they are now.

But after the war, when they pulled the controls off (as, in effect, the N.A.M. leaders are urging us to do right now), we soon found ourselves in even more serious trouble. Prices rose more rapidly even than during the war. People living on fixed incomes couldn't afford to buy.

In May, 1920, we hit the skids. Orders for goods dropped off, production and employment crashed. Five million workers lost their jobs; 106,000 business men went bankrupt; 425,000 farmers lost their farms through foreclosures.

By our bungling and our stumbling we delayed reconversion from war to peace for two costly years. Believe me, we are *not* going to let that happen again.

The N.A.M. is, of course, equally opposed to repeating such a disaster. But yet they say that present price controls during this dangerous time ahead will squeeze profits, discourage production, and make fewer jobs.

I think it is time that we all reminded ourselves that both jobs for workers and markets for business are based on big-scale production of goods *at prices which the largest possible number of people can afford to pay*. Many manufacturers seem to have forgotten that lesson. They seem only too willing to accept a smaller volume of sales—and even to lay off workers—provided they can get enough profit on each of a relatively few items to make their total profits satisfactory.

Naturally, now that goods are scarce and demand is high, some manufacturers are tempted to listen to the siren song of higher prices—and higher unit profits.

But in my opinion—and, I might add, in that of most prominent industrialists—this is a short-term, shortsighted policy that can end only in defeat for all of us—economic collapse and unemployment. Instead of creating *more* goods, higher prices will limit the ability of people to buy and thus restrict markets. That will mean *fewer* goods produced, and restricted production means fewer jobs.

Mass market sales, made possible by reasonable prices, have built some of the greatest fortunes and factories of America. To tap this mass market deeper and deeper, to find bigger profits in ever-increasing sales at prices more people can pay, has given America the biggest productive capacity, the biggest employment capacity, the highest standard of living of any nation on the globe. It has been the very essence of the American system of free private enterprise. It is, I believe, the American way.

If the economic defeatists—those who threaten to slow production unless extra profits are granted on individual items—would only take their chances on the good old American big-volume theory, in the period of almost unprecedented demand ahead of us they would soon find their profits better than at any time in their history. For most manufacturers that course would mean record peacetime profits.

And each warns of bread lines like this if the other has his way about price control.

Some people, seeking to break down price controls, have said controls have caused shortages. Yet I believe textile manufacturers, for instance, will hesitate to say that the shortage of essential low-priced clothing was due to poor profits—when their profits in 1944 were almost 500 per cent over 1936-39 levels. The profits of all manufacturing groups in 1944 were 220 per cent over 1936-39 levels; for farmers, almost 250 per cent.

Although I have stated OPA's postwar pricing policy many times before, let me state it again.

We are continuing to hold at their present level the prices of all necessities—clothing, food, and shelter. A few things may go down or up, but you can depend upon it that the general level of prices will remain about the same.

We are continuing to hold down basic raw-material costs and industrial prices so that manufacturers can plan full production schedules with assurance of what their costs will be.

We are pricing the reconversion goods—automobiles, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, etc.—at roughly their 1942 *retail* prices. We are allowing reconverting manufacturers price increases where necessary to cover cost increases. We are also allowing each reconverting industry *its normal peacetime profit margin*.

In cases where it is necessary to increase manufacturers' prices, we are asking the wholesalers and retailers to absorb this extra expense to keep consumer prices at or near 1942 figures.

We have set up special pricing procedures for small firms that are reconverting from war to peace so they can get new prices almost automatically, without red tape or delay, again at normal peacetime profit margins.

We are also making special provisions for firms making new products so that they can get into production quickly, with prices based on their own costs and normal peacetime profit margins.

We will drop controls on every item just as rapidly as we can. Only recently we have dropped controls from many luxury items and where supply has been ample to take care of demand. We will move to eliminate *all* controls just as fast as we *safely* can.

Holding down prices and rents won't be easy for those of us in OPA. There will be plenty of bad eggs and ripe tomatoes thrown our way by some manufacturers and some trade groups. But each week I get hundreds of letters endorsing our price- and rent-control programs—from widely scattered states and from farm communities, factory towns, villages, and great cities. Those letters come from simple everyday Americans not easily fooled.

With this support we will not be high-pressured into a repetition of the economic catastrophe that followed the last war. We will see that the average citizen gets his rightful protection against increased prices and rents during this difficult period. We will see that thousands of small businesses are not again destroyed by inflated operating costs. We will fight vigorously to make these policies effective. Because I am confident we will have continued public support, including that of the vast majority of far-sighted and broad-gauge business men, I have every hope that we shall succeed.

THE END

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

These marines in the South Pacific, on an amphibious tractor, are using captured Jap rifles to shoot or stun fish in shallow water.

# "Poor Fish" Is Right!

## By M. E. Stowe

**Back home, anglers may haggle over the dry fly vs. the plug, but such niceties are lost on our men in the Pacific. While they wait for that boat home they fish commando-fashion, and measure their catch in tons**

THE Marine pilot in the fighter plane squinted down at the South Pacific rolling calmly beyond the reefs. There! Hundreds of them! That congregation of sea birds, flapping and diving in frenzy, could mean only one thing. Hastily the pilot radioed the position to his island's command post. "Man the boats!" he chuckled; then, licking his lips, he continued his patrol.

Back at the post, the report of the birds and their location raced by telephone to the docks where waited twenty-seven Seabees and marines, a special fishing detail. "Sea-food chow," prophesied Charles W. Young, water tender first class, of Modesto, California, commanding the party clambering aboard. "Always a school under those gulls."

Young was right. Sea birds and fish go together like squirrels and nuts. Mess cooks that night served more sea food than the men could eat, and that week scientific fishing with the aid of the sea birds netted Yanks of the island 2,280 pounds of tuna, a 1,200-pound shark, and a 100-pound blue marlin, as well as several hundred pounds of smaller fish.

Between fishing by radio and dynamiting, shoveling, drugging, or shooting their prey, our Jap chasers have piled up new chapters of the world's greatest fish story. Some of their methods may shock the Izaak Walton League, but results will mollify the most conventional sportsman and will certainly delight the taxpayer who foots the war-front food bill. It all began when the men got so tired of can-opener products and dried haddock that they started fishing for chow with any tackle they could find or devise. And once begun, there was no stopping it. Instead, the Navy and Marine commands decided to encourage the fin-and-gill harvesters by providing complete equipment when possible. Fishing, they reasoned, could be a sport with a double-barreled purpose, offering recreation and at the same time dissipating the canned-willie blues. It all added up to better morale, which meant better work and better fighting.

That's why Wilbert M. Chapman of the Foreign Economics Administration landed at Midway in September, 1943, to pioneer a servicemen's fishery project in the Pacific. Since his mission was known to few G. I.s, he was shrugged aside at first as "that civilian" who, according to scuttlebutt, made mysterious daily expeditions out to sea. Screwy! But one Friday noon the men, griping about the expected fare, entered the mess hall to discover fresh mullet and mackerel instead of the usual dehydrated haddock.

"That civilian did it," the word spread among grateful Midway Yanks.

Chapman was indeed responsible. He had chosen Midway to test a new unit fishing kit designed at the Navy's request by Reginald H. Fiedler, chief of FEA's Marine Industries section, with the help of consultant experts. Hardly adaptable to being packed into the family car for an outing into trout country. Fiedler's 1,100-pound masterpiece filled 100 cubic feet of space. It contained gill and trammel nets, seines, hand lines, sinkers, fish and crayfish traps, hooks, leaders, swivels, gaff hooks, fish knives, and mending gear. With such a kit, theoretically at least, the G. I. should be ready for anything that swims.

But Chapman went to Midway to make sure. The kit was a success. In a single seine haul, 1,200 pounds of mullet said good by to the deep. And within ten days Chapman and two servicemen assistants delivered 2,965 pounds of food fish to Midway galleys.

Midway was only the beginning, for experiments there started Yank chow hounds on a series of fishing sorties which, in this year alone, will have provided millions and millions of sea-food dinners in the Pacific area. At this writing forty of the Fiedler kits are in G. I. operation at island bases and many more have been ordered to care for troops redeployed from Europe. Each kit, by conservative estimate, would bring in more than 200,000 pounds of fresh fish in a year's use.

Once this idea of organized fishing for chow and morale became widespread, local experts, Yankee fashion, started applying a few wrinkles of their own. Fishing by radio, for example, was a brain child of Seabee Charles Young and Lieutenant Bernard J. Ridder of Syosset, Long Island, a Marine aviation communications officer. Liaison between the sea birds on one hand and U. S. air and sea forces on the other makes the unique system work. Radioed news of the sea birds enables the fishermen to reach the school of fish on time, every time. As a result, no fish have been imported for several months.

In fact, Captain James N. McKean, Marine squadron commander from Forth Worth, says: "It looks like we'll have to start an *export* business to the States."

Islands not equipped with kits or with facilities for radio spotting resort to different devices. These, although often bizarre and frequently unsporting by ordinary standards, nearly always work. They've been putting fresh fish on the menu for countless Pacific meals this year.

TOPS in unconventionality are explosives. Dynamite is sure fire, and has many advocates—for one, Staff Sergeant James E. Alexander of South Milford, Indiana. Alexander and a few Marine buddies devoted several afternoons each week to diving for dynamited fish near their Southwest Pacific island. In a small landing boat the men sought a coral-reef site where fish gathered to feed. There a demolition man touched off three sticks of 40-per-cent dynamite, and after the geyser subsided, Alexander and his pals hit the water to toss the prey into the boats.

The floating catch, more than repaying the initial dynamite investment, usually included bonito, bass, mackerel, tuna, and some colorful varieties unidentified and therefore dubbed Tojo fish, trigger fish, and Pacific unicorns.

Many other times Yanks haven't had to make special trips to dynamite fish. Seabees, for example, when blasting coral reef, have found themselves killing the proverbial two birds. The underwater concussion acts on any fish in the vicinity like a sock on the jaw with a sledge hammer. Consequently coral blasters have often returned with trucks full of material for both runway and repast.

Then, expediting matters even further, Tokyo has occasionally footed the bill. Myopic Jap bombardiers, missing dock installations, have cleared the way for fish fries as their bombs administered the knockout punch.

Hand grenades, too, make effective persuaders. This "tackle" is employed so widely that others beside G. I.s appreciate its efficiency. Lieutenant William Maley of the Navy's Civil Engineer Corps spotted a group of islanders with a tempting load of fresh fish but no trace of fishing equipment. Inquiring in his best pidgin English what tackle had been used, he elicited

Marines of an Aviation Unit can spear assorted fish in a lagoon off Tutuila.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

It took two Seabees just 40 minutes to haul in the makin's of a shore dinner.

nothing but frightened stammerings. The natives, it developed, were embarrassed because they had borrowed the grenades, skillfully and without permission, from the ammunition box of their white friends. That was bad.

"Those natives were smart," Lieutenant Maley said. "They'd seen us throw grenades in the drink and they knew it was foolproof fishing."

Elsewhere in the Pacific, natural forces often play a part. At Tongatabu, for instance, Seabees decided to turn the problem of fishing over to the tide. When the sea was out, they lugged armfuls of surplus wire mesh to the beach and built a circular enclosure, anchoring it to the sands. The tide came in and went out again—but several hundred pounds of fish remained flapping in the trap. All the Seabees had to do was scoop, that day and many succeeding days.

And during Nature's salmon runs in the Aleutians, Yanks have been scorning the slow hook and standing inmidstream, scraping up the next meal wholesale—with shovels. More to eat that way. A few hours' shoveling will feed a battalion.

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

Armed with a "gig," Leatherneck O'Dell and a native spear fish in a lagoon.

OTHER equally unorthodox methods are practiced occasionally for smaller hauls. The first is drugging. Several fliers bailing out into South Pacific jungles credit their lives to the angular fruit of the Barringtonia tree which, when smashed and squeezed into small pools, will send the fish, dopey as opium eaters, to the surface. The same trick has been turned with leaf pulp from the red ash and with the matchbox bean, growing abundantly in island wilds.

The second method is shooting, which works well with the giant Pacific turtles and large fish. Consider the group of Seabees who pumped out half a dozen shots from a German Luger and an old hunting rifle and hauled home thirty-seven sharks, a startling average of about 6.2 sharks a bullet. Fishing several miles off "Island X," the men hooked into what felt like a wild submarine, so strong that it turned their fifty-foot motor launch completely around.

Twenty-four Seabees grunted at the lines and when the head of a half-ton shark appeared, the marksmen went to work. Six bullets and one shark. The three dozen others did not come until later. Confused Banner, Seabee Battalion newspaper, reports it this way: "Some four and a half hours after being caught, the shark's belly was ripped open and thirty-six baby sharks—some three feet long and ready to launch their own aquatic careers—were found inside."

The Pacific affords several stories of lucky accidents that our fishermen in uniform pass along faster than comic books—and with more chuckles. The fish, for instance, came to one gang of Seabees loading a barge.

A hook cast overside for a wooden crate returned instead with a thirty-inch, twelve-pound marlin. The fish came, too, to Henry L. Simon, ship fitter first class of Houston, Texas. Simon was working on the outlet of a clogged water pipe when a Pacific catfish flowed out and landed in his lap.

And a fifty-two-inch cutlass fish came to Edmund D. Purzycki, machinist's mate third class, of Hartford, Connecticut. The Seabee, working at night with a pile-driving detail, was wielding a hand saw when a fish attracted by the lights on the pier, leaped out of the water to lose its head against Purzycki's saw.

On the other hand, some Yanks, like the Goggle and Spear Brotherhood of the Pacific, apparently enjoy catching fish the hard way, concentrating on sport but seldom failing to bring home chow. Endorsing the delights of diving, they boast of catches such as the fifty-five-pound alua speared by Marine Corporal Sherwin J. Elkins of Beaumont, Texas, or the ninety-pound whipper ray which Marine Sergeant Leslie W. Jarrett of Hamburg, New York, wrestled out of the waves.

Equipment for such underwater angling often is fashioned of scrap and ingenuity—like the deep-sea helmet into which one of the Seabee divers converted a discarded gas mask.

Or take the Lamm spear, a contraption conceived when Seabee Robert Lamm of Charleston, West Virginia, a ship's cook first class, resolved that henceforth the sea food he served at his Southwest Pacific island would be strictly fresh. To Lamm, a particular cook, this meant personal shopping in the coral "markets" under water. So he devised a weapon four and one half feet long with a hinged barb. Propelled by a loop of inner tube fastened at one end of a bamboo shaft, the spear can impale a four-inch-thick fish at twelve feet and is credited with slaying thirty octopi.

Disdaining even spearing, one Seabee in the Aleutians claims to have lain on a plank and roped a mess of trout, cowboy fashion, with a wire lariat!

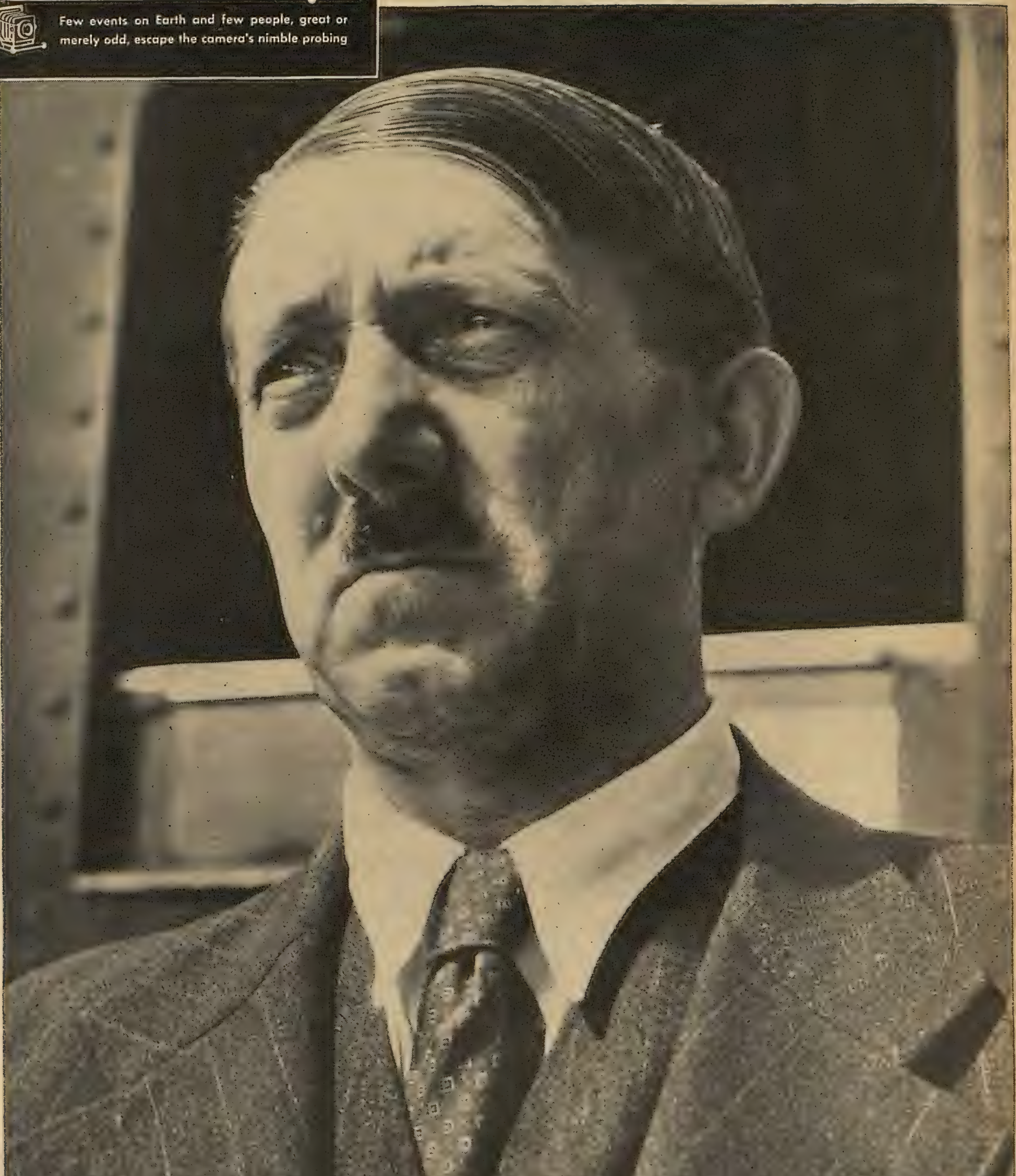
G. I.s, therefore, are no one kind of fisherman. But with their multifarious devices they make the fishing project a success in morale and in chow. A mighty angler's grab bag, the Pacific pays off in mullet, mackerel, lobster, tuna, bonito, dolphin, and barracuda, striped and blue marlin, snapper, crevallé, salmon, groper, wahoo, and langouste, octopi, whipper rays, sea cows, and 400-pound turtles to name a few. These are exotic fish which the G. I. has been catching by exotic methods.

But he's only been passing the time. Ask him. He's been willing to trade a seine and a ton of mullet, dynamite and giant tuna, or a spear and an octopus—any day!—for a fly rod and one small elusive trout, or for a lazy afternoon with a pole and a string and a worm—back home.

THE END

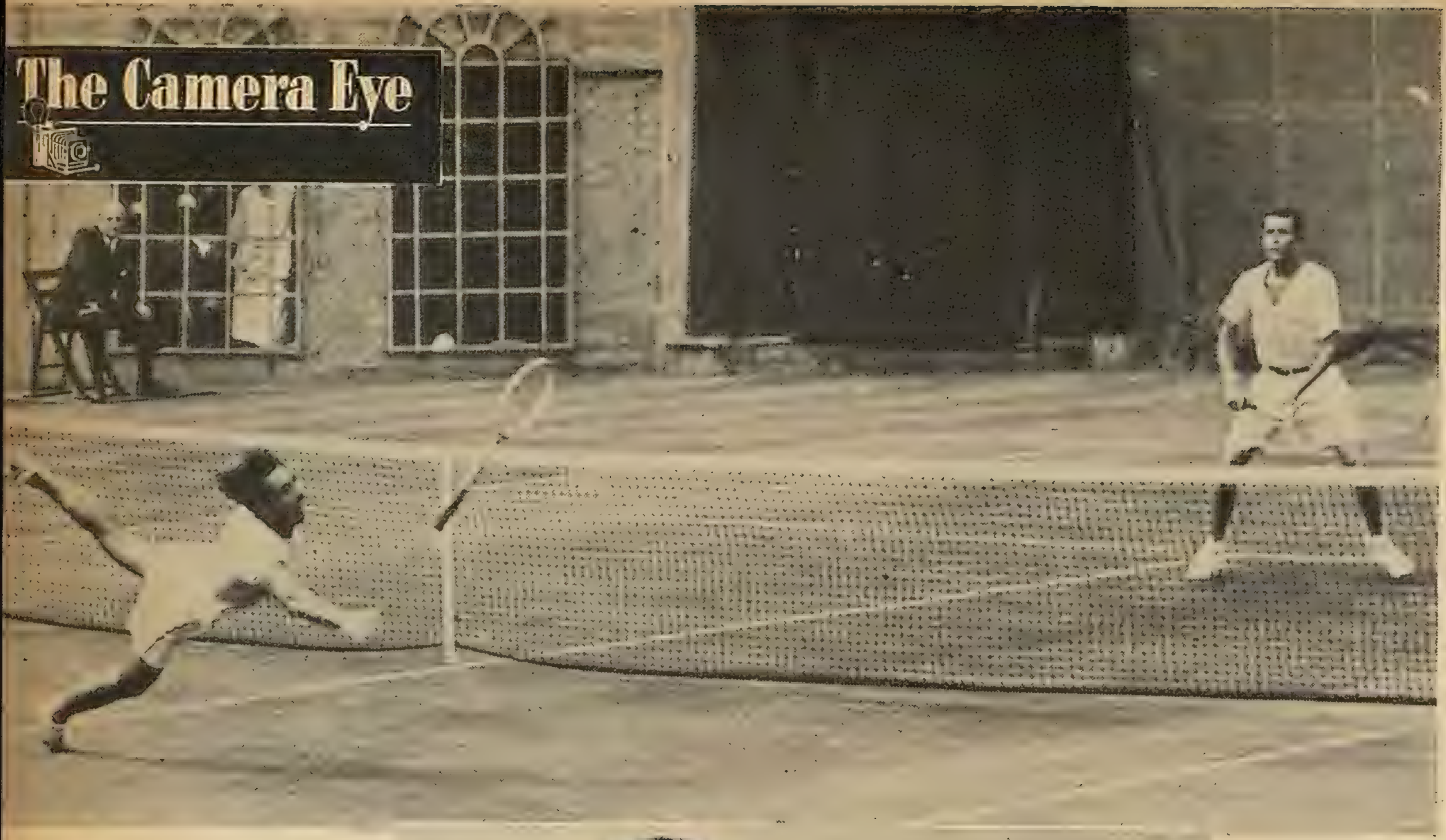
# The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



**NATURE PLAYS A DIRTY TRICK**—He's not Adolf, but Erantizek Holub, a Prague train conductor. The likeness fooled even the Gestapo, who made him shave off the mustache. But now the Czechs are free and Erantizek's mustache has been restored.

# The Camera Eye



**IT'S ALL IN THE OUTLOOK**—Sets of identical twins at a welfare center in England take widely variant views of the world. June and Janice Shaw like it, Ruby and Diana Letterman don't give a hoot, and June and Sylvia Williams detest the whole idea.

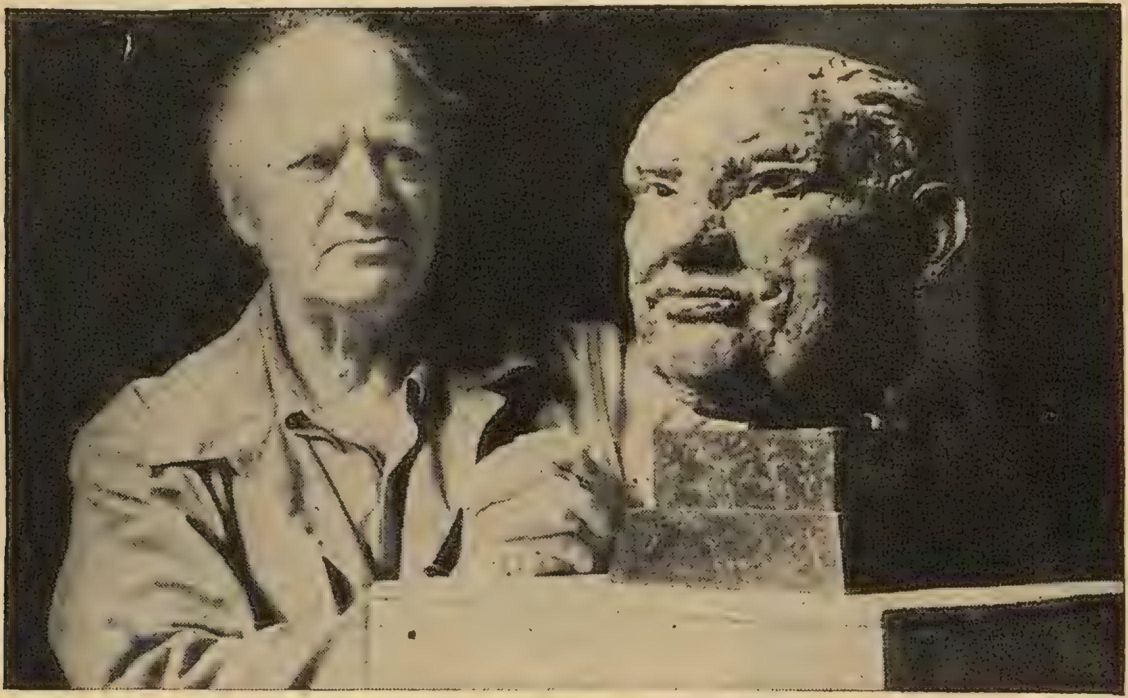
**OOPS!**—All in one stroke, Argentina's Alejo Russell lost: the ball, his racquet, his equilibrium, and the match to Billy Talbert. The two competed in the recent title tournament at Forest Hills. Alejo looks here as though he'd do well as an adagio dancer.

**HOME COOKING**—Served by loving hands, it's the crowning touch for Colonel Jimmy Stewart's homecoming to Indiana, Pa. Those decorations ought to impress the Hollywooders.

**FRATERNIZATION**—But then, the pooch can be forgiven his breach of discipline—he's German. He's watching U. S. Army, Navy, and Airmen in a track meet at the Nuremberg Stadium.

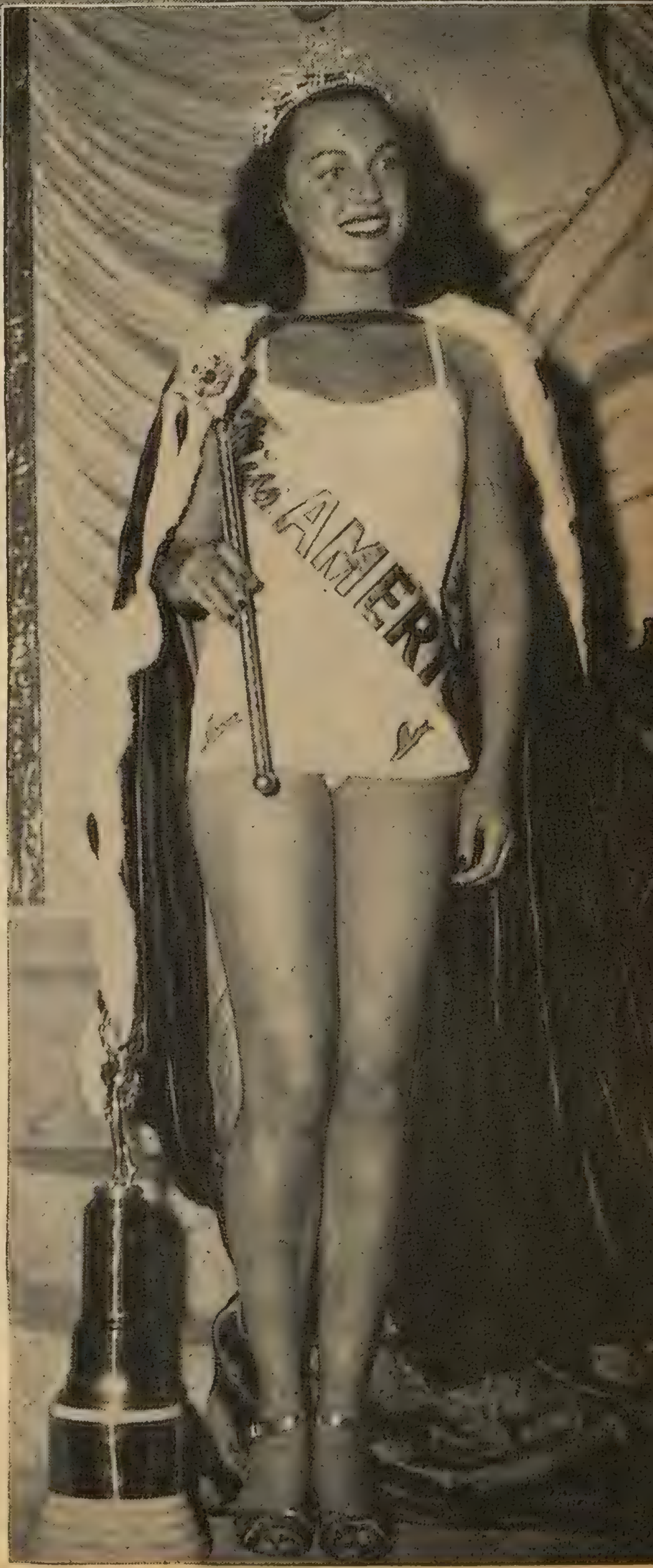
**GOOD TIMES IN BAD ISCHL**—That's the town in Austria where Composer Franz Lehar lives. When these G. I.s visited him recently, gay tunes of the Vienna that was filled the house. The grins show that music knows no nationality.

ENERAL
ONLY



**RUGGEDNESS**—You find it here in both flesh and stone as Sculptor Jacob Epstein displays his head of Ernest Bevin, new Foreign Secretary of Britain. Do you see the similarity?

**OUR OWN GOOD QUEEN BESS**—It's Miss Myerson of The Bronx whose victory as beauty queen for 1945 is proof that judges do sometimes have 20/20 vision. Bess regards a scholarship for $5,000 as her topmost laurel.



The Tigers' Birdie Tebbetts, the Cards' Enos Slaughter, Miss Cochran, and the Yankees' Joe Gordon hold a pregame discussion.

# PEACE COMES TO TINIAN

### By JACQUELINE COCHRAN

The spectators are enthusiastic, and even though the coral field makes errors excusable, the boys are sometimes as critical as any Brooklyn fan who ever rode the Giants.

**Tinian Island.**

TWO weeks after the war with Japan ended, baseball fever engulfed the Island of Tinian. Before the war, few people outside of the Japs ever knew there was such a place. Even now many would have trouble locating it on a map. It's merely a speck in the Pacific—thirty-eight square miles in area—but from its two huge airfields—one of them the biggest in the world—hundreds of Superfortresses took off on the devastating attacks that did much to bring an end to the war.

Tinian was and is the home of the Fifty-eighth Bombardment Wing, the globe-trotting B-29 outfit that launched the aerial onslaught against Japan from India and China bases and then moved to the Pacific to join other units of the Twentieth Air Force in the final blitz.

The men of the Fifty-eighth are proud of their contribution to victory, proud of the fact they were, as they termed themselves, the B-29 pioneers. The war hasn't changed them much. They're still the clean-cut, healthy-looking young men

(*Continued on page 94*)

Once mere names to most of the Tinian boys, the famous players in this load have now become real persons with whom they eat, work, and live.

Well before game time, the men race for "upper tier" seats on the massive booms of Seabee shovels, advantageously parked for the occasion.

The Browns' Chuck Stevens bats, the Tigers' Burl Storie catches, and Merrill May umpires in a game between the 58th Wingmen and 313th Fliers.

Everybody goes to the games. Officers and enlisted men, of course, you couldn't keep away. But the same also goes for any nurses off duty.

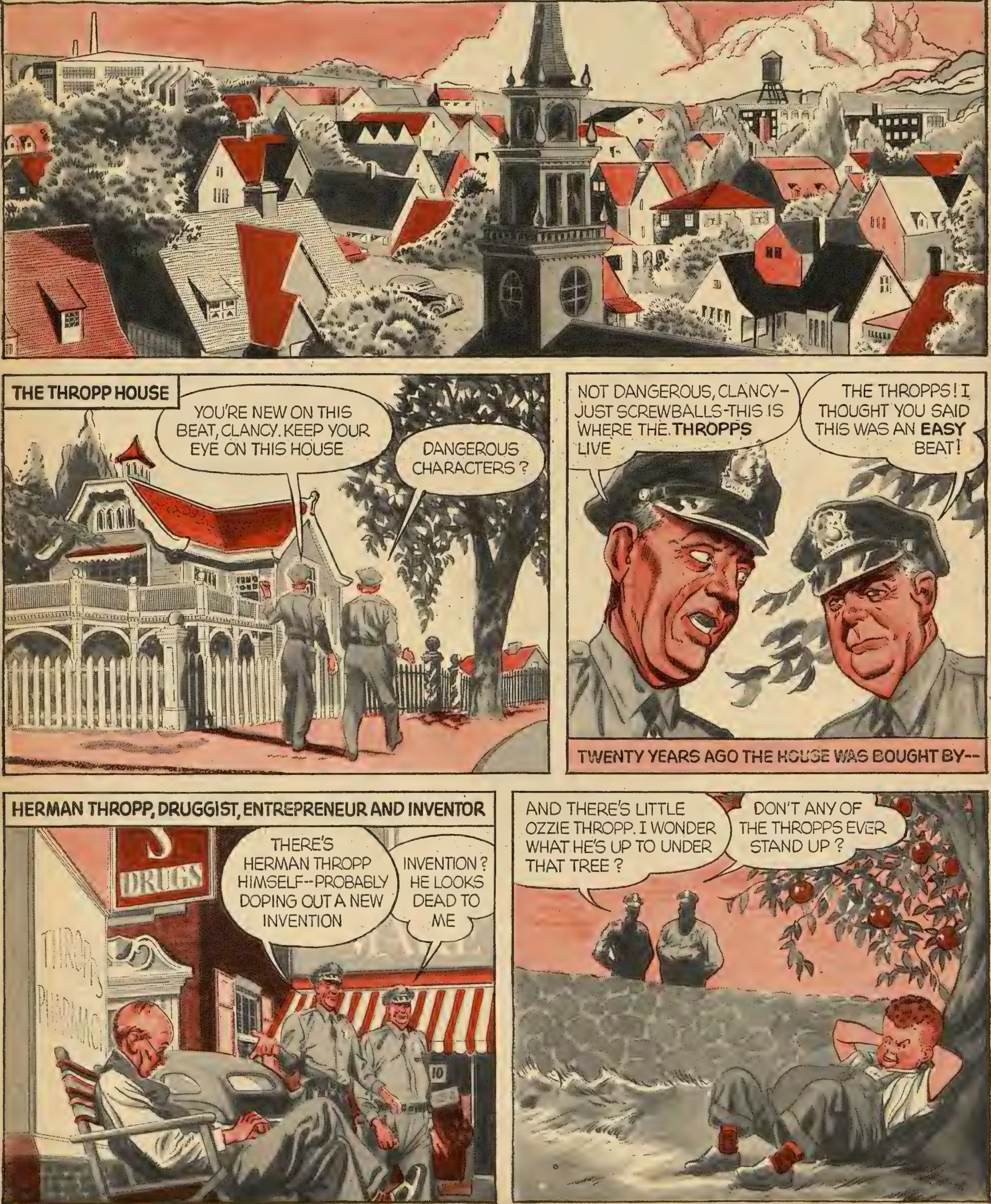
Brig. Gen. Roger M. Ramey, hero commander of the 58th; Tebbets, who manages the Wing team; and Lt. Col. Jenkins, the general's executive.

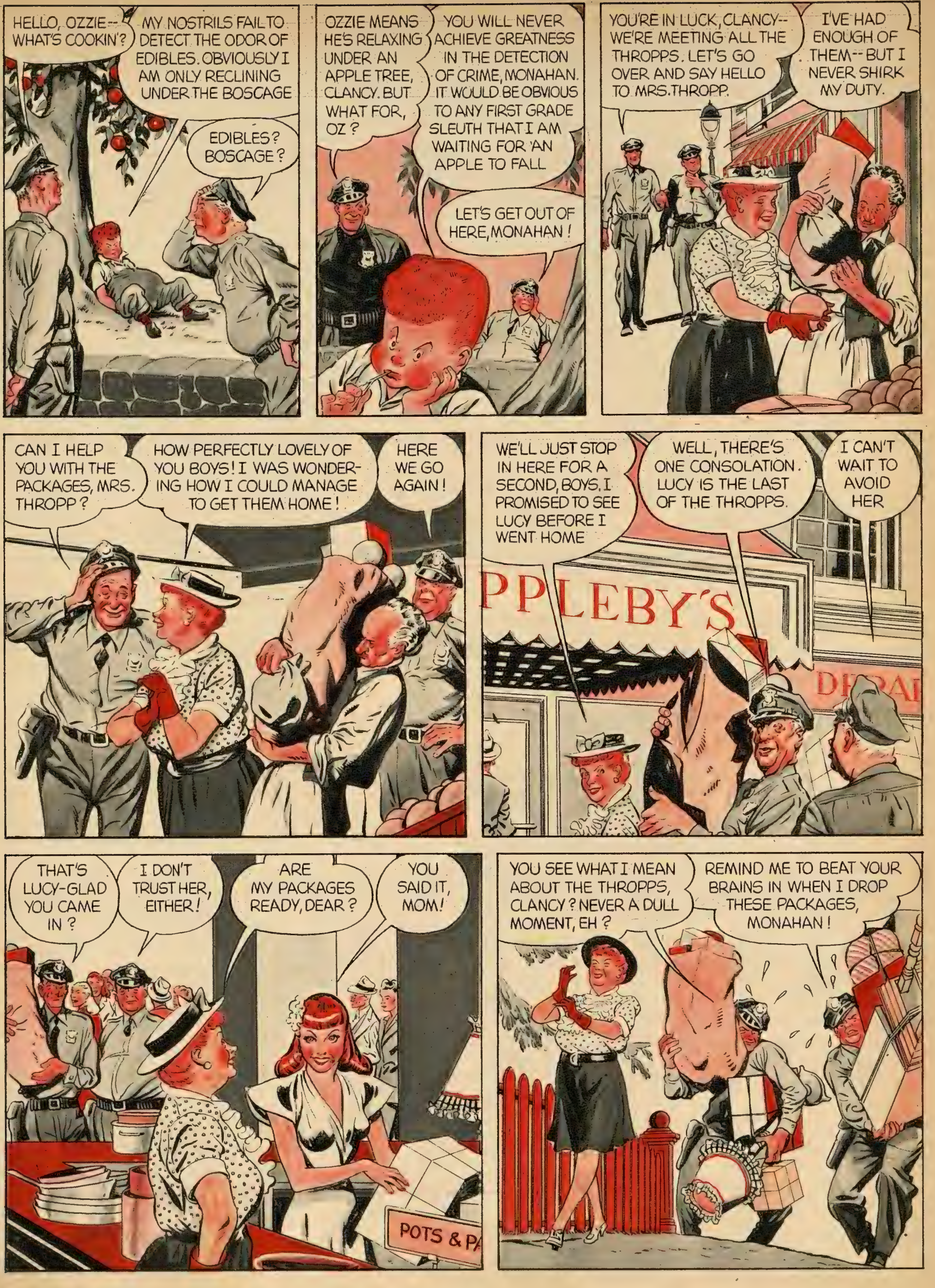
A Joe Gordon slide scarifies the coral surface. This stuff washes away after each rainstorm, and then the bulldozers build the field anew.

# THE THROPP FAMILY

*Written by* **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
*Illustrated by* **DONLOU**

THIS IS TUBVILLE, A BIG LITTLE TOWN, POP. 15,000. TUBVILLE BOASTS A LIBRARY, A MAYOR, 3 BANKS, 8 SCHOOLS, 45 POLICEMEN, 3 MOVIE HOUSES, 4 HOTELS, AND---


THE THROPP HOUSE
YOU'RE NEW ON THIS BEAT, CLANCY. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS HOUSE
DANGEROUS CHARACTERS ?
NOT DANGEROUS, CLANCY-JUST SCREWBALLS-THIS IS WHERE THE THROPPS LIVE
THE THROPPS! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS AN EASY BEAT!
TWENTY YEARS AGO THE HOUSE WAS BOUGHT BY--
HERMAN THROPP, DRUGGIST, ENTREPRENEUR AND INVENTOR
DRUGS
THERE'S HERMAN THROPP HIMSELF--PROBABLY DOPING OUT A NEW INVENTION
INVENTION ? HE LOOKS DEAD TO ME
AND THERE'S LITTLE OZZIE THROPP. I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO UNDER THAT TREE ?
DON'T ANY OF THE THROPPS EVER STAND UP ?


HELLO, OZZIE-- WHAT'S COOKIN'?
MY NOSTRILS FAIL TO DETECT THE ODOR OF EDIBLES. OBVIOUSLY I AM ONLY RECLINING UNDER THE BOSCAGE
EDIBLES? BOSCAGE?
OZZIE MEANS HE'S RELAXING UNDER AN APPLE TREE, CLANCY. BUT WHAT FOR, OZ?
YOU WILL NEVER ACHIEVE GREATNESS IN THE DETECTION OF CRIME, MONAHAN. IT WOULD BE OBVIOUS TO ANY FIRST GRADE SLEUTH THAT I AM WAITING FOR AN APPLE TO FALL
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, MONAHAN!
YOU'RE IN LUCK, CLANCY-- WE'RE MEETING ALL THE THROPPS. LET'S GO OVER AND SAY HELLO TO MRS. THROPP.
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THEM-- BUT I NEVER SHIRK MY DUTY.
CAN I HELP YOU WITH THE PACKAGES, MRS. THROPP?
HOW PERFECTLY LOVELY OF YOU BOYS! I WAS WONDERING HOW I COULD MANAGE TO GET THEM HOME!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
WE'LL JUST STOP IN HERE FOR A SECOND, BOYS. I PROMISED TO SEE LUCY BEFORE I WENT HOME
WELL, THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION. LUCY IS THE LAST OF THE THROPPS.
I CAN'T WAIT TO AVOID HER
PPLEBY'S
DEPAR
THAT'S LUCY-GLAD YOU CAME IN?
I DON'T TRUST HER, EITHER!
ARE MY PACKAGES READY, DEAR?
YOU SAID IT, MOM!
POTS & PA
YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN ABOUT THE THROPPS, CLANCY? NEVER A DULL MOMENT, EH?
REMIND ME TO BEAT YOUR BRAINS IN WHEN I DROP THESE PACKAGES, MONAHAN!

I USED to say that it wouldn't be long before I'd stop going to sea and settle down somewhere up a river where you have water and boats, but not too much of them. I talked about it when I was thirty; I talked about it when I was forty. Then, when I got to be fifty, I stopped talking about it any more.

But now, in one way, I have settled down. I'm still going to sea, of course, but it's a little different than what you mean when you usually say that. Because now I've got an interest, and am not just a paid hand, but second officer and part owner. Perhaps you've heard of her around Miami? The Golden Hake, a hundred-and-ten-footer that still looks kind of yachty even with the cargo bins we built on her after deck.

In the beginning, as you might suppose, my share wasn't very big. I guess I owned about as much of her as would reach from her stem through the chain locker. Kink Stewart—that's our captain and just a young skipper but college-educated, partly—he must have owned back as far as her bridge. And Dan's money would have taken in the bridge, but no more. The rest of her belonged to the Shadow. He's a rich one. Kink ran into him in a bar for them Miami sports. We couldn't have bought even as much of the Golden Hake as we did without he bought the rest of her as partner. We call him the Shadow because he's only been on board a couple of times and we almost never see him.

The deal I and Kink and Dan made with the Shadow was we work for just our expenses until we paid off his investment. Then the Golden Hake was ours, only the Shadow was to get one fourth slice on all future profits. This was an O. K. deal. But there was a clause he put into the papers we all signed. This clause said if we hadn't paid him off in full in three years, he got the ship and our part in her too, and all we got was the money we put up originally plus twenty per cent. If we didn't get him paid off in three years, it meant we worked all that time for nothing.

For the first thirty months we done O. K. But then we run into serious engine trouble. We had five thousand dollars to go to pay off the Shadow, and we lay around the Miami River waiting for parts for the water pump that was broke, and collecting grass on her bottom and gray hairs on our heads.

We held a lot of meetings—gloom sessions—in the galley, trying to figure up ways of raising the dough. But everything we had was already in the Golden Hake, and there wasn't any use going to the Shadow to ask him for time. Hard-luck stories make no more dent in him than a nail in an anvil.

I was sitting in the engine room with Dan—that's Dan Higgins, the chief engineer and nursemaid to the Golden Hake's two big Atlas diesels.

I said, "Listen. Don't be a dope. It's not your fault we had to push her so hard without an overhaul. Something was bound to pop."

"Nuts to that talk," he bellowed. "My job is to keep these stinkers pushing." He waved his hand at the engines. "When they don't push, I ain't done my job. Get it?"

"Well, come on ashore and see a movie anyway," I said. "You can't do anything here until those parts turn up."

"How the hell can I sit in a movie," he shouted, "when I know every minute I'm setting there, time is slipping away and we are losing this boat? Three years' work shot to hell. And two more good cargoes and she would have been ours. I'm going to sit right here until I figure some way to get that pump working—parts or no parts."

WE heard Kink come overside. "Hey!" he called. "You guys down there?" His long khaki legs dangled down through the deck hatch and began to feel for the iron ladder.

"Andy," he said to me, "you know who Harry Schling is?"

"Sure, sure," I said. "He's been importing fruit here for years. I even made a couple of runs to Columbia for bananas on one of his charters. Now I hear he's into some kind of trouble with that louse Branders of the Antilles Trading Company."

"Branders is into him so bad," said Kink, "that Schling just stopped me on the street. He told me he has nine thousand stems already cut and in the shed on a beach somewhere in Haiti, but there's been some funny business, he thinks, because the Marcia, which was on her way down to pick them up, has turned up in Havana with engine trouble. He's pretty excited. He'll lose all the fruit and a couple of important contracts to Antilles if he can't get those bananas to Miami in the next eight days. He says he'll pay us three thousand dollars cash and loan us what we need to pay off the Shadow if and when we land those bananas in Miami green."

"And suppose we come in with a load of ripes?" I said.

"We get exactly nothing."

Here was our chance. It was a long one, but our last. Three thousand dollars is a lot of money for hauling that many bananas, and the promise of the loan meant even more. But there was that busted pump.

"Well," I said, "maybe it's just as well we can't go. You know that Antilles gang plays rough. You can't tell what we might run into."

But Dan just glared at me. "Look, Andy, do me a favor and shut up, will you?" he growled. "You guys think this motor's got me licked. But it ain't, see? If I have to crank these stinkers down by hand, we're going. So get the hell out of here and find a crew."

In the beginning the Golden Hake was a hell of an expensive yacht. She was built about 1932 on the West Coast for a movie magnate who wanted to sail around the world. She had the best in everything. There were thirty-two separate engines on board, counting electric winches. One of these engines was a gasoline-powered fire pump that threw a two-inch stream of water. It was nearly four in the morning and I was lying in my bunk when I heard this pump start, and then the hiss and explosion in the engine room that meant that Dan was starting the diesels.

Kink and I hurried down the ladder to see what Dan had thought up. Somehow he had hitched this fire pump with the diesels, the fire hose hanging overside for an intake. The engines were running cool and normal. I don't think anybody but Danny could have figured out such a rig. Dan looked at us and grinned through the grease he had all over him. "We may burn 'em out," he shouted over the noise, "but it would be a damn shame not to try."

I guess it sounds like kid stuff, but we all shook hands.

THE Golden Hake made a good passage down. We could hardly get Dan to leave his engine room for time enough to eat. But the second night out we dragged him on deck. We sat around smoking and listening to the Hake pushing herself smooth and easy and fast through the waves. "Ours," said Kink, looking along the decks.

"We'll make one more run," I said. "We'll pay off Schling and then we'll give her a couple of months' rest and really put her in shape."

"I'd like to take those engines down," said Dan. "I've never had a chance to give them any real first-class attention. I'll bet I could get another knot out of them."

We'd talked like this lots of times before about what we would do for her when she was ours. But it had always been a long, long ways off. Now it was just a few weeks off.

(*Continued on page 70*)

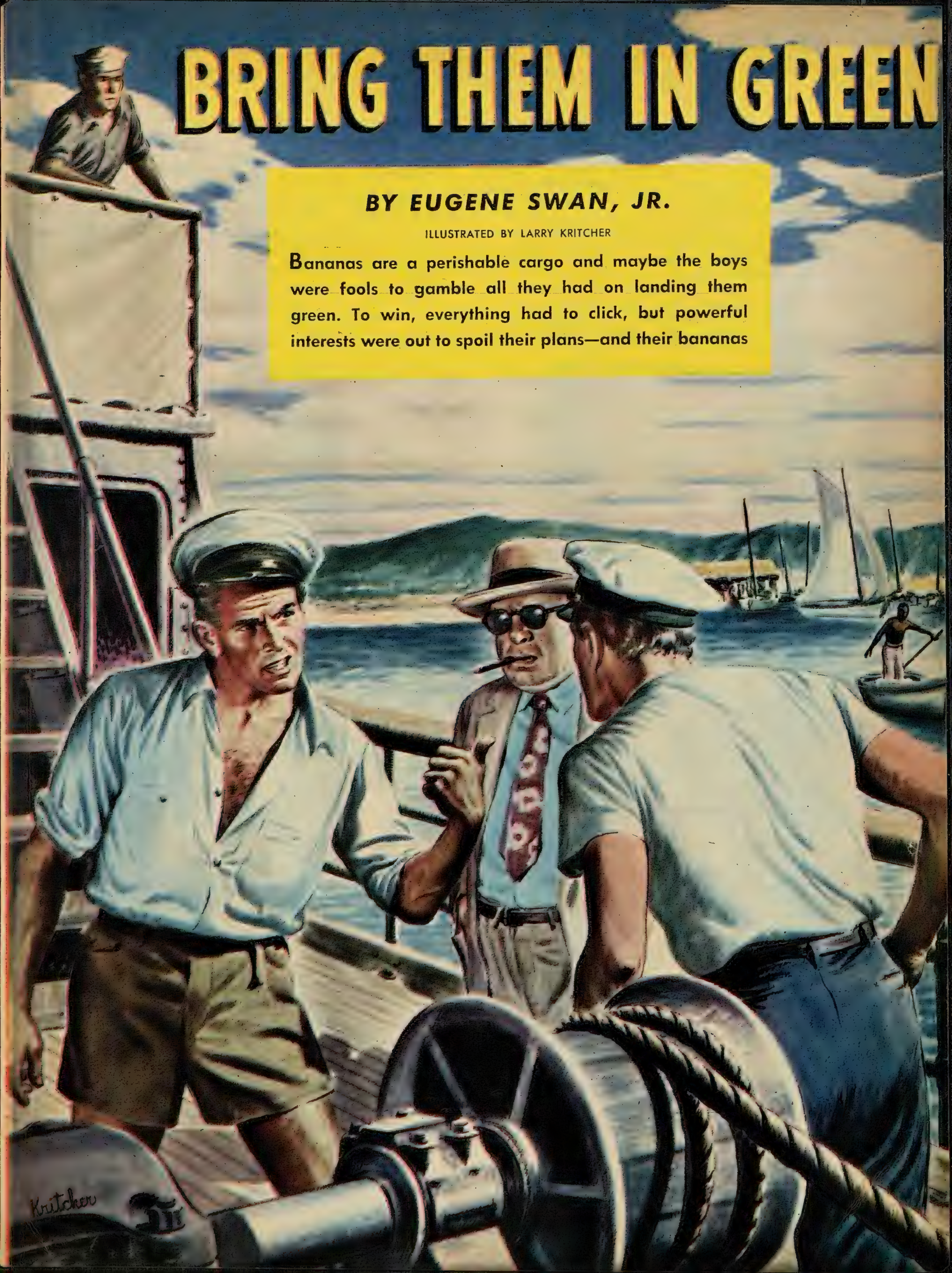
**I heard Kink speaking. "Mate," he said, "show this scum to the ladder, will you, and be quick about it."**

# BRING THEM IN GREEN

### BY EUGENE SWAN, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

Bananas are a perishable cargo and maybe the boys were fools to gamble all they had on landing them green. To win, everything had to click, but powerful interests were out to spoil their plans—and their bananas



# SERGEANT NELSON'S *Truth*

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

**In the sergeant's code a lie was a lie—a thing to be killed as quickly as possible. But when he tried to tell his home town the truth about its war hero, he learned how a lie can be a very fine thing**

### BY DARRELL HUFF

IF a soldier is lucky, he may come home very fast. That is one of the everyday miracles of modern air transport. Two fortunate aerial hitchhikes brought Sergeant Steve Nelson home so rapidly that he was able to keep his anger boiling all the way from Okinawa to the village of Kelland, in a valley lying east of San Francisco.

Kelland was the village in which Steve Nelson had been born and had grown up. The late Private Bill Kemp, against whom even in death Steve Nelson's anger seethed, had also lived most of his life in this village. Almost anyone in Kelland would agree that it had not been a useful life, until the war.

As Sergeant Nelson climbed off the train he almost forgot his anger.

He stopped to catch his breath, because it was quite literally breathtaking to be back home after nearly two years. But as he walked down the street, favoring his left leg a little, the anger flared up again and the back of his neck was red under its tan. There were just two things he wanted to do, he told himself, before he settled down to enjoy his furlough.

The first was to look again at the miserable shack in which Bill Kemp had lived and which the wife and son of Bill Kemp no doubt still occupied.

The second thing—Steve Nelson put his hand into his pants pocket to reassure himself that he still carried the evidence of truth there. It crackled under his fingers, the official statement of what really had happened in that isolated bit of action on Okinawa.

It was important to have that paper ready. He would show it to his mother and she would be delighted. She would phone the newspaper. The editor himself would come to see it, because on so small a newspaper the editor is also the reporter. And then truth would be published in irrefutable, wide-reaching type.

It was for this that he had obtained the paper in his pocket.

Sergeant Steve Nelson had been lying in the hospital when a friend had come to tell him that Bill Kemp was dead. It was from the friend also that he had first learned of the story Bill Kemp had told around; a hysterical, wishful story of things as Kemp would have liked them to be. It was this distorted tale that had reached the newspaper correspondents and, through them, the papers back home.

So when Steve Nelson came out of the hospital he did one thing before he left on his furlough. He rounded up witnesses and had them write down on crisp official paper a concise description of what actually had happened. His commanding officer signed it. This paper he carried in his pocket now.

Steve Nelson cut across Pine Street at an angle, just as he had done four times a day in the years when he was going to high school. That seemed long ago to the soldier who had fought on distant islands and seen many men die. It was twenty-six months ago.

YET Steve Nelson was pretty much the same person he had been then. He believed that if a thing was so, it was so. That black was black and white was white, and that was all there was to it. A lie was a lie, and this lie he would kill tomorrow.

Steve Nelson thought of the shack in which the Kemps lived. It was just around the corner now. It had been a decent enough little house until the Kemps moved into it, a little while after their marriage. Then it had become a scandal of the neat neighborhood, dirty, out of repair, bulwarked with empty cans and all the unidentifiable trash that settles around a house when the people who live in it do not care.

The girl Kemp had married had been one of the prettiest seniors in the high school when Steve Nelson was still in the grades, but a few years of marriage to Bill had turned her into a hopeless slattern. And their kid—Steve Nelson remembered him only as a smudged face, hair that was rarely combed or cut, and a voice that was a self-pitying whine.

Steve Nelson turned the corner and saw the Kemp house. For an instant he doubted that it was the same house. It had changed so much. New people evidently were living in it, for there was evidence of an effort to make grass grow in the front yard. Flowers were beginning to bloom in a border along the front of the house. The new people must have moved in recently, Steve Nelson decided, since the white paint on the cottage glistened with newness. If Mrs. Kemp and the kid had moved out right after word came of the death of Private Bill Kemp, that would time it about right.

A LITTLE boy came out and began to dig weeds out of the flower border with a trowel. Sergeant Steve Nelson called to him.

"Mac," he said, "can you tell me where the Kemps are living now?"

"We're living right here, mister," said the boy. "I'm Billy. Bill Kemp, Junior," he added proudly.

Steve Nelson looked at him closely. It was hard to see in this child the ragged boy he had known as Bill Kemp's kid. This boy was different, not so much in neat clothes and almost clean face and well-brushed hair as in something Steve Nelson could not quite put into words. But, whatever it was, it showed itself in shining eyes and a head held high.

The soldier realized that the boy was staring at him very hard.

"Are you—" the boy began. He hesitated, and continued, "Are you Sergeant Steve Nelson?"

"Yes," the soldier said. "You remember me?"

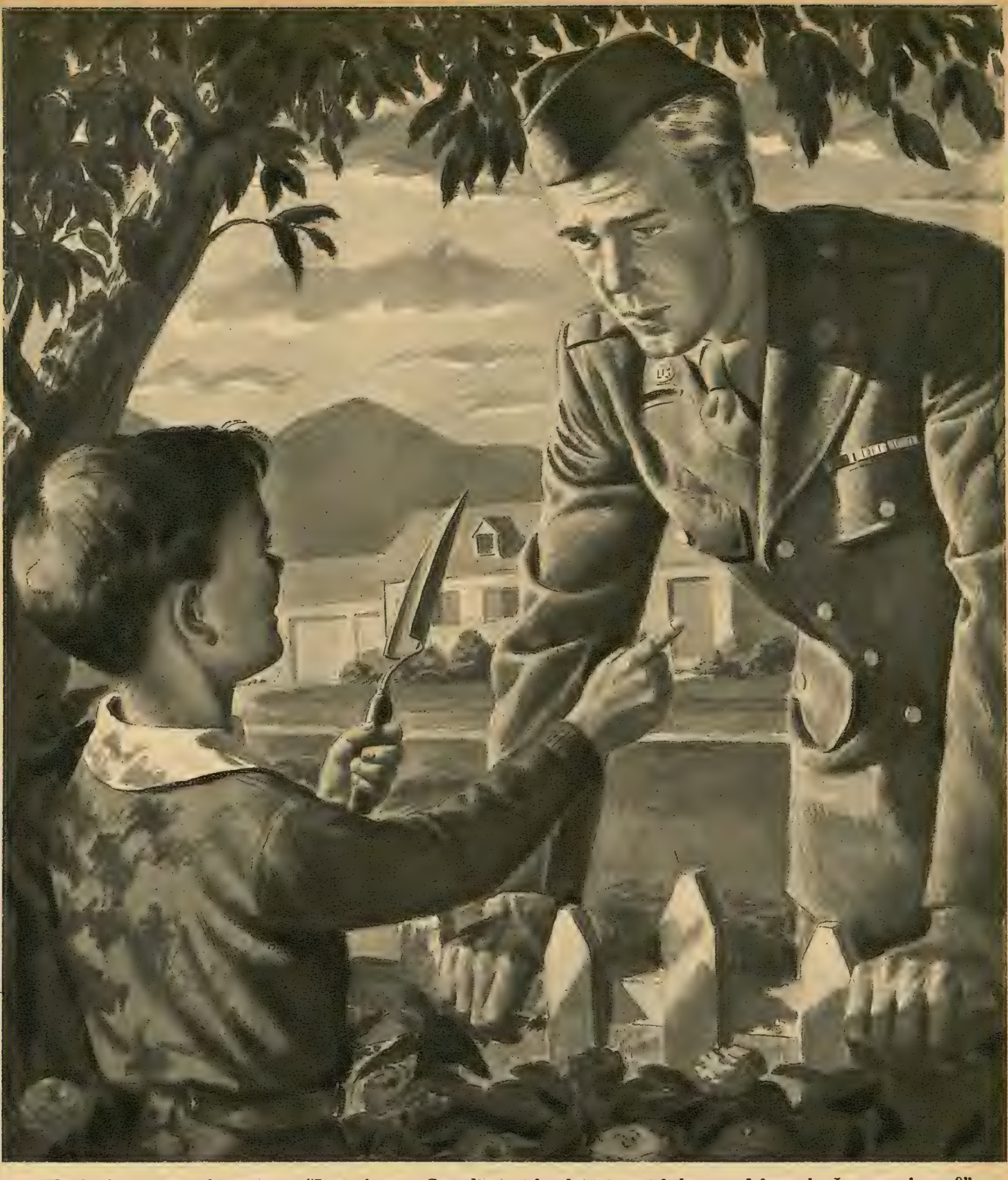
The boy's eyes were bigger now. "I wasn't sure. Gee, then you're the man my father saved from the Japs, aren't you?"

This was an awkward question. Steve Nelson felt that it put him into the same unfair position he had been in since the incident back in Okinawa. He believed in telling the truth, no matter how harsh it might be. But with a little boy— Well, let them wait; they'd read it soon enough in the paper.

Steve Nelson said merely, "Your father and I were in the same outfit from the time we left here until—well, until he died."

"I know all about it," the boy said with pride. "My mother read it to me out of the paper. My father and you were trapped by the Japs. You were shot in the leg. Then in the night my father carried you on his back . . ."

The boy went on talking, eagerly, as though it were a story he had heard and told many times. Steve Nelson's thoughts were carried back to Okinawa, and his fingers clenched on the paper in his pants pocket as



The boy's eyes were bigger now. "I wasn't sure. Gee, then you're the man my father saved from the Japs, aren't you?"

he remembered what had happened.

His leg was numb right after the sniper's bullet hit it, but soon it began to throb. There were sounds in the brush all around where he and Bill Kemp lay, and it was apparent that the Japs would be on them before morning. He had said something about that, as one mentions the obvious, and at the words Bill Kemp had broken. There had been nothing to do for it but slap Bill out of the giggling phase of his hysteria and drag him across the flat exposed stretch to safety. In the flurry of meeting the counterattack that followed, it was no wonder that Kemp's version of the affair had been accepted by the newspapermen and that they had promptly made Kemp out a hero. A shell from a heavy mortar had killed Kemp a few days later.

Steve Nelson wrenched his mind away. "Your house—it looks nicer than it used to," he said to Bill Kemp's son.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "My mother says we have to live up to my father's memory. We're proud of him and I guess the whole town is, too."

The man and the boy heard a voice from the door of the cottage. "I guess I got to go to dinner now," the boy said. "Good-by."

Sergeant Steve Nelson walked away toward his own house. From his pants pocket he took truth and looked at it. With strong brown fingers he tore it into little pieces.

THE END

**The fury of the river brought Toinette a man. Was it her fault he was an alien to her townspeople? What she had found she would not give up, especially when it was**

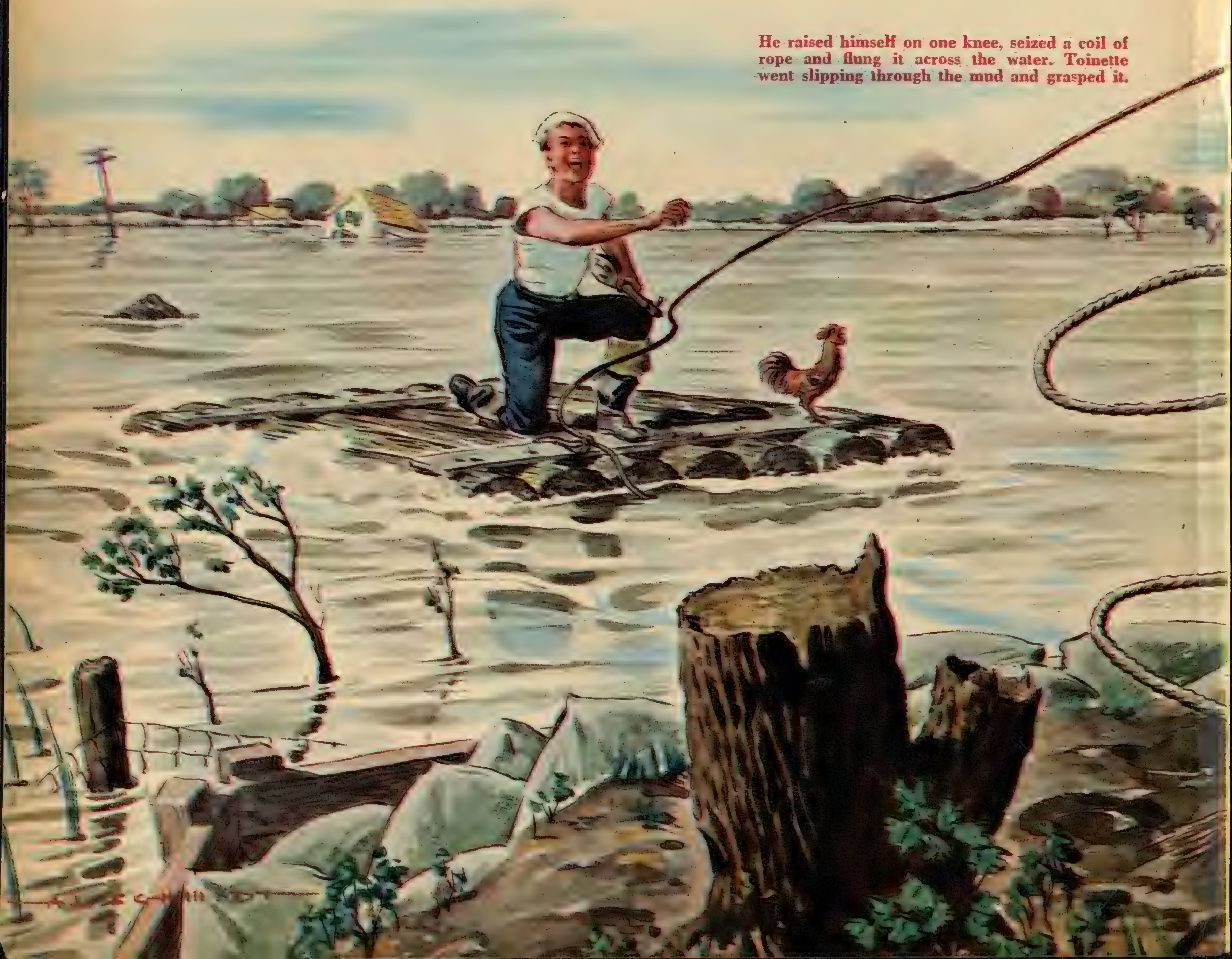
# Someone to Care For

FOR weeks there had been rain, and now the old Mississippi was wild and yellow and swollen with fury. Toinette felt what every Cajun felt at the coming of spring each year in Louisiana—the nearness of danger. She walked up on the levee and watched the prisoners of war who were piling the tiers of sandbags on one of the weakened sections a little distance away, and the guards with their shotguns and dogs who were ceaselessly patrolling the threatened area. Sometimes bad men had been known to blow up one part of the levee—relieving the water's pressure in front of their own homes but flooding out neighbors who lived farther down.

She turned away from the section where the men were working and walked on down the levee—and then she beheld a spectacle that claimed all of her sympathy and attention.

A pine-log raft was drifting toward this part of the levee with a man stretched out on it. Seeing her, he shouted. He raised himself on one knee, seized a coil of rope and flung it across the swirling brown water toward the shore. Toinette went scrambling and slipping through the mud and grasped it. She acted as Papa did in such an emergency—running around and around a stump with the rope until it had wrapped itself tightly.

Now the spinning raft sawed at



He raised himself on one knee, seized a coil of rope and flung it across the water. Toinette went slipping through the mud and grasped it.

## BY MORAN TUDURY

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

the rope, and the angry river fought the stump. But Toinette smiled with a feeling of triumph that was warm and personal. *This is one thing you won't get. Not when I have acted so quickly!* Then she drew closer and inspected her prize with pleased attention.

The refugee was young and, from his boots, a trapper or fisherman. A strange-looking musical instrument with a single string was under one arm. Beside him a bantam rooster flapped its wings—crowing as if in triumph, too, she thought. Then she saw his dark face, broad and with high cheekbones. "Tockos," was what Cajuns called the men of his race—the huge Dalmatians who owned and worked Louisiana's oyster reefs.

The musical instrument was a gusle. On it the Tockos played pretty old-country tunes; she had often heard them.

He was pointing to one of his boots that had a slit in it. "I've hurt my foot. I'll pass you the gusle. Don't drop it, sister. Now the banty. Ready?"

He placed one hand carefully on her shoulder and came ashore. "I hurt my foot in the Navy. That's why I'm not in it now. Now look, sister, I've hurt it again. Am I heavy? . . . I had a nice place on Bayou Bleu. The government gave me money when I was discharged, so I put in improvements. Sink in the kitchen, bed, radio—any time you could get the big stations. Then the bayou backed up on me. My place went off like the Ark."

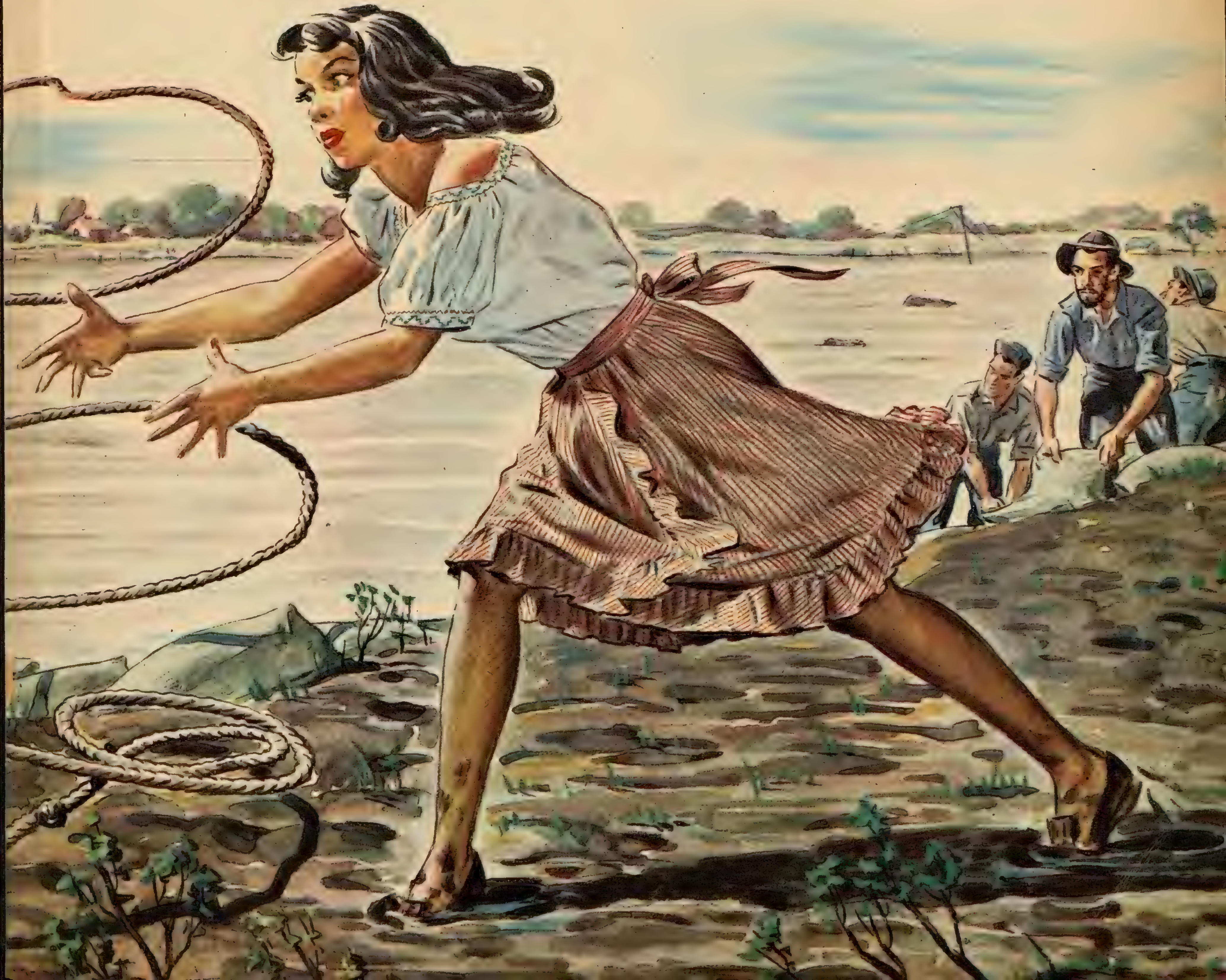
She was sickened, because nobody worked so hard as the Tockos, who worked from happiness. In the old country, working or not, they hadn't had anything. But in Louisiana they made nice homes—building on high stilts, painting their Tocko pictures on the walls.

She helped him down through the stunted pine and piles of sandbags. Some of the flood fighters, who were fortifying the levee, were her neighbors. They paused at their work and, leaning on their shovels, regarded her and the young Tocko silently. None of them made any move to help.

This part of Louisiana wasn't like most sections where Dalmatians were regarded as anybody's equal. Here, countless Cajun and Tocko troubles were always taking place. Last fall there had been a shooting war over disputed oyster-reef rights; two Cajuns had been killed that time. Cajuns claimed the Tockos had slipped into the country past the eyes of the immigration authorities, and that they would do you any mean trick if given the chance, even digging a crevasse that would break down your levee and allow the river to come flooding in.

Looking up, she saw Gros Jean—the last person she would have wanted to see now. He shoved back his hat and studied the young Dal-

(*Continued on page 94*)



# WHISKY RUN

## RESUMÉ OF PART ONE

WHEN Wallace, warehouse manager for Associated Jobbers, hired Tom Rodgers as a truck driver, he didn't know that Rodgers was an investigator for the insurance company that had been paying off Associated Jobbers' losses. Several truck loads of whisky had been hijacked and the drivers slugged, but Wallace kept quiet about this. Playing dumb, Rodgers talked to some of the other drivers, Charley Novack, Sully, Harry Dempsey, and Burt Howell, but learned nothing. Tom thought he might combine business with pleasure by questioning the attractive girl dispatcher, Frances Carroll, but even she was evasive.

It was on his third run to Riverview that Rodgers' truck was stopped on a lonely curve of the mountain highway by a sedan pulled across the road. Two men disguised with flour-sack masks knocked him out and made off with the truck. When he regained his senses, Rodgers realized ruefully that although the waybill said canned beans, his load had been whisky. But how could the hijackers know this? A passing motorist gave Tom a lift back to the warehouse. Angrily he told Wallace and the girl, "You were smart to get me to haul a load of whisky without knowing it." News of the hijacking got around and the other drivers refused to run any more whisky loads to Riverview. But when Wallace offered a bonus of $100, Sully agreed to go that night. Suspicious of Wallace, even of Frances, Rodgers lurked in the darkened warehouse after Sully had left. He had a scheme for catching the hijackers, but he needed more information. Then he heard Frances, in the office, talking desperately on the phone. "There are four hundred cases of whisky in that load," she was saying. "Go after him yourself if you have to, or I'll—" Tom didn't stop to hear the rest. He jumped into an empty truck. Sully had a twenty-minute start. If Tom could only reach him before the hijackers did. He hit the curves as fast as he could without going off the road. And then he saw Sully stumbling along. As Tom reached him, he fell down in a heap. There was a bullet hole in his chest.

Sully was dead.

## PART TWO—CONCLUSION

TOM put the dead man in the cab of the truck. He was not going to enjoy Sully's company in the driver's seat, but there was no way to fasten the body in the back of the truck, and he did not want it bumping around loose during the trip down the mountain.

He had to drive nearly a mile up the grade before he found a place wide enough to turn around. He parked the truck off the highway, extinguished the lights, and searched back down the road with a flashlight until he found the beginning of Sully's bloody trail in the dust. The outside shoulder of the road was broken away near the first big patch of blood. The long beam of Tom's flashlight showed him a smashed automobile in the gully far below.

It took him an hour to find his way down into the deep ravine. He was dirty and wet with sweat when he climbed back to the road again much later, but there had been nothing in the wreck to give him a clue. Either Sully had forced it off the road before he was shot or the hijackers had pushed it over to get it out of the way.

IT was very late when he brought his truck back to the warehouse. Lights still burned in the office. Tom did not know whom he would find inside, but he hoped it would be Harry Dempsey and not Frances Carroll. That way he could put the police on her trail and not have to see her again.

No one came from the warehouse to investigate the sound of the truck motor. When Tom entered the manager's office, Dempsey was not in sight. Frances Carroll slept uncomfortably by the telephone. Tom's jaw muscles tightened as he looked at her.

"Frances."

She woke instantly. The fog of sleep left her eyes, and alarm came into them as she saw the bloodstains on his dirty shirt.

"It isn't mine this time," he said. "Sully is dead."

Some of the color left her face. "Who—who killed him?"

"You tell me."

She looked up at him with a completely blank expression.

"Don't try to stall." He held out his identification card. "I'm an investigator for Midwest-Central Indemnity Company. I heard you pass the tip twenty minutes after Sully left here. I took another truck and followed him, but your friends beat me to it. The whisky is gone and Sully's body is outside. Who shot him?"

"Tom, this is silly. You misunderstood what you heard."

"Who were you talking to?"

Instead of replying to his question, she stood up and faced him, so close that he could smell the faint scent she wore.

"Do you really think that I'm—that I would set a murderer on Sully for a load of whisky?"

The scent was making him dizzy. He said flatly, "I heard you talking to somebody on the phone, and I'm going to find out who it was. If you won't talk to me, you can talk to the cops. Let's go."

He took her wrist in a firm grip and started for the door.

"Tom, please! If you'll wait until morning I can explain everything. I can't go now; I've got to be here until—"

She stopped, listening.

A car, driven fast, had come along the street and pulled up outside.

Tom said, "Who is it?" When she didn't answer, he took the gun from inside his shirt and stepped to the side of the door, pulling her with him.

"Oh, no!" She was really frightened now. "It's Harry Dempsey. If you'll let him explain— Don't do anything, Tom!"

Dempsey was inside before he saw Tom. Tom said, "Put your hands up."

Dempsey's nerve was good. His hands went up slowly as Tom came toward him. The moment Tom was within reach, Dempsey made a grab for the gun. He got both hands on it, but Tom's left arm was free. He hooked at Dempsey's chin, and Dempsey's lanky body caromed from the desk to the floor. Frances made a small sound of protest.

TOM put Dempsey in a chair and frisked him. He found a .38 Police Positive in Dempsey's coat, but the barrel was clean and none of the shells had been fired. Tom took the gun and slapped the unconscious man's face a couple of times. Dempsey's lolling head jerked up and his eyes opened.

Frances said quickly, "They hijacked the truck and killed Sully, Harry. Tom is an investigator for the insurance company. He thinks—"

Without taking his eyes from Tom, Dempsey said to Frances, "Didn't you tell him about me?"

"You told me not to tell anyone."

"That thing makes it different."

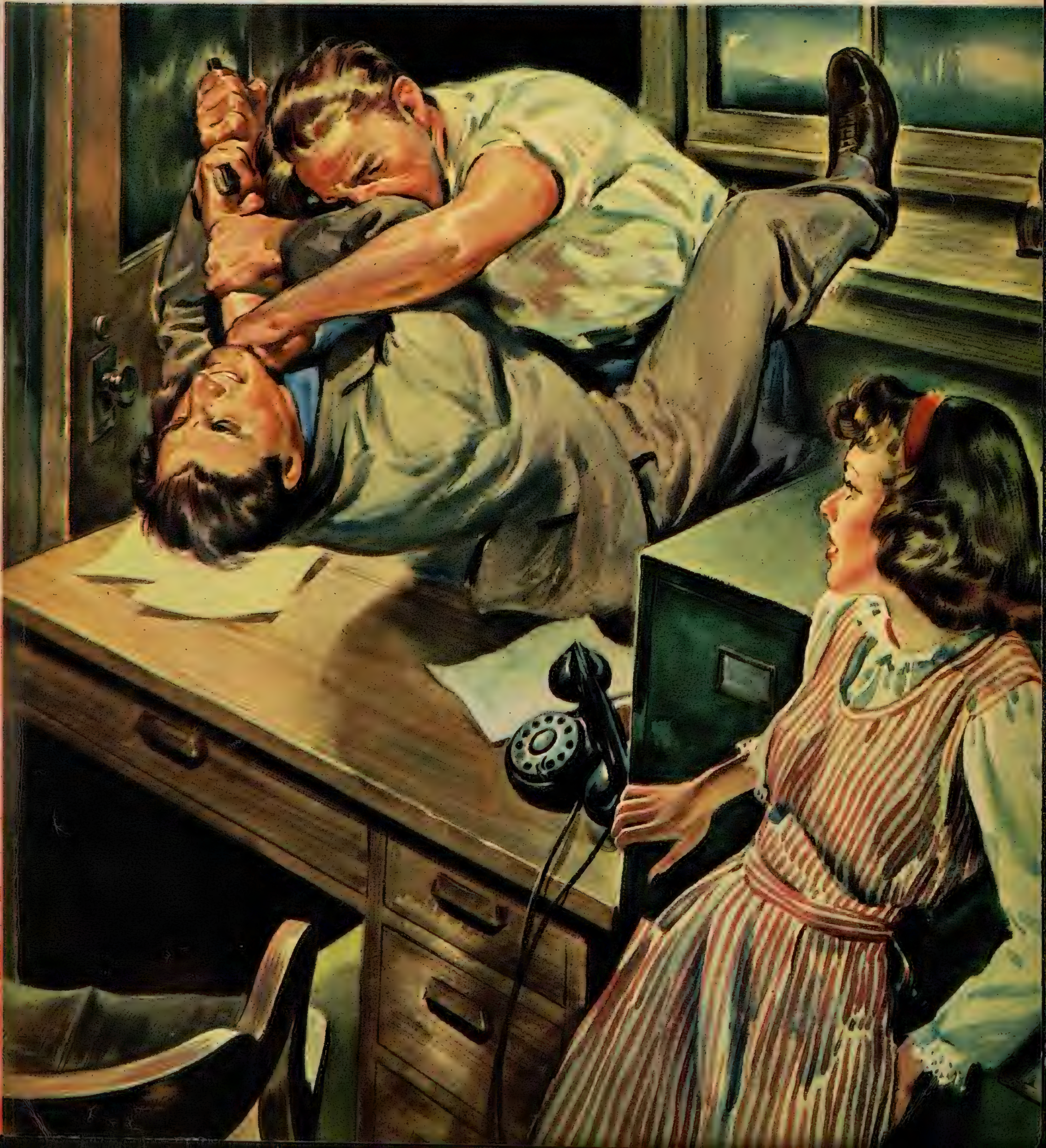
(*Continued on page 79*)

**Dempsey got his hands on the gun, but Tom's left arm was free. He hooked at Dempsey's chin.**

**One man had been murdered already, and whoever got in the hijackers' way would get it too. But to nail them, Rodgers set a trap, with himself as bait. A thrilling story of mystery and adventure among the men who drive the highways by night**

### BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. NOURBEL



# Return Engagement

### BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

IT was a shame, Johnny thought, that mum and dad didn't understand, but of course they couldn't be expected to, for they were so old. They simply wouldn't know how you felt when you were young and in love.

They'd never had the feelings he did now: that heady sense of excitement; the astounding knowledge that you were only half alive unless you were with Priscilla and that you could hardly bear to wait until you saw her again.

He said, with great seriousness, "*Her* father and mother had another awful row last night."

"Did they, dear?" said Mrs. Carpenter from behind her magazine.

"It isn't good for her," Johnny insisted. "Priscilla's sensitive. It isn't good for a girl when her parents—"

Mr. Carpenter appeared from around the corner of the morning paper. "Don't see what harm it does. The Lestranges have a fight and then they make up again and they're happier than ever."

That did seem to be true, Johnny thought, but you wouldn't expect dad to realize it, because dad, besides being extremely nice, was not only old but awfully dull.

"Professor Lestrange," he proclaimed, "chased Mrs. Lestrange out on the porch in her white satin pajamas."

"I wish I had a pair," said Mrs. Carpenter calmly. "I wonder where she gets them."

She surveyed her seventeen-year-old son with some amusement. Johnny sat there scowling, and he had curly black hair, deep-set dark eyes, and cheeks that flared so red they might have been painted on. He was so intense over his first love that it was faintly funny.

And he would make difficulties where there weren't any, for she and Tom both thought that Priscilla was charming and that her parents, while a trifle odd, were talented and delightful.

"It's Priscilla's birthday," Johnny was saying with a fine air of defying his family. "I'm going to take her out to dinner."

Mrs. Carpenter refused to be defied. "Splendid. Be sure to take her to a good place."

Johnny seemed disappointed that all that defiance had been wasted. "Well, I guess if I'm going downtown to buy that new sports jacket, I better get started."

He left the room and Mr. Carpenter said immediately, "Dear, dear me! Getting all dressed up for his best girl. It's a sure sign."

Mr. Carpenter could be expected to know, for he was sporting a new yellow foulard tie with a handkerchief to match. He had not donned it for his wife's benefit.

"Johnny's sweet," she said. "He's so deathly serious about things. I remember we were, too."

Mr. Carpenter looked quite uncomfortable. He had the idiotic wish that he were young again and his wife were too. But he only said, "I'm glad it's Priscilla. He couldn't get himself a nicer female."

He gazed at his wife. She still kept that little-girl look that had enchanted him so much once and didn't now. Her soft brown hair forever seemed ruffled by some unseen wind, there was the spray of freckles across her nose, but her hazel eyes didn't flash and glimmer as they once had. He wondered why.

HE made the same announcement now that he had been making at this precise moment for months: "Got to be going along."

He then went over to the living-room mirror to see if, as he suspected, he was developing a double chin.

The room was reflected in the mirror and it was a room that always seemed to have the quality of sunlight in it. It might have been the pale green walls or the delicate coverings on the chairs and sofa or the faint gray of the rug, or all these things put together. It was a nice room, but there was something missing in it. It seemed stiff.

And he did wish Evelyn would stop fussing with it.

Mrs. Carpenter surveyed her husband surveying himself in the mirror. And she wondered why he'd seemed so exciting once and didn't any more.

He hadn't lost his hair that still had golden glints in it, his nose was nice and straight, his eyes a bright blue. But she missed all those sensitive lines about his mouth.

HE seemed most dissatisfied with his appearance this morning, so dissatisfied that she knew he was dead set on making a fool of himself over Eugenia Grace.

"Oh, dear," she wailed, "I must do something about this dreadful house!"

"It isn't a dreadful house," said her husband and slammed out the door.

Mrs. Carpenter sat down and was doleful. For Eugenia Grace was everything she wasn't. Mrs. Grace was tall and willowy, whereas Mrs. Carpenter was small. Mrs. Grace was smart and efficient, she was even considered dashing. And Tom, with the utmost unwisdom, was about to become extremely romantic about her.

Priscilla Lestrange pounced in through one of the French windows. "Hi, Evelyn! Down in the dumps?"

"Dismal," said Mrs. Carpenter. "Dolorous. Downcast." And immediately concealed the cause of her woe. "This house—this darn troublesome house. It won't come right."

Priscilla stood, feet wide apart, hands in the pockets of her full white dress: a dark girl, a girl who looked different from everyone else because her thin face flashed and changed and was constantly alive beneath her dark bangs.

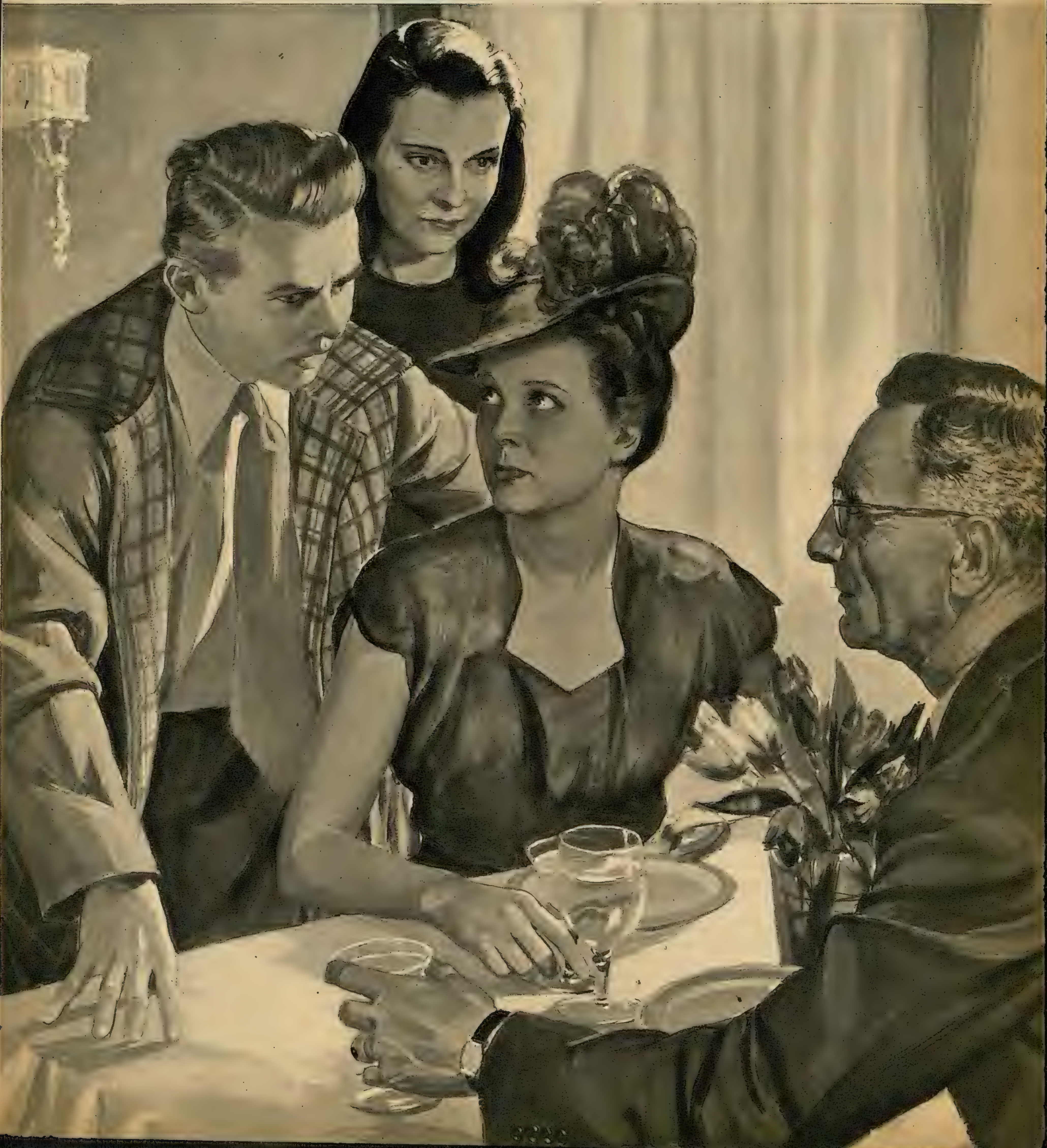
"Why don't you leave it alone, Evelyn?"

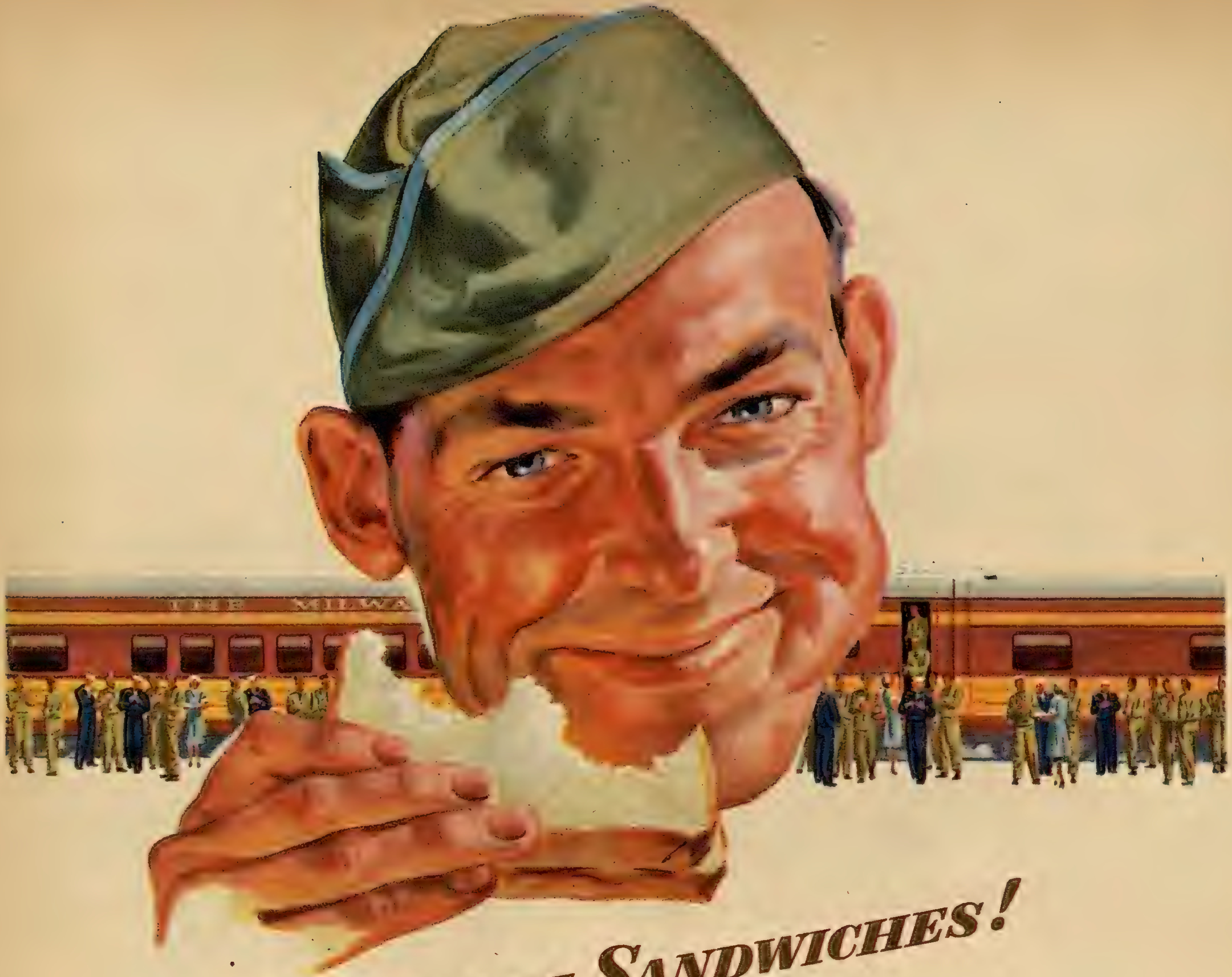
It was odd, but Mrs. Carpenter felt much more at home with this slim graceful girl than she did with her husband or her son. It was as if,

(*Continued on page 100*)

**Parents never seem to understand what it's like to be seventeen and in love for the first time. But when Johnny's parents showed they knew exactly what it was like, he was the one who didn't understand**

He looked up and there stood his disapproving son. "Pa," said Johnny, "don't you know this is an awfully Bohemian place?"





# "PHEASANT SANDWICHES!

*Holy smokes! Who'd ever believe it?"*

THIS scene is enacted every day at The Milwaukee Road station when the transcontinental Olympians roll into Aberdeen—famous as the heart of South Dakota's pheasant country. Here, each month, 20,000 service men are served *pheasant sandwiches* with ample trimmings.

To make Aberdeen the world's standout for a handout, all the good people of this area pool their efforts and resources. Among other groups The Milwaukee Road Women's Club played a key role in launching this unique canteen.

Through local clubs the womenfolk of The Milwaukee Road have long been doing good all along the line. Doing good for members of The Milwaukee Road family, for themselves, for the community and, lately, for men and women in uniform.

Many Milwaukee Road workers are members of Employes' Service Clubs who meet after working hours and whose varied activities in local affairs are entirely separate from those of the Women's Clubs. Service Clubs form closer relationship among employes; this leads to better teamwork and a broader service to many communities the railroad serves.

Many of The Milwaukee Road's 6,500 war veterans are returning to rejoin and strengthen these affiliated organizations. All this symbolizes a family spirit that bodes well for the future of The Milwaukee Road.

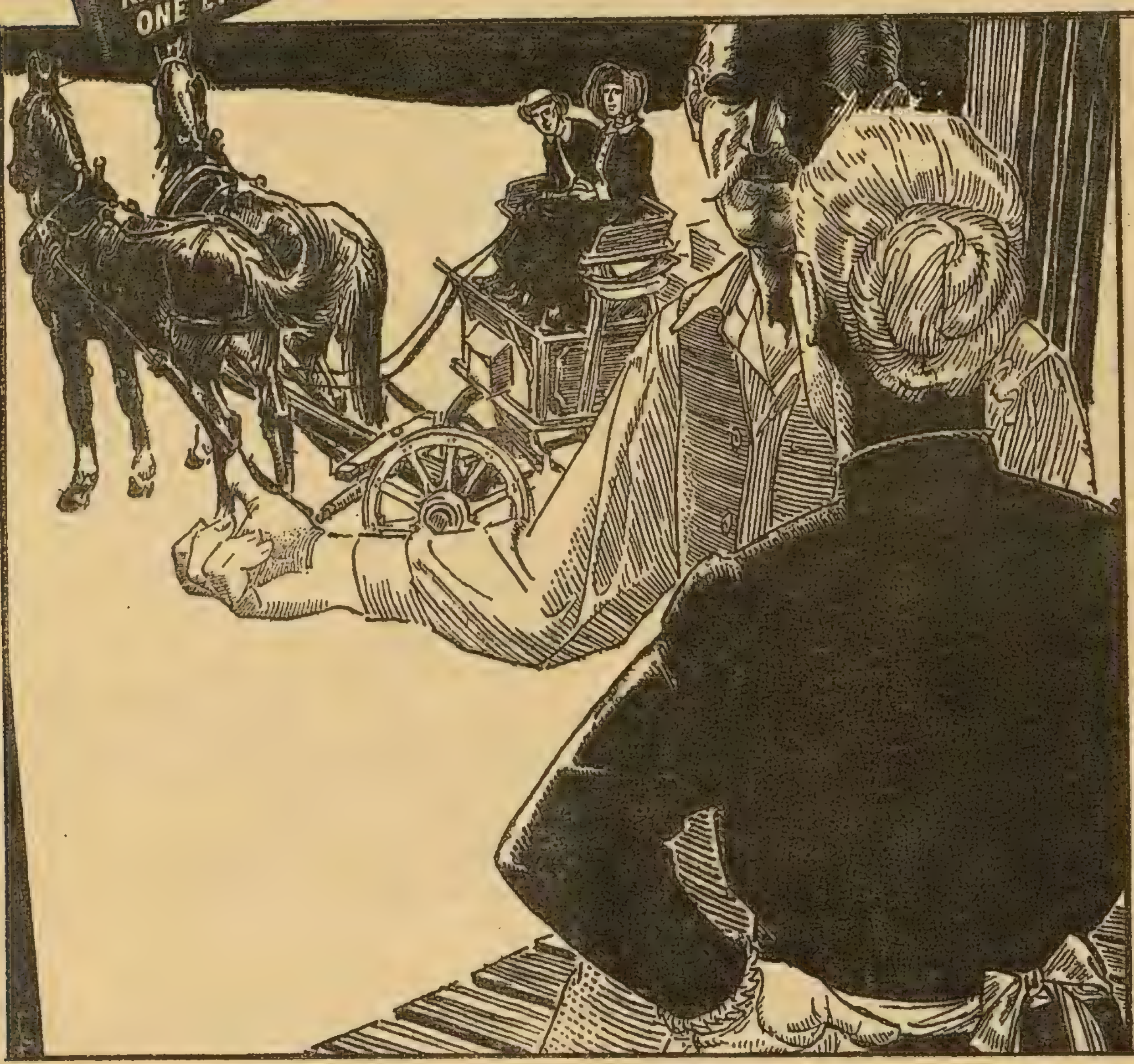
**THE MILWAUKEE ROAD**

*Serving the Services and You*

# BREAKFAST *at the* HERMITAGE

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

### *BY ALFRED LELAND CRABB*



**Old Nashville and its aristocracy of brains and character come to life again in the pages of this simple and refreshingly real romance. In contrast to the stiff pageantry of conventional stories of the Old South, Breakfast at the Hermitage is crowded with live and lovable people.**

*ILLUSTRATED BY*
*FREDERICK CHAPMAN*

A TWO-HORSE wagon loaded with three human beings and an assortment of plunder wound its slow way along the Murfreesboro Pike.

"Yes, sir, we couldn't have a purtier day to go to our new home on," the driver of the team said. "Looks like a good sign to me."

"We haven't any home, Courtney," his wife reminded him.

"We'll get one. I ain't uneasy. Things'll work out. You'll see. I ain't done much by you two, but I aim to."

"We haven't complained, Courtney."

"You would have if you wasn't a couple o' angels." Courtney Justice's affirmation was made with a proper touch of self-abnegation. "You'll see," he repeated, with abiding cheer. "I'm starting new. I ain't been the same man since I built that new barn for Mr. Moore."

His wife corrected him. "Helped build it, Courtney."

"Well, yes," admitted her husband. "I reckon you could call Buck Larkin the big boss, but that don't cut much ice."

"Mr. Larkin was the contractor, Papa," said the son, who had a feeling for words.

"Seems like I did hear him called that," Mr. Justice admitted cheerfully. "Now what would you call me, Hunt?"

"You were a carpenter, Papa."

"I reckon that's it. Carpenter? Sounds good, doesn't it?"

"Look, isn't that a pretty house?" The boy pointed to the left.

"It does look mighty fine," said his mother.

"What makes you all the time interested in houses, Hunt?" asked Courtney Justice. "I never saw such a boy." But Hunt did not reply. He was looking back at the home.

The tired team toiled up the long hill. At its summit Mr. Justice motioned with his whip.

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"There's Nashville," he said. "We're just about there."

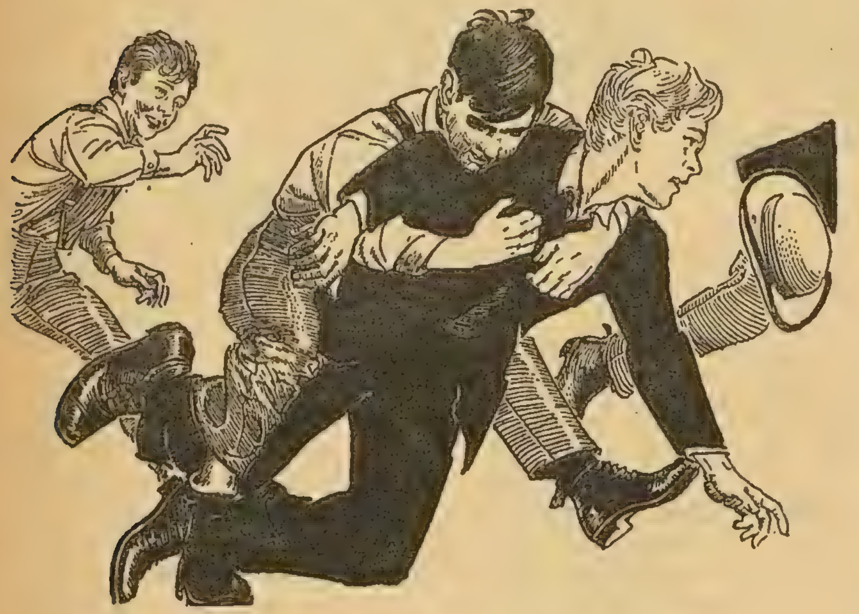
The woman touched her husband's arm. "Courtney, what are we going to do?"

"Look there, Lizzie." Her husband pointed with his whip. It was a crude sign that had caught his alert eyes:

TO LET
SEE OWNER NEXT DOOR

"Hold the reins, Hunt. I guess I better go over there and see the feller."

The "feller" proved to be a woman. She stood in the doorway and placed her large brown hands on ample hips while Mr. Justice mentioned a possible interest in the house to which he pointed. For a full minute she made no answer, but when she removed her eyes Courtney Justice had been explored in full detail physically, socially, and economically. Mrs. Callie Elrod's eyes then came to a stop, focused upon the wagon and its occupants. She said: "I won't rent to anyone I don't see beforehand."



Mr. Justice returned to his family. "Get out, Lizzie. You, too, Hunt. She wants to see you."

They went up on the porch where Mrs. Elrod stood, hands on hips, awaiting them.

"Well, ma'am here we are. My name's Courtney Justice. This lady's my wife and he's my boy."

The woman's eyes surveyed Lizzie Justice in great detail. Then they rested briefly upon the boy. She removed her hands from her hips and said, "I guess you want to see inside the house."

"Yes," said Lizzie Justice.

"I expect I'll rent it to you. Wait'll I get the key."

Twenty minutes later they stood out in the yard of the little house on Oak Street.

"I like it," said Lizzie Justice.

"Well, you can have it. Eight dollars a month. Man yesterday would have paid me ten. Didn't like him." She turned to Courtney Justice. "What do you do?"

Courtney Justice's mouth opened in the center to reply. Then the opening traveled to the right until it came closest to his son, who stood at his side almost hidden from Mrs. Elrod.

"What's that word?" The voice issued from the corner of his mouth, after the fashion of a ventriloquist.

"Contractor," said Hunt, catching his father's cue and speaking in low tones.

"I'm a contractor, ma'am."

Mrs. Elrod smiled frostily. "If you're that high-falutin' maybe I ought to charge you more. Well, it ain't for me to give advice, but you better forget about fox hunting if you want to get along at . . . what was that word, son?"

The boy gulped. "Contractor," he said.

LATE in the evening of the next day, the man and the boy returned to the home on Oak Street.

"We're hired, Lizzie," her husband announced cheerfully.

"I was getting a mite anxious. What you been doing, Hunt?"

"I've been working, too, Mama."

"You ort to have heard Mr. Ed Crayton—he's the one Mrs. Elrod sent us to—brag on him. Said he was the best hand to clean up he ever had."

"He liked Papa's work, too, Mama."

"I found what I'm to do," said Courtney with cheerful pedantry. "I was well nigh certain when I worked on Mr. Moore's barn. I am certain now. Mr. Crayton's a right keerful man, but I satisfied him. Dollar a day straight."

"I get a quarter, Mama."

"I'm glad your daddy's got work, but you're going to school. I wouldn't have come here if it hadn't been for that."

"I reckon he can work some. On Saturdays perhaps. I told Mr. Crayton that he might start to school before long."

"Before long! Courtney Justice, he's not going to wait till before long. I'm taking him tomorrow."

If Courtney Justice was a new man, there were also signs that his wife was a new woman. He had never seen in her such a quality of determination.

"All right, Lizzie, all right. I expect you're right. Better get him started. Supper about ready, Lizzie?"

PRINCIPAL JOSEPH YEATMAN of the Academy regarded with disgust the record books before him. "They expect me to keep books on the boys' immortal souls," he complained. The door opened and a woman came upon the threshold and stopped there timidly, apologetically. Professor Yeatman's quick and searching glance revealed that she was tall and thin, and that her dress of melancholy black was clean and duly starched. Her regular features were set against a background of fatigue and of strain.

A boy of eleven or twelve stood just behind her in the doorway.

"Won't you come in, madam?"

"I am Mrs. Justice. I want to start him—" she made a slight gesture toward the boy standing just behind her—"I want to start him in your school."

Joseph Yeatman had worked indefatigably to increase the attendance of the Acadamy, but he was conscious of regret for the words he felt obliged to speak.

"I'm very sorry, madam, but the Academy's enrollment has reached the maximum—I mean it is filled," he added hurriedly.

"He won't take much room."

The principal sensed the resolution in the tired, slightly sad voice. "I was advised last week by the trustees not to accept any more scholars."

"He won't take any room hardly, and he won't be no trouble at all."

"Yes, madam, I know, but I have my orders."

"If it's the money, I have it here." She indicated a purse which she held tightly clenched in her hand.

"It isn't that, madam, I assure you." The principal was embarrassed. "It is merely that we are badly crowded and that I have instructions from my superiors."

"I wouldn't have moved to Nashville except to start him to school. We sold our place. . ."

There was a desperate sort of pleading in the tired, low voice. The principal sensed it and flinched inwardly. The boy felt it and instinctively he laid his hand very gently upon his mother's. For a full half minute the principal said no word. Then he spoke, and his voice was soft with kindness.

"It may very well be, madam, that your son is good enough to atone for my violation of an order. We shall arrange somehow to find a place for him."

"Thank you," she said simply. "I want you to have the money now."

"As you desire, madam. I assume the lad will enter his classes tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow," she said, sharply for the first time. "Now. He will stay now. Hunt will be a good boy."

"I do not doubt it, madam. Somehow, I feel that I am singularly honored by this meeting."

The strain had gone from the woman's face. She said, "Thank you," after which she whispered something in the boy's ear. Then she went out of the office and down the walk, and the years had fallen from her as an unfastened mantle drops from one's shoulders.

THE driver of the Weaver Coles' carriage had completed an errand and was cutting across to the Murfreesboro Pike on his way back to Kingsley.

Suddenly from up Carroll Street came a great clatter of running feet, accompanied by the sounds of excited, boyish voices. The driver looked. A boy was running swiftly toward him, and in full chase close upon him were four others.

Just then the leader of the chase overtook his prey and, leaping upon him, bore him to the sidewalk. He spoke in a high-pitched, mocking voice. "So you got to go home and won't play with us!"

The driver's dry, laconic voice cut through the confusion.

"I didn't know the Yankees was back."

The boy loosened the grasp upon his victim. "What Yankees?"

"What Yankees? Ain't you all Yankees?"

The boy was standing. "We're not Yankees," he declared vehemently. The other three added vocal support to his denial.

"Well, they's four of you an' they's jest one of him. Any time I see four fellers runnin' lickety-split after one I knows they's Yankees."

"We weren't going to hurt him."

"That's jest what the Yankees told Gin'ral Lee; said they wasn't a-goin' to hurt him a-tall, but they didn' fool him none. Nosirree, he retreated!"

"We just wanted him to play with us," explained one of the boys.

The boy spoke for the first time. "I couldn't play. I had to go home. I told my mother I'd come home."

"Any time one Yankee comes at you, give him a good whuppin'. If they's two, you start retreatin'."

"We are not Yankees, I told you."

"Nosirree. Just five nice Reb boys. And one o' you's got to go home now. Yessirree, and the rest o' you's a-goin' to walk with him part of the way to see that no Yanks don't jump on him."

"We'll go," said the much-sobered spokesman of the four. "We was just playing all the time. Where do you live?" he inquired of Hunt Justice.

ON Saturday morning Mrs. Polk answered a knock which sounded at her side door. A workman stood at the door, holding in his hand a kit of carpenter's tools.

"Mornin', ma'am. Mr. Crayton sent me to fix your back porch."

"He promised all right, but I had about given him out," Mrs. Polk said, a little grimly.

All day long the sounds of hammer and saw sounded from the back porch, and now and then Mrs. Polk could hear the cheerful sound of Courtney Justice's voice as he talked with his son. In the early afternoon Mrs. Polk was in the kitchen checking her pantry supplies. The outside door was a bit open, and she overheard a conversation from the back porch.

"Papa, you haven't fixed that right. You've left it rough."

"It don't show," said the man's cheerful voice. "I'm in a hurry."

"But, Papa, this is a fine house."

"All right, Hunt, all right. I'll saw that off smooth."

Mrs. Polk's head was cocked to one side in a characteristic pose, and her eyes were shining. A young boy reproving his father for careless workmanship. A boy finding beauty in the chaste outlines of Polk Place. She went out into the yard.

"Do you like my house?" she asked.

The boy flushed deeply, but he replied in even tones, "I think it is the prettiest house I ever saw."

"Wouldn't you like to see inside it?"

"Oh, yes, I would."

They went into the house. The boy stood in the hall. He said nothing, but his eyes were warm.

"I love it, too," Mrs. Polk said. "It was built by Mr. Felix Grundy, who knew how to plan beautiful things. Would you tell me what your name is?"

"Hunt Justice."

"I am Mrs. Polk."

"Mrs. Polk! What Mrs. Polk? Not the—the—"

"Mrs. James K. Polk."

"He was President. . ." The boy's face was tense with wonder.

When they had completed their tour of the house she said, "Come into the kitchen and I'll give you a glass of milk."

They heard the sounds of horses' hoofs and wheels crunching against the gravel of the driveway. Mrs. Polk moved over a few steps and looked out the window. "Why, it's the driver. I wonder what the Coles are sending me."

The driver came into the kitchen. Hunt Justice stood there, an empty milk glass in his hand. The driver's eyes kindled with recognition.

"Hello, Reb. Any more Yanks been after you?"

"No, sir. They were playing. They didn't mean any harm."

"Where did you know that boy?" Mrs. Polk inquired when Hunt Justice had gone.

He told her of the episode out by the Academy.

"Very interesting," said Mrs. Polk. "Indeed, very interesting."

She followed the driver to the door. "That boy—" she motioned toward the sounds from the back porch—"sticks in my mind. A small lad demanding better work of his father, looking spellbound at my home. I think I'll keep an eye on that boy. I tell you what I wish you'd do. Take him out to Kingsley sometime."

"I'd be right pleased, ma'am."

HUNT JUSTICE and his mother were at work in the margins of their yard, making ready for flower beds, when the boy's quick eyes caught movement out in the street. "Look, Mama, there's somebody stopping."

A man was getting out of a light spring wagon.

"Oh, Mama, I know him," the boy said, speaking hurriedly. "It's the man I saw the first day I went to the Academy. Yes, and when Papa and I were at Mrs. Polk's he was there, too. He's a nice man."

The man opened the lattice gate and came in. He lifted his hat. "Mornin', ma'am; mornin', son. You ricollect me?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I told Mama about you."

"I'm right thankful for the way you helped Hunt."

"Glad to speak a word for Gin'ral Lee," said the driver, winking broadly at Hunt Justice. He turned back to the woman. "Reckon, ma'am, you could spare your boy till sometime this evenin'? I'd like to take him a-visitin'." He turned back to the boy. "Miz Polk said for me to take you to see the house where I live."

"Where do you live?" asked Lizzie Justice.

"Out at Kingsley on the Murfreesboro Pike, five or six miles. It's the Weaver Coles' house. I live with them."

Lizzie Justice was no dull judge of people and their motives. Her inspection of the driver seemed to reassure her. "I reckon he can go. Can you bring him back?"

"Yes'm, tha's what I aim to do. I'm a-takin' some seed potatoes out now, an' I got to meet the six o'clock train. Mr. Lawrence—he's Miz Weaver Coles' daddy—is a-comin' on it. I'll take good care o' him, ma'am."

They drove along Murfreesboro Pike and turned into the entrance at Kingsley. Hunt Justice's bright eyes grew brighter as they envisioned the stately home standing not too near the highway to be defiled by it, not too far away to lose its common touch. "Oh!" the boy exclaimed. "Oh! Is this where you live? It's beautiful." Then unconsciously he clapped his hands. "I remember now. I saw this house the day we came to Nashville."

They drove around the house and into the barn lot beyond.

"All right, son, hustle for yo'self while I git these taters cut up for plantin'."

"I'll help you," said the boy shyly. "I always helped cut them."

The day grew in its fullness and the sun poured its languid warmth upon the land. The driver wished to show many things about Kingsley to Hunt Justice, but the boy had eyes only for the house.

"Purty, ain't it? Well, son," he continued, with gentle impatience, "you stand right there and look at that house till you think you'll know it next time you see it. When you git through lookin', I'll be somewheres aroun'."

He saw Merrie Cole, Weaver Cole's wife, and Ellen Cole, Weaver's mother, come out on the side porch, so he went across to them to explain the phenomenon of a young boy transfixed by the sight of their home.

"Fine! You couldn't have chosen a better day," Ellen Cole said. "This is Gordon Hicks' birthday. I asked his father to bring him out for a little party this afternoon. Gordon's in the Academy."

Hunt Justice heard the sound of wheels grinding against the gravel of the driveway. He saw a carriage stop at the front and a gentleman alight, followed by two girls and two boys. Mrs. Cole and Merrie were hurrying out to meet them. One of the boys was Gordon Hicks, and the other James Parkes. He didn't know the girls. Some innate timidity drew him to the rear of the house, out of sight. Presently Mrs. Cole came out and asked him to come in to the birthday party. He followed her inside. One of the girls was Lena May Green and the other Neely Barrow Roane.

HUNT JUSTICE sat at the end of the dining room near the door that opened into the reception hall. In the chair next to him sat Neely Barrow Roane. Her cool eyes, black as jet, were studying Hunt as if some quality in him baffled her.

"You like houses, don't you?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, I do," he said emphatically. Then he, too, was baffled. "What makes you think I do?"

"Well, that's all you've looked at. Since we've been in here you haven't looked at me, or anybody—just at the ceiling, or windows or doors. I bet you didn't know yourself when you went and stood by that mantel and just looked at it. Now, did you?"

He asked a question instead of answering that one. "Do you like pretty houses?"

"I live in one. Do you?"

"No. We don't have any—much money."

"We don't have much money either, not enough to keep the house painted very well. My home is named Cherry Hill. There have always been cherry trees there."

"Cherry Hill! Isn't it a pretty name! Cherry Hill!" His tongue and lips moved as if he were tasting not only the beauty of the birthday cake but of Cherry Hill as well. "Sometime I'd like to see it."

"Oh, I would like for you to see it. So would Grandy—I mean Grandfather."

"My father helps build homes," he said gravely, "but they aren't pretty ones."

"Nobody's building any pretty houses. That's what Grandy says." She pondered him a moment, her brows drawn into a quizzical pucker. "You're a funny boy. I never saw one before that cared a snap about houses."

"I want to build one some day, one like this one, or Mrs. Polk's."

Mrs. Cole came into the room with a gentleman. "We have a surprise guest for your birthday party, Gordon. Major Lewis."

Eugene Lewis' eyes traveled over the group. "May all your birthdays, Gordon, be spent in company so nice." He made the rounds, shaking hands with Gordon and each of the children. He came to Hunt last of all. "I'm sorry. I don't believe I have the pleasure of knowing you."

"He is Hunt Justice, Major Lewis. He loves pretty houses," said Neely Barrow.

"Very interesting. I crave your better acquaintance."

At that moment Mrs. Cole came in to tell Hunt that Merrie and the driver were ready to start to town. The boy stood and bowed and asked the guests to excuse him. He was blushing for no reason. Neely Barrow held out her hand to him and his blush deepened.

"You let me know when you build that house and I'll come to see it. Good-by, Hunt."

"Hunt is the best scholar in our class," said Gordon. "At least Professor Yeatman thinks he is."

"Professor Yeatman's a smart man," affirmed Neely.

"You must like him, Neely Barrow—I mean Hunt," quipped Lena May.

"I do," said Neely Barrow calmly.

"So he's going to build houses." Sarcasm dripped from James Parkes' tones.

"Yes, and he'll build them, too."

ONE spring morning Professor Clark was much pleased to be visited in his classroom by Eugene Lewis. He knew how to display a room to its best advantage for visitors. He chose to call upon Hunt Justice first. "Hunt Justice, will you stand?"

His voice was clear and commanding, but it was vague and diffuse by the time it had bored through to Hunt's consciousness. Hunt knew someone was calling to him from a great distance. Then Professor Clark's voice came again. "Hunt Justice, will you stand, sir?"

The icy command threw some mechanism into gear, and Hunt stood, his mind still held in thrall by a picture in his Latin textbook.

"Will you tell the different endings of the genitive case?"

Hunt knew that he was to tell something. Professor Clark was expecting it. The boys were watching him curiously.

"It is the most beautiful building in the world," he said, speaking rapidly, his voice high, edged with a thin metallic rasp. "It was built in the time of Peri—Peri—Pericles in 438 B. C. The builder was Phid—Phid. . . "

"Hunt Justice, are you rational, sir?"

Then Hunt remembered that the class was in Latin. He slumped heavily upon his seat and sat there, terrified by the enormity of his offense. Professor Clark hurried to cover the breach. "Gordon Hicks, will you stand, sir?"

When Gordon was finished, he addressed Eugene Lewis. "You would add, sir, to the pleasure which your visit has already given us if you would question the young gentlemen upon the recitation they have just made. Have you questions, sir?"

"Yes," said Eugene Lewis, rising quickly and standing very erect. "I should like to ask the young gentlemen whom I have met before and most agreeably"—he gestured toward Hunt Justice—"what was the most beautiful building in the world?"

The pink flowed into Hunt's face which had been a dead white. He started to rise, but checked himself. He turned his eyes inquiring upon his teacher.

"Go ahead, sir. Answer the question."

Hunt rose quickly. "It is the Par-the-non, sir."

"Oh," said Eugene Lewis. "Oh, the Parthenon, of course. But tell me, please, how you happened to be thinking of the Parthenon."

"I'm sorry, sir." The boy's eyes were upon his teacher. "I'm sorry my mind got off the lesson, sir."

"Very remarkable," said the visitor, his eyes keenly upon the boy. "Very remarkable indeed. For five years I've been trying with feeling and diligence to interest the men of this city in better homes and buildings, and yet the first actual affirmation I have heard on the subject is from a mere lad."

THAT afternoon Ellen Cole called on Mrs. Polk, and the two went for a drive in Ellen's carriage.

"You came, Ellen, when I needed you most. I'm famished for conversation. It's been a long winter."

A gentleman passing on horseback saw them and lifted his hat, reining in his horse as he did so.

"Why, it's Eugene Lewis. Let's visit with him a moment."

The rider dismounted and, pulling his horse to one side of the street, stood at the door of the carriage, hat in hand.

"The glow of spring is in your face, Mrs. Polk," he said.

"In the years I spent in Washington I don't remember a speech as delightful, or with so little effort. Don't you think Ellen Cole is entitled to a speech, too?"

"I was coming to that," he said gravely. "There are not many ladies, Mrs. Polk, who can sit so becomingly at your side. She borrows wisdom from you and pays with grace."

"My word," said Mrs. Polk, staring at him. "The railroad must have had a good day."

"The railroad? Oh, yes. I do have some connection with the railroad. And I had a charming visit to the Academy this morning."

"Anything special at the Academy?"

"Most special. A young boy became so interested in an account of the Grecian Parthenon that he substituted it for Latin grammar."

Mrs. Polk's eyes grew brighter. "Hunt Justice," she said almost in a whisper.

"That's the boy's name."

Eugene Lewis hesitated a moment. Then he said, "There's a matter I'd like to speak with you two ladies about. It is about a building, a most memorable building. But it is, alas, even now losing its fineness. I am speaking of the Hermitage, the home which General Andrew Jackson built. I was out there not long ago. The beauty is there, of course, but decay has set in."

"Yes," said Mrs. Polk, and there was sadness in her tones, "it would. I never saw General Jackson many times, and when I did he was old and slowly dying; but the man's power shone out through his eyes and sounded in his voice. Is the place pretty much run down?"

"It is becoming so. But it must be preserved for posterity. I'm going to visit it again before long. I want to stand in the garden and watch the sun come up."

Ellen Cole spoke then. "When you go out to watch the sun come up at the Hermitage, take Hunt Justice with you."

Mrs. Polk stared at her. "My dear, you discourage me. I should have thought of that first."

ON Easter Sunday morning Major Eugene Lewis and Hunt Justice went out to the Hermitage. The horizon was still of inky blackness, but even as they watched a tinge of pearl grew in the east. By the time they had reached the Hermitage gate, the rose pink of the pearl flowed out into streamers of gold.

Eugene Lewis hitched his horse to one of the cedars that bordered the driveway and, walking rapidly, led the way to the garden at the right. He turned to speak to the boy, but he was no longer at his side. He had moved a dozen steps away and was standing in the garden path looking intently at the house. The boxwood and crepe myrtles which General Jackson had planted made rich the picture's foreground, and a rambler rose lay in masses of bloom upon the garden fence.

Hunt Justice was not aware of Eugene Lewis's approach till the man stood at his side.

"Look at that." Eugene Lewis waved his hand. Two trees lay in a tangled jumble. The grounds bordering the drive were foul with the accumulated debris of more than a decade. "And if you look closely at the house you can see how much it needs paint and good carpentry."

"Some of General Andrew Jackson's kinfolks live there, sir?"

"Yes, the widow of his adopted son, and the war stripped her of almost everything except the ground and the bare house."

They crossed the road and entered the church lot. Several horses, some harnessed to buggies, were hitched to the trees in the church lot. A lady on foot arrived in some haste, evidently fearing that she was late. She saw Eugene Lewis standing with Hunt at one side and went across to him, holding out her hand.

"Good morning, Major Lewis," she said smiling, "I saw you in the garden, but I was in no position to greet you then. I am afraid I overslept this morning."

"I knew we didn't trespass, Mrs. Jackson. To stand in the Hermitage garden and watch the sun rise on Easter morning—I shall not forget it. This, Mrs. Jackson, is Hunt Justice, a very dear friend."

She shook hands cordially with Hunt.

"Now you both are going home with me for breakfast."

"We couldn't abuse your hospitality, Mrs. Jackson. I brought some food for us both."

"No," she said firmly, "you are going to have breakfast with me at the Hermitage. Dr. Lindsley will be there. I'll be expecting you right after preaching."

When the service was over, Mrs. Jackson, Eugene Lewis, and Hunt Justice walked back to the Hermitage, and Berrien Lindsley, the preacher, walked with them. Mrs. Jackson guided them into the dining room.

"I don't believe, Dr. Lindsley," said Eugene Lewis, "that I have presented my young friend. This is Hunt Justice. He came with me because he has a special interest in common with one of ours."

"Indeed?" said Berrien cordially.

"Yes, in beautiful buildings. That's right, isn't it, Hunt?"

"Yes, sir, I have thought about them as long as I can remember."

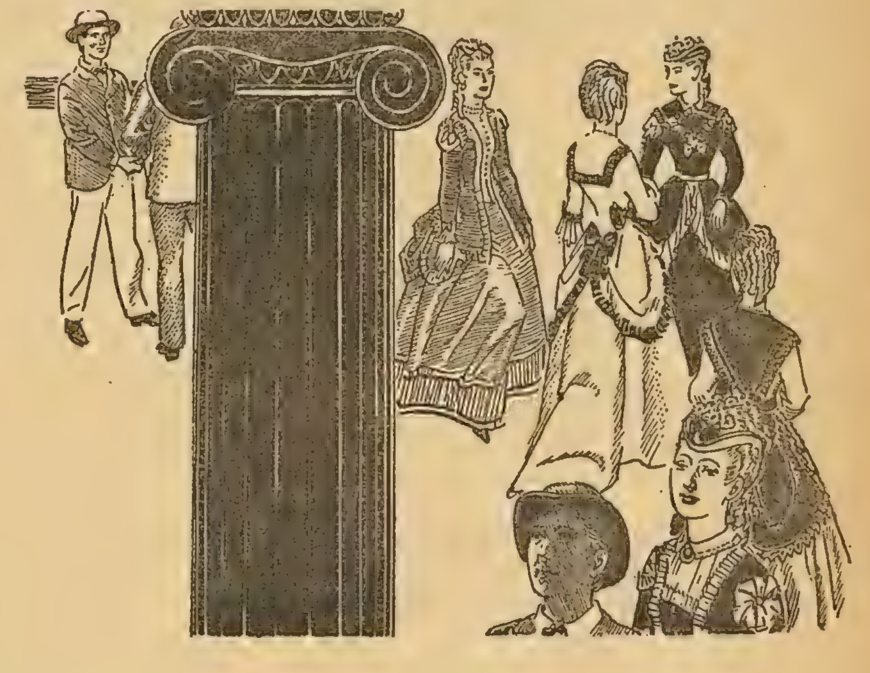
"Why, bless my soul! I never heard of such a thing in one so young. May I inquire what started your interest, how it began?"

"I do not know, sir. I just know that I love them—I mean beautiful houses."

Berrien stared at him. "Why, bless my soul! This is most interesting."

Mrs. Jackson took the cover off a heavy silver dish.

"What!" exclaimed Berrien. "But no. I thought for a blessed moment that it was turkey hash and it still does resemble it, but, alas, one dreams now of turkey hash—dreams, but nothing more."



She smiled. "You may wake up, Dr. Lindsley. It is turkey hash."

"Not turkey hash like. . ." he stopped.

"Yes, Dr. Lindsley, turkey hash made by General Jackson's private recipe." She touched a bell and a young Negro girl, smiling broadly, came into the room carrying a platter topped by a dome-shaped cover. Mrs. Jackson set it aside and lifted to a plate a golden-brown crisp waffle. On that she poured from a silver pitcher some melted butter. Then the waffle was covered with an ample serving of the turkey hash, and passed to a guest. "This," she said, "is a kind of memorial breakfast. General Jackson was always served turkey hash on a waffle. That combination afforded his greatest pleasure in eating."

After breakfast the three guests left together. Berrien opened the dragging highway gate, and when he had closed it, stood talking for a moment with Eugene Lewis. "Except for one thing alone this has been for me a perfect morning."

"And that one thing. . . ."

"The same that saddens you. That." He pointed to the chaos of sprouts and weeds upon the lawn.

COURTNEY JUSTICE took to the kitchen the small pail in which he carried his daily dinner. His wife turned about from the pan of dough she was kneading. He had not come into the house whistling as was his custom. She knew something was wrong even before she saw his face. Her voice was touched with anxiety.

"You sick, Courtney? You got the headache?"

"Not a thing the matter, Lizzie, not a thing."

She turned entirely away from the pan before her. "What is it, Courtney? You tell me. What is it?"

He swallowed, moved across the kitchen, and hung his pail on its peg. He turned to his wife. "I've changed jobs, Lizzie."

She took a quick step toward him. Her eyes were frightened. "He turned you off, Courtney?"

"No, no, Lizzie. I changed jobs, that's all. Got a better one."

"A better one? What do you mean, Courtney?"

She sat down, never taking her frightened eyes from her husband's face. He told her about changing jobs. Ed Crayton was off somewhere figuring on another contract. In the middle of the morning the Commissioner of Buildings had made his appearance. He was accompanied by another man, introduced as Mr. Pres Vick.

The commissioner had reached the gist of the matter with considerable indirection. Mr. Justice had been recognized as a man of character and professional adequacy. Mr. Vick, who was a dear friend of the commissioner, and who had just bought some lots on Fern Street, needed the service of such a one. The commissioner then had inquired as to the wages paid by Mr. Crayton to Mr. Justice. On being advised that it was one dollar and a half, he had told Mr. Justice that beginning tomorrow he would be paid two dollars.

"Courtney, I don't like the sound of it. Don't do it."

"I've already done it, Lizzie. I go to work tomorrer."

"I don't like it, Courtney."

"Two dollars a day ain't bad, Lizzie."

"Mr. Crayton took you when you didn't have any job. He's treated you fair."

"I hated to leave him. I really did, Lizzie."

"Courtney, I don't want you to change."

"I've already changed, Lizzie. I told Ed before I left. It made him ter'ble mad, but a feller's got to look out for hisself."

She stood looking at him for a moment, then walked slowly back to her dough.

Courtney Justice reported the next morning to the lovely building lots on Fern Street.

The houses on Fern Street were finished in time that pleased even Mr. Pres Vick. Courtney Justice, under the pressure of the challenges from his wife, under the sting of Ed Crayton's parting words, of Mrs. Elrod's summarily raising the rent to ten dollars, and carried along by his native cheer, had driven his two surly helpers at a rate that surprised not only Pres Vick but Mr. Justice himself. It is true that if an inquisitive person like Mrs. Polk had looked closely some very rough places would have stood revealed. But no one looked.

THE two houses grew to completion, then Mr. Justice and the two men were moved farther down the street and another house begun. The house had not risen above the foundation when Mr. Justice was transferred to another job on Woods Street.

"These fellers can get this one done," Mr. Vick told him. "I'll be over here every day or two. The house on Woods is more particular. We aim for it to sell for real money."

So Courtney Justice went cheerfully to work on the Woods Street house. He quailed a bit inwardly when he saw how much more pretentious the house was to be. It was to be five rooms in size, and generally more refined than any assignment yet made him. It was, moreover on a relatively good street, and that also added to Mr. Justice's obligations. He took a deep breath and plunged cheerfully into the task before him.

But matters on Fern Street didn't go so well. There was a lumber shortage in town and those builders unprotected by early purchases were having their troubles. The rafters for the house on Fern Street were late in coming.

Courtney Justice came home from the job about four o'clock one day. "There isn't a thing there to work with," he explained to his wife. "Hasn't been a stick o' lumber all day. I piddled around and got things straightened up a little. I don't know what's got into Vick. He promised to have the stuff there this mornin', but it ain't come yet."

Pres Vick did not appear the second day, nor the third. Courtney Justice made a trip to the boss's house, but no one was there. He felt greatly depressed. He made a trip to the house being built on Fern Street. No one was there. Uneasiness gripped his inwards. He went back to the house on Woods Street, gathered up his tools and started home. On the way he met one of the workmen who had been engaged on Fern Street houses. The man stared at Mr. Justice in surprise.

"Who you workin' for now?"

"Why, Pres Vick, I reckon. Ain't you?"

"No, nor you neither. He's flew the coop. Left owing me fourteen dollars, too."

"What do you mean?"

"Ain't nobody workin' for him. Ain't you heard?"

Courtney Justice shook his head.

"Well, they ain't. He's gone—to hell, I hope. Nat Baker saw him at the railroad deepo' gettin' on the cars and asked him where he was goin'. He told Nat he was leavin' and never comin' back. Nat asked him about the sixty dollars he owed him for nails and lumber. He was still cussin' Nat when the train pulled out. I'd love to drill auger holes clear through him. I need that money."

"What you goin' to do?"

"Nothin', looks like. I been trampin' all day, lookin' for work."

COURTNEY JUSTICE sat at the table, but he wasn't eating any supper. Out of the depth of his wretchedness, he heard his wife's cool, even voice.

"You've been like this three days, Courtney. Now you tell me what it is."

He told them.

"I'm not surprised much. How much did he owe you?"

"Eighteen dollars."

She waited a moment, thinking.

"Looks like we'll be movin' back to the country, Lizzie."

She laid her knitting in her lap and faced him.

"We're not going back to the country. I wouldn't 'a' come here to begin with if it hadn't been for Hunt. He's doing fine now. He's going to graduate before long and we're going to stay here anyhow till he does."

His wife's firmness always re-established Courtney Justice. "All right, Lizzie, but work's pretty scarce now. If we had the money that scalawag owed me, it'd sure help out."

"No use saying if. When you keep the wrong company, you're apt to lose your money. Who is that knocking?"

It was Mrs. Callie Elrod, standing in the doorway, hands on hip.

"It's time for the rent," she said. "Pay the rent on time and save nine, I always say."

"Come in, Mrs. Elrod. Lizzie'll pay you."

Mrs. Justice went to a press in the corner. From it she took the rent money and handed it to Mrs. Elrod. "Sit down and visit awhile."

"Much obliged, but I have a whole passel o' work to do." Mrs. Elrod fronted Courtney Justice. "What's wrong?" she asked crisply. "You lost your job? I saw you comin' in yestidy and agin a while ago like a whipped houn' dawg. Pres Vick treated you wrong?"

"Yes, he did," said Courtney Justice.

"Don't be surprised if I ain't. Pres was born a scamp. You got another job?"

"No, work's might skeerce."

"You asked Ed Crayton for your job back?"

"He wouldn't give it to me."

"I'd try Ed Crayton," she said. "Might not do no good, but you can't tell till you try, as I always say."

"I'll go see him today," said Mr. Justice, his purpose kindling.

"No, not today. He ain't here. He'll be back tomorrer. I want to know one thing, though. If Ed hires you—and I don't guess he will—you goin' to stick this time?"

"Till I die." Mr. Justice's sincerity was emphatic.

"You go see him early tomorrer. He might be needin' a hand, but I don't guess he is."

MRS. ELROD went to see Ed Crayton early that afternoon. He disengaged his attention from some plans he was studying.

"Even', Callie. If I had a son who was a plumb eejit I'd start him to work drawin' these things. Once I asked a feller who'd drawed one to explain it to me and he couldn't. You feelin' all right, Callie?"

"I ain't got time to feel anyways else. I ever give you any bad advice, Ed?"

"Oh, lots o' times, Callie."

"Name oncet."

"Ain't it funny that out of them thousands o' times I disremember 'em all. Sorry, Callie, but I ain't takin' him back."

"What you talkin' about. . . ?"

"Bein' in the buildin' business still leaves me a little sense. I know what happened to that striped polecat, Pres Vick. Sorry to disappoint you, Callie, but I'm not taking him back."

"I didn't say anything 'bout you taking Pres Vick back."

"Well, I'm not takin' Justice neither."

"Who asked you to? For all you know I come to borry a handsaw."

"Take your pick of handsaws, Callie."

"How's that boy o' yours doin' in school, Ed?"

"Better'n ever. He can read the Third Reader through without a bobble."

"How about his 'rithmetic?"

"Knows the multiplication table to the sevens."

"You set a right smart by that boy, don't you, Ed?"

"What you drivin' at, Callie?"

"Nothin', Ed. Just hopin' nothin' would happen to you. Be mighty bad for that boy to have to quit school now. It just wouldn't be right, I always say. Last time your boy was at my house we had a big talk. That boy's mighty set on school. He's expectin' to go to college, too, when he gets grown. I sure hope nothin' ever happens to you, Ed. That little feller o' yours just natchelly belongs in school."

Ed Crayton stared at her. Then he burst into laughter. "All right, Callie, I'll take him back. I'll learn him the carpenterin' trade all over. I'll lose money on him every time he cuts a scantlin' the wrong length. Then, by the time he's makin' me a decent hand some deadbeat'll come along and take him away from me. I'll take him back, but I'll probably kill him before the year is over. Now I got to get to work on this here Chinese puzzle that the feller that made it thought was plans for a house."

"Much obliged, Ed."

IN their last year at the Academy, Professor Garrett took the boys on a trip to the Capitol. Along the way they gathered as closely to him as possible, for he was telling rich stories of the history that had been made along the way they traversed.

They climbed the hill to the capitol. Out of the portico, the teacher pointed out many spots of historical interest. James Parkes touched Gordon Hicks on the arm, and surreptitiously pointed out a spot of less historical interest.

"What are they doing up here?" he whispered. "Wonder if they've run away from Dr. Price's College."

"Then they've run away with his daughter," whispered Gordon. "That's Elizabeth in front."

"The Whig Convention of 1854 was held in the First Presbyterian Church," Professor Garrett was saying. "It was there they nominated . . ." He broke off suddenly. "There are some friends of mine! Excuse me a moment."

The girls had reappeared around the corner of the east portico. The teacher walked across to them as they stood clustered about the portico railing. He spoke first to Elizabeth Price.

"My dear, how delightful! Has education gone out-of-doors?"

Hunt Justice had moved away from the boys and was using the interlude to feast his eyes on the columns that gave the building strength and classic symmetry.

"Good afternoon, Hunt."

At the sound of the greeting, he turned quickly to find Neely Barrow standing at his side. He had been only vaguely conscious of the arrival of the group of girls, or of Professor Garrett's discussion of the Whig Convention. But there stood Neely Barrow Roane, and the faint crimson flowed into his face.

"Good afternoon," he said. "You surprised me."

"Do you know the names of those columns?"

"No."

"Well, I do, Hunt. They are Ionic columns. Elizabeth Price told me a while ago. I thought you'd like to know."

"Ionic," he said, tasting the word as was his wont when it carried special appeal. "Ionic."

"Come on, Hunt. We must go now."

Hunt Justice chilled a bit, for the voice was that of Professor Garrett. Hunt turned quickly. Professor Garrett had returned to the boys and they were all looking at him.

"All right, Neely Barrow," a tinkling voice called from the other direction, and Hunt saw that Elizabeth Price, standing with the group of girls, was summoning her charge. They were all looking at him, too, and the crimson in his face deepened.

"I'm coming." Neely Barrow's voice was warm and clear. Her black eyes were sparkling. She held out her hand to Hunt.

"Good-by, Hunt. When I get home I'm going to see if our columns are Ionic. I hope so."

HUNT JUSTICE and his mother were setting out some chrysanthemum plants when Eugene Lewis arrived. The memory of the visit to the Hermitage was still vivid in the boy's mind, and he had told his mother so often of it that it was almost as if she had gone with them.

Eugene Lewis turned to the boy. "You've just about finished at the Academy, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it still your wish to become an architect?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have come to talk with you about it. Have you planned for anything after you graduate at the Academy?"

"I'd like to go to work for someone who builds houses, not ugly ones."

"That's what Courtney thinks," said Mrs. Justice, "but I say he ought to go to school longer. Don't you think so, sir?"

"I surely do. I suggest that you spend the next two years in Peabody College. It is Mrs. Polk's opinion, too. In fact, arrangement has already been made for your admission. After that you should go east somewhere for training in architecture. We think M. I. T. is excellent."

"Is that a college, sir?"

"Yes, perhaps the leading college of architecture in the nation."

"But I couldn't ever go to it."

It was his mother's cool, clear voice flavored with the overtones of the country that answered. "Maybe you could go to college. Your grandpa did."

"I know, Mama, but they had some money."

"Anyways, don't say you can't ever go, son."

"Let me think out loud a little," said Eugene Lewis. "Just suppose—there's no harm in supposing—that Hunt could go to Peabody College and study drawing and science and mathematics, and then suppose he could go on to the College of Architecture. Just suppose he could. It might mean the difference between an ordinary architect, and a good one. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir, I do." The boy was breathing heavily.

Eugene Lewis bowed his head slightly to Mrs. Justice. "Would it be possible, madam, for you and Mr. Justice to keep Hunt in the college here for two years?"

"Yes," she said without hesitation. "Of course we can." Hunt's eyes were upon his mother.

"Then," said Eugene Lewis, "I am here to tell you that the money for him to attend Massachusetts Institute of Technology or some similar institution will be available when he is ready for it. Mrs. Polk and I will each put in half of the required amount. It is no gift. We expect Hunt to sign notes for repayment at six per cent—at such a time as he finds it convenient to settle the notes. Please—" he raised a hand gently—"let me finish. We are not at all unselfish in what we have done. Nashville needs an architect who is not only good but unusual. It is Mrs. Polk's belief, and entirely shared by me, that you, Hunt, can become one."

MRS. POLK gave a picnic on the lawn at Polk Place for the graduating class of the Academy. The boys arrived at four o'clock.

She seated them at small tables placed conveniently about that part of the lawn. Then two visions of loveliness came bearing trays of food.

Hunt Justice, sitting at the table with Gordon Hicks and Berrien Lindsley, saw Neely Barrow bearing a tray of food across the lawn. His heart missed a beat and his face grew crimson. Neely Barrow's keen eyes flashed over the lawn and came to rest upon the table where Hunt sat. Without hesitation, she turned to it. "May I serve you?" she asked Berrien Lindsley. "Hello, Hunt. I want to talk with you before you leave—about the columns." She passed on.

"Just look at the way Hunt watches Neely Barrow," Jim Parkes said. "It's positively disgusting. It must be that he watches her hoping she'll come back with more cake."

"I don't think Hunt is cake-minded. She is pretty."

After the refreshments, Hunt wandered off to look at the sun setting on the Polk place. He felt rather than heard Neely Barrow standing at his side.

"Let's go sit at this table and talk—about columns."

They sat at the table in silence for a moment.

"What are you going to do, Hunt, when you graduate?"

"I'm going to Peabody and then to Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

"What will you study there?"

"Architecture," he said. "I want to learn how to build houses—like yours."

"It's not as fine as it used to be. We're dreadfully poor."

He looked at her in surprise. Then he said hurriedly, "So are we, but some people have promised me the money. I am going to pay it back."

"That won't be much trouble when you learn how to build fine houses. I'm going to Peabody, too, Hunt. No, not now. I must finish at Dr. Price's first."

"You going to Peabody College? Why, I didn't know it."

"I haven't had a chance to tell you, Hunt," she said gently. "I'm going to be a teacher. I have to do something." She added placidly, "Besides, that's what I want to do, I guess. Grandy'll have a fit at first. . . . Isn't it funny, me telling you all of this?"

"I want you to tell me," he said, a touch of hoarseness in his speech.

"I want you to know. I want you to tell me, too. You must write me a letter, one every month while you are in Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

"Yes," he said huskily, "yes."

HUNT had graduated with the fond blessing of the College, and was ready for his trip to New England.

The Justices sat at supper. On the table was their best cloth, and to eat there was everything for which Hunt had a special preference, for this was the last supper he would eat at home before leaving for Boston. There was already a box tightly packed with food for his use on the cars.

"Yes, sir," said Courtney Justice, spearing a chicken dumpling. "Ed acted right nice when I asked him for tomorrer off. Said if he had a boy leavin' he'd want off, too. I guess I been plain lucky. Wisht I could 'a' gone to college and learned about house building. It might 'a' been a right smart help. Still I been mighty lucky. We got some money in the bank, Lizzie."

"It's going to stay there," said his wife evenly.

"I started out lucky," said Mr. Justice. "I was lucky when I picked you, Lizzie. I reckon the only sorrer I ever had was when I done somepin that didn't please you."

"That hasn't been often, Courtney. Hunt, there's two kinds of pie, gooseberry and egg custard."

"May I have a piece of both, Mama?"

After supper they sat out on the porch and talked. The moon gleamed a silver white on the tombstones across the street. Hunt stood and said:

"Mama, Papa, will you excuse me? I want to walk around awhile."

When he had gone, walking east on Oak Street, Courtney Justice watched him until he faded from sight. "That's funny. Where do you reckon he's goin', Lizzie?"

"Maybe out to the college, Courtney."

But Hunt did not turn in at the college. He walked resolutely on to Cherry Hill. There was no thought that he would see Neely Barrow. He had always treasured the memory that she had asked him to her home. But there was always before him the disparity between Cherry Hill and the little house on Oak Street. He had gone to Kingsley when invited, and to Polk Place. But that was different. Cherry Hill was a challenge. He would not go there until he had found himself worthy. He stood by the side of the gate. There was no light in the great house, so silent in the moonlight. Near the street was a little pagoda-like summerhouse thickly draped with morning-glory vines, the thick spread of blooms now opening in the cool of the evening. The sweet and lonesome whistles of a steamboat sounded from down the river. Hunt Justice stood there gripped by the thrill of Cherry Hill. Then a voice spoke from the shadows of the summerhouse.

"ISN'T that you, Hunt?"

"Yes, he said, surprised at the hoarseness of his voice.

"I thought it was. Come in, can't you, Hunt?"

He lifted the latch of the gate.

"I didn't think anyone was at home," he said as an excuse for standing at the gate. "It is so beautiful here."

"Isn't it?" She held out her hand. "I want you to know Grandy. Grandy, this is Hunt Justice. He is the one who is going to Boston to study architecture. I told you. Remember?"

"Oh, yes," said a voice from the darkness. "Sit down, Hunt."

"I walked by the college," said Hunt, his mind still upon the necessity of an explanation. "Then I stopped to look at Cherry Hill in the moonlight. I am leaving tomorrow."

"When will you be back, Hunt?" asked Neely Barrow.

"It may be two years."

"Two years!" The words as if in protest escaped Neely Barrow's lips.

Hunt could feel his heart pounding, but he answered steadily. "Yes, if I can find work to do, Mr. Lewis thinks I should take it. So does my mother."

"So do I," said Neely Barrow, "and then when you do come back you'll stay."

Hunt's tones were ragged with hoarseness. "It might be best to work during the summers."

"Yes," said Neely Barrow, "it might be best." She was giving him her consent to work during the summers.

"The buildings in New England are sturdier than ours," said Erwin Roane, "but they are harsher; they lack our grace. Only in churches do they surpass us. Their churches are the most beautiful in America."

"Our homes, I think, sir, are the more graceful because of our use of columns."

"Precisely. The Greeks were great benefactors in many ways, but it is my notion that Phidias gave more to the world than Plato."

"I see what you mean, sir."

"So do I," said Neely Barrow. "I told you, didn't I, Hunt, that I am going to college. I may be a schoolteacher when you come back."

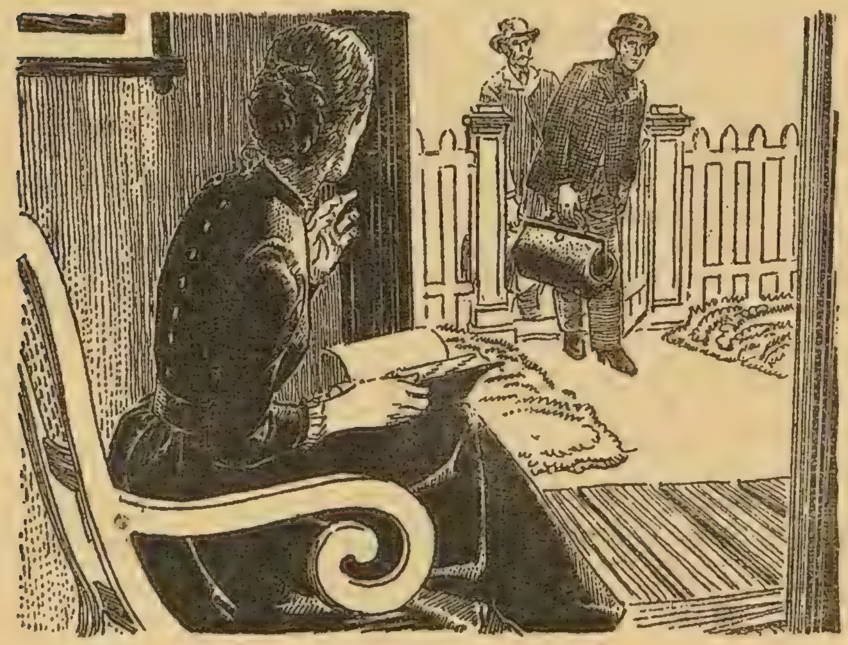
"I do not wish it," said her grandfather stiffly.

"If I should make a very good teacher, Grandy, you'd be proud of me."

"It isn't a question of pride. No Roane has ever taught school."

"Then it's time they started," said Neely Barrow calmly. "It seems to me, Grandy, that there are a lot of nice things we have never done." Her hand, raised in a gesture of regret for the fields hitherto unoccupied by the Roanes, fell upon Hunt's hand lying on the arm of his chair. Surprised, she looked quickly but did not withdraw her hand. Above the drumming of his own pulse, Hunt could hear Erwin Roane saying:

"I imagine architecture is very fascinating. No, Neely Barrow, I do not mean to discredit any needed labor. It has always seemed to me though that a family limiting itself to a narrow range of activities has the better chance to retain its strength. . . ." He sat for a while in silence, then he stood.



"I am tired," he said in a strained voice. He held out his hand to Hunt. "I wish you well in your studies. Goodby, sir. I think we had better go in now, Neely Barrow."

"I will go with Hunt to the gate, Grandy."

He seemed very old as he walked toward the house in the moonlight. Neely Barrow and Hunt stood at the gate and looked into each other's eyes. He held out his hand and she placed hers in it.

"You will not change while I am gone." It was a statement no less than a question.

"No," she said almost fiercely, "I will not change, not even if you do."

"You know I will not."

"Yes, I know it. Write to me, Hunt. I'll be waiting for you to come back." Her fingers tightened their clasp. And then she was gone. He watched her until she passed the columns of the porch into the shadows beyond. He heard her speak to her grandfather. Then he turned and walked rapidly toward Oak Street.

Erwin Roane waited for his granddaughter on the porch.

"Who is he, Neely Barrow?"

"I told you of him, Grandy."

"Yes, I know, about his fondness for buildings, and all that. But who is he?"

She sensed the impatience, or was it anxiety in his tone. She waited through a moment of silence for her own decision. But it was he who spoke first.

"Does he mean anything to you, Neely Barrow?"

"Everything, Grandy," she answered clearly but gently.

"Neely Barrow," he said sharply, "you are too young. You do not know."

"I have known for a long time, Grandy."

"Who is he? Who are his people?"

"I have not seen them, Grandy, but I have seen him."

"I do not like it, child. What has he to match your name?" He stopped, and again Neely Barrow knew of what he was thinking. And that knowledge drained Neely Barrow of her resentment and defiance.

"You are tired. I think you should go to bed now, Grandy. I'm proud of my name. I'm proud of you. Nobody in this world ever had a lovelier Grandy. I don't know about the Justices. You like aristocrats, Grandy. If Hunt isn't one now, he'll become one."

"People of themselves do not become aristocrats."

"I am concerned, Grandy, with what people themselves may become."

"I, child, am concerned by what they already have become. This will pass. You are young. . ."

"Listen, Grandy, Mrs. Weaver Cole told me that she met Weaver at a supper at the Maxwell House. She saw him just a second, and from right then never doubted that he was the one, and from that time on he thought the same about her. They were mere children, but they never changed. She wasn't an aristocrat. She said so herself. But if she isn't now, I don't want to be one. Wasn't it strange that I saw Hunt first out at her home and from that very second I've been perfectly certain?"

Without replying, he turned and went in the house.

"He doesn't understand now," said Neely Barrow to herself, "but he will."

"GRANDY, I saw Mr. Mac Dickinson on the street, and he said he believed he could have me elected to teach in Howard School."

"We've discussed that already, Neely Barrow."

"What am I to do after I graduate this summer? Tell me that, Grandy."

"Why should you do anything?"

"Yes, why?" The two words were sharp with irony. Her eyes were upon the frayed carpet. There was great beauty at Cherry Hill, but there was also accumulating decay.

Her grandfather came and stood before her, his forearm resting upon the marble mantel.

"Neely Barrow, I have never compromised. I have never sullied our name by any action of mine."

It was in her mind to ask whether a family might not be sullied by inaction, but she held the inquiry back. "What makes you think, Grandy, that I wouldn't make a good teacher?"

"You twist my meaning. I did not say that at all."

"Then why do you object?"

"I know our ancestry for two centuries back. It is my greatest pride. I do not believe that teaching quite fits into the pattern of our family."

"Then ours is a family to which nothing new can ever be added?"

"You don't understand, Neely Barrow."

"Yes, I think I do. I understand that for two hundred years we haven't had a saleslady in our family. We haven't had a dressmaker either. Tell me, Grandy, why I can't make my own dresses. Why have I never learned to make a dress? Is it because no woman of our family in two centuries has made one?"

"You are the first one of our family that I have failed to understand, Neely Barrow."

"You find it easier, Grandy, to understand the dead than the living?"

"No, easier to understand those who accept the family code than those who refuse it."

"Since I refuse the code, I think I'll tell Mr. Mac Dickinson that I want the place at Howard."

"No," he said harshly, "it is not something a woman should do."

"Miss Julia Sears does. . ."

"A Northerner. . ."

"And therefore not of our family, and therefore not to be trusted!"

"Our conversation seems a bit unpleasant. Since it is, there's a question which for a long time I've wished to ask. I have assumed that the relationship with the young man in Boston has been broken off a long time ago. Am I right?"

She didn't answer for a long moment, but stood tapping with her finger upon the window sill. When she spoke, her voice was curiously gentle.

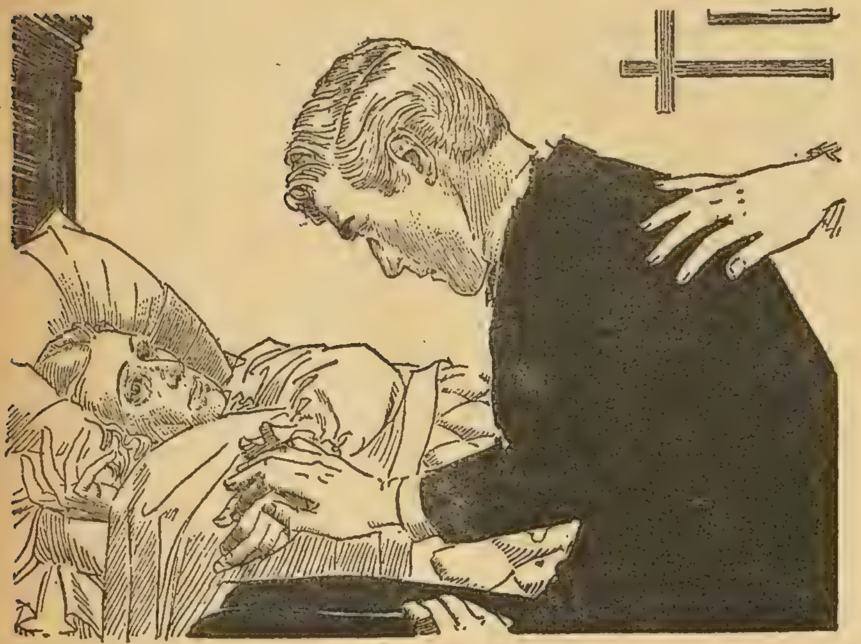
"It is interesting, Grandy, that a minute ago you were exalting our family because it has not changed. Now, you ask me hopefully if I haven't changed. No, Grandy, the relationship has not been broken off."

"You have not seen him?"

"Not since that night he was here. That was a long time ago. I do want to see him very much."

"You have never mentioned him to me."

"How could I, knowing that it would pain you, would anger you against me? There have been many times when I would have been happy to talk with you about Hunt."



"You told me then that you did not know his family. Do you now?"

"No, but that is my fault. . ."

"For two hundred years our family has been zealous not to dilute itself."

"It would be Hunt who'd be diluted."

"That, Neely Barrow, is perfectly silly," Erwin Roane said, and started to the stairs that led to his room. But he stopped, stood for a moment stock-still, then came back across the hall. He looked at his granddaughter, and there was pain in his eyes. "Neely Barrow, may I tell you a story?. . . . Rebecca and I had been married but two years when she died. The light went out at Cherry Hill. It was dark for thirty years—until you came. I never knew my son very well. We loved each other, I think, but it was a love owed by each to the other. Then he married and went away to live. You know what happened. Fourteen years ago he and his wife died of the plague the same week, and you, then five, came to Cherry Hill."

"Yes, Grandy, I know."

"I haven't talked—I've been silent because—I've—I've had nothing to say."

"Pride can destroy one, Grandy."

"It's been destroying me. Pride from two directions, nay, from four, only I've nothing in myself to anchor pride in. Since I am talking, let me talk a bit more. My father was a wise man. I think he understood me. He left me Cherry Hill, and some money. Even then he had little faith in my ability."

Before he resumed his story there was in the room only the sound of the languid crackle of the fire. "You came here fourteen years ago. Before you came I had seemed dead—even to myself. When you came, I came back to life. You are all I have, child, all the name Roane has. It is in your keeping. It will die unless you keep it alive."

MRS. JUSTICE worked in her flower beds. It was a quiet day and the breezes were gentle. She was thinking of her son who studied in faraway Boston.

Someone was speaking to her. She straightened and saw a young lady standing at her side. Suddenly, by some subtle and inner revelation, she knew who her visitor was.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Justice."

For an instant there was silence. Then Mrs. Justice held out her hand. "You are Nee . . . you are Miss Roane," she said.

"How did you know me?" asked Neely Barrow.

"Hunt told me about you. Maybe that was it. Won't you come in?"

"Let's stay out here. Your flowers are so pretty. I love to look at them. What are you planting?"

"Zinnias and marigolds. Hunt is right fond of them. There is a rambler rose on the garden fence. He could stand and look at it by the hour."

"Let me see it, please," said Neely Barrow.

Mrs. Justice led the way back to the garden. The garden was a brief panorama of greenness, the dark green of onions, the lighter green of potatoes, the gray-green of cabbages, the neatly spaced rows bearing their crowns of green in modest triumph. A rose vine wreathed its way along the length of the paling fence.

"Oh, it's beautiful back here. Did you make this garden, Mrs. Justice?"

"I helped, though Courtney did most of the work. He's Hunt's father.

"When did you hear from Hunt, Mrs. Justice?"

"Last Saturday. It seems like it's been an age since I saw him."

"I know it has. Did Hunt work in the garden when he was here?"

"The last two or three years he did most of the work that was done. He's a good worker."

"How did he become so interested in houses?"

"We've wondered about that. We bought him a book when he was little. It had a lot of pictures of fine houses in it, and for a year he had it in his hands all the time he was in the house. Maybe that got him started."

"He said in the last letter he wrote me that he thought he would come home his summer."

"I look for him to come. He's going to be at work this summer helping them get ready for a big fair they're going to have up in Chicago. He's going to come by home as he goes back to Boston."

"I wish I had come to see you sooner."

"I thought maybe you would. Sometimes I almost expected you."

"Did you?" asked Neely Barrow happily, and added, "Hunt will seem much closer in Chicago. He wrote to me about what he is going to do there. Were you surprised when you heard about it?"

"You could have knocked me over with a feather. It wasn't that I didn't have faith in Hunt, but a world's fair! Now, Courtney, it didn't excite him a bit. He said he thought it would happen all the time. Courtney's that way, though. To tell you the truth, I don't think he'd ever heard of a world's fair any more than I had."

"When Hunt comes home you keep him most of the time, but divide him with me a little."

"I guess Hunt will do the dividing," said Mrs. Justice smiling.

NOT many days after that Neely Barrow came home from the college to find her grandfather excited. He saw her coming and met her as she came up the walk to the house.

His face was brighter, more animated, than she had seen it in a long time.

"We are going to paint Cherry Hill . . . right away."

"Why, Grandy. . . ."

"Yes, and repair it, too."

Something chilling blew across her heart.

"I have sold the lots across the street," he said.

"Sold them? Why did you, Grandy?"

"You did right, Neely Barrow, to complain the other evening. I had felt the neglect to Cherry Hill, but. . . ."

"Not that, Grandy?" She pointed to the lots.

"Yes, to a Mr. Dilly."

"But why, Grandy? What does he want it for?"

"As a speculation, he said. He thinks he can sell it to make into a park."

"A park? Right across from Cherry Hill?"

"But it would improve it. They will plant shrubbery and care for everything."

"But it divides the place. How could you, Grandy?"

"It was you, Neely Barrow, who gave me the idea."

"But not to sell the land, Grandy!"

"I know. Don't think, child, that it was easy for me to do."

Neely Barrow knew then the agony through which her grandfather had passed—was still passing.

"He gave me three thousand dollars for it, and I intend to use every cent to make the place like it used to be. You have never seen it at its best, Neely Barrow. It was glorious then. I can die happy if I see it that way once more, if I can show it to you as my father showed it to me."

EUGENE LEWIS and Courtney Justice stood on the platform waiting for the two o'clock train to come in. "I've been a bit uneasy about the possibility of Hunt's not returning permanently to Nashville," Eugene Lewis said. "I have had some correspondence with his instructors. I never doubted that his record there would be excellent, but it has surprised me. He has developed, they say, into a technician of unusual ability. But even more than that, he has ideas."

Mr. Justice was not able to follow this tribute to his son in its entirety, but he agreed with a series of nods.

"I have really been disturbed by the possibility that Hunt may prove so good that a larger place may try to get him. I want him in Nashville. There will be some important building here within the next ten years. How long is Hunt going to stay?"

"Two weeks," said Mr. Justice.

"I want to borrow him from you and Mrs. Justice for a whole day. I need him at least that long."

"There it is." Mr. Justice's quick ears had caught the whistle of the train, calling for the bridge.

Within less than a minute the train rattled over the Front Street crossing. Then it swept past them, the brakes screaming against the wheels. The passengers were coming down the steps, but there was no sight of Hunt.

"You reckon he didn't come?" inquired the anxious father. "It'll tear Lizzie all to pieces. There he is!" His restless eyes had caught through the window the sight of Hunt coming along the aisle, the last in line, because of the heavy valise he bore.

"Howdy, son. You're a sight for sore eyes," said the father, grabbing the valise with one hand and shaking his son's vigorously with the other.

"You look fine, Papa. How's Mama?"

"Never better. She's got enough cooked for a basket meetin'. Been starvin' us a month waitin' for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Lewis. No one ever had nicer people to come home to." He stood on the platform, an inch taller and correspondingly larger than when he went away. The boyish look was still on his face, but something about him suggested a certain sort of new freedom.

They drove to Oak Street.

"I'll not stop," said Eugene Lewis, "but could I have you next Monday, Hunt? All day?"

Hunt instinctively looked at his father, who was nodding his head very cheerfully.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lewis, we can spare him by then."

Lizzie Justice heard the gate click, and looked up hurriedly from the Bible she was reading. There coming in at the gate was Hunt, her son, a man now. She went out the door and down the front steps. Hunt took four or five giant strides and reached her at the foot of the steps. He took her into his arms. For a while no word was spoken.

"I saw you coming in at the gate first," she said.

"I saw you coming out the door first, Mama."

She moved back a step. "Let me look at you. Oh, how fine you look!"

Courtney Justice, who had carried the valise on into the house, came back to the porch. "Come in. You can talk and rest, too, in here."

"I'm not tired. I don't feel like I'd ever be tired again," said Lizzie Justice.

"Wait a minute," a voice called. It was Mrs. Elrod, coming across the yard and carrying in her arms a large watermelon. "Bought two off a wagon this morning. This one's for you, Hunt." She put the watermelon on the ground and, hands on hips, stood looking at him.

"You've been a right smart Yankeeized. You think it's really him, Mrs. Justice?"

"I'd know him if I was blind, Mrs. Elrod."

"You have to be careful. Lots o' times nice Southern boys been sent up north and when the Yankees sent 'em back it wasn't the right ones at all."

"Couldn't anybody else come in the gate like he does."

"Well, I guess we'll find out for certain in a day or two. If it really is Hunt I'm goin' to bake him a cake for Sunday."

Mother and father and son sat on the shaded porch and talked. The summer sun slanted toward the west. Touched by the sunlight was a faint hint of golden unreality, advance samplings of Indian summer. The fragrance of the harvest was in the air. They sat and talked, and Lizzie Justice's eyes never left her son's face. After a while she stood. "I know you are starved," she said. "I'll get supper ready. It won't take long."

"We'll go with you, Mama. We'll try not to get in the way."

That pleased her, since she wished not to miss a syllable spoken by her son. Presently supper was on the table. Lizzie Justice had treasured in her memory all of her son's preferences for food.

"I haven't eaten fried chicken like this since I left home," he said.

"We've got forty chickens now just the right size."

"Pass the gravy. We got to talking and I almost missed it. These beans, Mama, I haven't had any like them. They have green beans up there, but they never taste right. Their fish is better than ours, though."

"You can have snapbeans every time you want them. We have a garden full."

"Been a mighty good season for gardens and crops. We've had more of everything than two families could eat."

"With me here, that makes about two families. How have you been, Papa?"

"Haven't missed a day from sickness. Haven't missed a day from anything. I been raised twice since you left, Hunt."

"Mama told me in a letter. I'm proud of you, Papa."

"Oh, you are!" Courtney Justice beamed with pleasure. "We been savin' a little money. Don't owe a red cent to nobody."

They ate vegetables and more fried chicken and hot biscuits and cherry preserves. Lizzie Justice's eyes rarely left her son's face. She went into the kitchen and came back bearing a deep pan in which was something golden and alluring.

"Peach cobbler!" exclaimed Hunt. "I never saw any in Boston."

They went back into the front room, and Hunt told them of some of his experiences in the College of Architecture. His mother noticed that his eyes would now and then stray to the clock on the mantel.

"Maybe, Hunt, you want to walk around some before bedtime. I guess there are lots of places you'd like to see."

There was gratitude in his answering smile.

HE turned in on Cherry Street, and then east on Rutledge. Ahead of him the street lifted its climax in Cherry Hill. The cherry trees were richly green and stood in sturdy consciousness of their own artistry. Then as he drew nearer he saw that the fences stood in fine symmetry and were freshly painted. He lifted his eyes to the house and the wooden parts of it, too, gleamed with virgin whiteness. Everything was clean and neat and trim, and that surprised him, for it was not so when he left.

He saw Neely Barrow standing out by the gate. And at the same moment she saw him. She opened the gate and ran to meet him.

"Hunt," she said. "Hunt, you've come back."

The setting sun poured its glory upon them and there was in the world a sort of holy stillness. Neely Barrow clung to Hunt as if to satisfy all the hunger of those absent months.

"Two years! Hunt, do you know how long two years are? Do you?" There was a touch of fierceness in the question.

"Yes," he said, "I know. Sometimes I've counted the minutes."

"Hunt, don't leave me so long again. Do you know how long it has been?"

Presently they walked up the street toward the house.

"How is your mother? Did she like me?"

"So much that she was willing for me to leave her my first night at home. How is your grandfather?"

"Grandy has been very excited for weeks now. We're painting and overhauling and repairing Cherry Hill, and I think he's happier than I ever saw him."

"I saw it when I first came in sight of the place." He looked about him. "It was beautiful before, but it is much more so now. Whoever placed that house, whoever built it, had an almost perfect sense of fitness, of proportion, of unity. I've thought about Cherry Hill often. It has helped me to think about it."

"How has it helped you, Hunt?"

"It has been for me a sort of standard, a measure. And then because you were here. . . . In my mind I'd see it and you would come between those columns and out on the walk."

"Hunt, you are home again! Back with me!"

He smiled. "Don't you think, Neely Barrow, that I should see our grandfather?"

"You must see him, but he's not here. This is the night for his Old Table Club, and this time he was really glad to go. Now that Cherry Hill is more like it used to be he is once more eager to be with his old friends."

There were chairs on the lawn, and they sat facing the city.

"Hunt, you have two solid years to tell me about."

"Before I begin there are a few arrangements I'd like to have settled. Next Tuesday morning I'd like for you to go up to the Capitol with me. I want to look at it inside and out and I want you to be along."

"Listen," said Neely Barrow. "I'm learning to cook. I'll fix some things to eat. It would be fun to have our dinner up there. Of course, I'll go."

"And in the afternoon I want you to go with me to see Mrs. Polk."

"I'm going to see her that afternoon, and if you'd like to go along I guess I could arrange it."

"Then I'm going to see Miss Julia Sears and Professor Clark both Wednesday afternoon."

"I'll show you the way! That's when I am going."

"And my mother said to ask you to come to our house to dinner the Sunday before I go back."

"She's sweet. Of course I'll come."

Hunt rose and came over to her chair.

"Neely Barrow," he said softly, "will you marry me?"

"I have known I would since that day at the Capitol."

He took her in his arms and kissed her gently. When presently Neely Barrow spoke her voice was very tender, but she said lightly, "Now tell me about Boston. Start at the beginning."

HE was still talking when somewhere downtown a clock struck nine. He stood. "I'll tell you the rest of it the next time. I must go home now."

"I want to see you every day you are here, Hunt. Even if it's only for ten minutes."

"Neely Barrow, I must say something. I have just got to say it. I want to marry you more than I want anything in the world, but. . . ."

"Yes, I know," she interrupted him. "Not until you've proved yourself worthy. That's it, isn't it, Hunt?"

"Yes," he said, "that's it. It's been in my mind for a long time. I'm not good enough for you, Neely Barrow. I know I'm not, but I intend to be."

She interrupted him again. "I think you're the stupidest person I ever saw, but I love you for it. If you weren't so stupid you wouldn't be Hunt Justice and I wouldn't care for you at all. What is it you're going to do to prove worthy of me?"

"I don't know what. Something that I do myself that's important, that's worth doing. If, for instance, I can plan and build a house that is as good and beautiful as Cherry Hill."

"You become more foolish every minute, and I love you more. I don't think we'll have so long to wait, Hunt."

"I must go now," he said hoarsely. "I'll come tomorrow evening."

"I'll be waiting."

Again he took her in his arms. A lazy summer breeze stirred among the trees of Cherry Hill. Somewhere in the distance a whippoorwill distilled the soft melancholy of the night into its song.

ON Monday morning Hunt sat in Eugene Lewis' office and turned the pages of an exciting book. It bore the title "The Great Buildings of Ancient Greece." Eugene Lewis had excused himself from Hunt and gone on into the Director's room. Some men were already there.

"Gentlemen," Eugene Lewis said, "before we begin the consideration of our business, I should like your permission to include a young friend of mine, Hunt Justice, in our conference."

As Hunt was brought in, Eugene Lewis was speaking. "In a few short years Tennessee will be a century old. The question before us is simply this, shall we permit our hundredth birthday to come and go and make no more than a perfunctory gesture, no more than a mere address by you, Dr. Dudley, as good as they are?"

"I sometimes get around to the point," observed the professor dryly. "What is yours, Eugene?"

"A centennial exposition."

"I'm for it," said Gideon Baskette. "It would be manna to any newspaper."

"I'm for it of course," said H. W. Buttorff, "but as a businessman I'd like to know where the money is coming from."

"We can get the money, gentlemen. It will not be easy, but we can get it. The question to answer first is, do we want to do it? It will mean three years of hard work —I think that long at least."

"Let's get started," said Ed Barthell. "I move that we hold the Tennessee Centennial, and that each man present entrusts the direction of his life, for three or more years into the hands of Mr. Simon Legree Lewis."

John Thomas stood. "I'll take the vote. The ayes have it. We will have the Tennessee Centennial. Eugene, accept the Centennial and us, and let's get to work."

"From 1854 until now we have not had built in Nashville a single distinguished home," Eugene Lewis said. "Can't we make our main buildings—whatever their use —fine enough to start people thinking in such terms? We'll have the Streets of Cairo, and the Streets of Bagdad and the Streets of Paris, but we'll have them hidden, banked off from the main buildings so as not to violate the impression which we hope to establish. And then in the center, and as the chief glory of all, a building which will make the Centennial one of our people's great associations with beauty. I've been groping for such a building for weeks. I haven't yet found it." He turned to Hunt Justice.

"You perhaps, Hunt, have had more connection with great buildings than any of us. Do you have any ideas? You wouldn't suggest the Massachusetts State House, would you?" he asked with a touch of lightness.

"No, sir," said Hunt very clearly, "but—" He hesitated.

"But what?"

"The Parthenon, sir."

Eugene Lewis's hands dropped to his sides. "That's what I have been looking for for weeks, and too blind to see it right before my nose!"

"The cost would be considerable for a permanent building," said Hunt. "The building is really enormous. But it could be composed of temporary materials and still give an authentic appearance. . . . Critics of architecture would, I think, call the Parthenon the world's most beautiful building in respect to symmetry and dignity."

"Son," said one of the committee men, "you've sold me a house. And," he added, "I'm a hard man to sell a house."

NEELY BARROW went into the library where her grandfather sat reading. "Grandy, Hunt's mother is dreadfully ill. I'm going out there and if they need me I wont' be back tonight."

He looked at her without understanding. "What did you say, Neely Barrow?"

She told him again. "You understand, don't you, Grandy?"

He stood looking at her. "There has been no change, Neely Barrow? Do you—does the connection between you and Hunt still exist?"

"Yes, Grandy."

He was silent again, his eyes turned toward her, but remote, fixed upon far horizons. "Neely Barrow, will you sit down a moment? I do not wish to trouble you. I have no greater wish than for your happiness. But I couldn't stand it for you to make a mistake. If you should fail me I'd be wretched even in my grave."

"No, no, Grandy. . . ."

"I've never done anything evil in my life, but I have never done anything good, either. Somehow I've been blocked. Something happened inside me. It needn't have happened, but I let it get started and I didn't stop it and then it hardened. You are my hope, child. If ever I should have a great-grandson I want him to take up the strength I laid down, to be what I yearned to be. . . .

"Please, Grandy. . . ."

"I do not dislike Hunt. I thought he was rather likable the times I've seen him. But you are my hope, Neely Barrow, you and your children. I find in you the qualities lost in me, lost in your father. . . . The one you choose must be your equal. I simply couldn't stand it if he isn't."

"Listen, Grandy, Hunt is my equal. You know he is. You tried to find that he isn't. I saw you; but you failed, and it puzzled you. You have been puzzled ever since. You have never heard of his family. His father is a common carpenter. How could he be our equal? Well, he is my equal. Ask Mrs. Polk if he's not—ask Major Eugene Lewis—no, don't ask them. You know he is. You watched him and you couldn't find a thing wrong with him. And you couldn't understand it. . . ."

"You are no longer a girl. You're a young lady. You have grown beyond my control. Make sure. You can't afford a mistake. I can't afford for you to make one."

The tears showed in her eyes. "I'll not make a mistake. I must go now, Grandy." Then her face brightened. "It's going to be all right for all of us. I know it is. I'll be home just as soon as I can."

MERRIE COLE had promised Neely Barrow to send the carriage to meet Hunt the next morning. That was a relief to Neely Barrow, who flinched from the prospect of Hunt coming into Nashville and riding a hack out to the home on Oak Street where his mother lay dying, dead for all he would know. For Mrs. Justice was dying. Dr. Rhett had told them so.

"Life is the very stuff of mystery," he told them. "A physician can't say what is in the mind of God. Three days—four, perhaps. I don't know."

It was then that they had sent the telegram for Hunt to come.

The driver stood on the cold platform and waited, and there was sadness in his heart.

Hunt was the first passenger off the train. He saw the driver and his tired face softened into a dim smile.

"How is. . . ? Is she. . . ?"

The driver nodded. "She wants to see you. Ready to go?"

"There isn't any chance for her to get well, is there?"

"I'm afraid not, son."

"I wish I'd never left," said Hunt fiercely.

"I wouldn't say that, son. They say that's what she is proudest of." He paused, then continued, "It's purty sad for her to have to go, son, but they ain't a thing about her that won't make good rememberin'. Ain't nothin' bad about her dyin', son, except how folks'll miss her."

Neely Barrow was waiting for them. Hunt took both of her hands. "I knew that you would be here. How is she?"

"You look so tired, Hunt. She's not in any pain now. She said for you to come in the moment you came."

They went into the room. He sat by the bed and talked with his mother. They talked quietly, and sometimes her voice would fall to a whisper. "I'm so thankful you got here. It wouldn't be peaceful to die without seeing you."

"But, Mama, you're not going to. . ."

"Yes, Hunt, I am. The doctor told me so Wednesday. That doctor's a good man. I know he is from the way he told me."

"Don't, Mama."

"Don't worry, Hunt. I'm not afraid at all. I'm thankful I've lived long enough to see my boy somebody. That was what I wanted most. I'm ready to go now. Hunt, I don't want you to stay here too long. Go on back and finish what you have to do."

"Mama. . ."

"Don't worry about your father. He wants you to go back, too. We've talked about it. Courtney's been mighty good to me. He'll get along. Don't worry about him. Go on back as soon as you can and get your work done. We both want you to. She wants you to. Hunt, she came as soon as she heard I was sick. If she was my own daughter she couldn't have been better to me. It used to be it made me afraid to think about dying. But I'm not afraid. Really, son, I'm happy. Everything has worked out all right."

Courtney Justice, who had been asleep when Hunt arrived, came into the room.

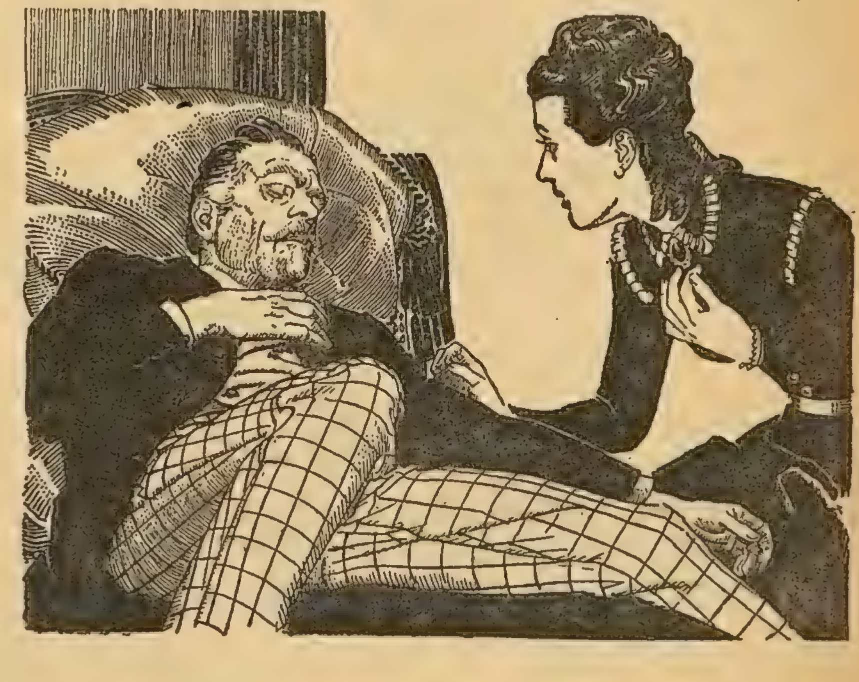
ED CRAYTON finished his supervisory visit to a house being built on Lamar Street. As he left, he spoke with Courtney Justice. "Stop at my house on your way home. I want to talk with you."

That evening they sat by the fire in the living room, and Ed Crayton made the proposal he had in mind. The Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad was about to begin upon certain enlargements and revision of various parts of its equipment. Would Mr. Justice accept the commission as head carpenter for the railroad buildings? It would mean a small raise in salary and a considerable increase in responsibility. His headquarters would be at Decherd, in the neighborhood of Huntland, Mr. Justice's old home.

Mr. Justice did not reply for a full minute, but sat apparently in deep study.

Presently he lifted his head from its slump into abstraction.

"Ain't nobody got a finer boss man to work for than you, Ed, but right now I ain't a mind to take the offer. Used to be didn't make me no difference which rock I set on. I ain't that way now. I been mighty lonesome lately."



"That's one reason I offered it to you."

"And I take it mighty kindly, but I jest don't want to leave here—anyhow, for a while yet."

"I guess that I understand. If you change your mind let me know. You been working mighty good lately, Court."

WINTER greened into spring, and then summer came marching along a hot dusty road. The sun poured its substance upon wood and field.

Mrs. Felicia Love was calling upon Neely Barrow

Roane. At the gate the Love coachman sat dozing in the shaded interior of the carriage.

"How is your dear grandfather?"

"He's playing chess with Colonel McGuire. He is well, thank you."

"Cherry Hill is so beautiful since you repaired and painted it. By the way, what is going on across the street?"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Love?"

"Why, all those men, measuring with tape lines and driving down pegs. I suppose you knew about it."

"I didn't. Grandy sold the lot to a man who said they would make it into a city park. I suppose that's what they are starting."

"Didn't look like a park to me. Looked like a lot of cheap houses. Just the kind that wouldn't do Cherry Hill any good."

Neely Barrow was eager to see what was going on across the street, so she went out on the portico with Mrs. Love. And then the chill wind that had blown upon her spirit grew colder. There were four men busily plotting off the area, driving stakes and talking all the while. It was her first impulse to go across to the lot. But what then? No, the best thing was to see Grandy at once.

"Do you go by Colonel McGuire's, Mrs. Love?"

"I can without a bit of trouble."

She asked the coachman to drive briskly. A few minutes later they stopped at Colonel McGuire's, and Neely summoned her grandfather from his chess game.

"Grandy, what are those men doing on the lot across the street?" she demanded.

"I don't know. What does it look like they are doing?"

"Mrs. Felicia Love said it looked as if they were getting ready to build some cheap houses."

"I guess it's the park, dear. Mr. Dilly told me it would be used for that."

"I think you ought to see, Grandy. I don't think that they're starting a park."

His face was haggard. "I'll ask Colonel McGuire to excuse me and go find out what it is."

"Go where, Grandy?"

"Why, to Mr. Dilly, of course."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No, you go on back to Cherry Hill. I imagine it is all right."

But it wasn't all right. Mr. Dilly was in his office. He was not at all interested in his visitor's concern. The matter belonged in the category of finished business. He did explain that something went wrong with the park deal. He couldn't afford to hold the property always, so finally he had sold it to a man named Ed Crayton, a respectable contractor. What Crayton planned to do with it he could not say.

"They are starting to build something there," said Erwin Roane hoarsely.

"Houses, I expect. Good day."

ERWIN ROANE returned to Cherry Hill, haggard and panting from hurry. He sat down on the portico step and covered his face with his hands. Neely Barrow felt that he was trembling. He arose suddenly and said, "I will not have my grandfather's memory nor the home he built violated."

He turned down the walk toward the gate, walking very erectly. The look on his face terrified Neely Barrow.

"Grandy, where are you going?"

He did not answer her, and she followed him across the street. "What are you doing here?" he asked the man in charge there.

"Gettin' ready to build exactly six houses."

"For whom?"

"For Ed Crayton. Anything else you'd like to know, pardner?"

"You listen to me. My grandfather built that house." He pointed to Cherry Hill. "My father lived there; I was born there. My son was born there; my granddaughter was born there. That house and that granddaughter are all I have left in the world. I will permit nothing to cheapen or harm them. . ."

"Tell it to Ed Crayton."

"I am telling it to him through you. I will kill the first man who starts building a house on this lot. I can do no less than that in honor. Good afternoon, sir."

Neely Barrow walked back to the house with her grandfather, her hand upon his arm. It was not the time to remonstrate with him. The man had said that Ed Crayton was building the houses. Hunt's father worked for Ed Crayton. She must see Courtney Justice at once.

She went into the library with the old man. He was trembling as though with a chill. "I'll lie on the sofa awhile," he said. "I'll feel better presently."

She went out of the house, and walked rapidly toward Oak Street. She knocked on the door of the Justice home.

"Why, if it isn't Miss Neely Barrow," said Courtney Justice. "Come right in."

"Mr. Justice, you work for a man named Crayton, don't you?"

"Yes, Ed Crayton. Been working for him since the week I got here, 'cept for a little while."

"Mr. Crayton is starting to build some houses across from my home."

"Oh, is that where they are? I haven't been over there yet, but I reckon I'll be sent later on."

"Mr. Justice, is there any way to stop Mr. Crayton from building those houses?"

"Why, ain't it all right to build 'em?"

"Mr. Dilly promised grandfather it wouldn't be used for building. He said he intended to sell it to the city for a park. Grandfather doesn't know how to handle business affairs, so all he got was the promise, nothing in writing. It will break his heart if those houses are built. You don't understand. Something dreadful might happen. For my sake will you ask Mr. Crayton not to build those houses—not yet anyhow?"

Courtney Justice sat looking at her, not saying a word.

"You don't understand, Mr. Justice," she repeated, "but I haven't anybody in the world except Grandfather . . . and Hunt."

"I'll try. I don't know what good I can do but I'll try. I'll go see Ed tonight." He looked at her, something kindling in his eyes. "I know something that might work."

COURTNEY JUSTICE went to see Mr. Crayton. He walked briskly with the suggestion of one who has made an important decision.

"It's just what Lizzie would 'a' wanted me to do," he remarked to himself.

Mr. Crayton was at home and greeted his visitor on his front porch. "Take that rocker," said the host heartily.

"I come to make a trade, Ed."

"A trade? I didn't know you was a tradin' man, Justice. What you want to trade?"

"You've been after me, Ed, to take that railroad job. All right, I'll make you a trade."

"What kind o' trade, Justice? What's the railroad job got to do with a trade?"

"I'll take the railroad work if you'll give up building them houses on South Market."

Ed Crayton stared at him, laughed, and said, "What's the matter with you, Justice? You gone batty?"

"I'm in my right mind, Ed. You know my boy, Hunt? I never did know how I could have a boy like Hunt. He's got more sense in his little finger than I got in all o' me. You goin' to hear from Hunt. It was Lizzie he got it from. I don't know how it happened, but Hunt got stuck on one of the real high-up girls of the town."

"I heard about that, yes, but what has it got to do with the trade you been talkin' about?"

"I'm comin' to that. She lives in a fine house right close to the houses you are puttin' up. Her granddaddy is takin' it purty hard. He thinks they'd kind o' take some o' the shine off his house. She—that girl—come to see me while ago and she asked me with tears in her eyes to ask you not to build them houses. If you won't, Ed, I'll do you a good job. I sort o' think I'd like it back in my old neighborhood. I'll go, Ed, if you'll make the trade."

Ed Crayton looked at his helper curiously. Then he suddenly broke into loud laughter. "You've made you a trade, Court. I really need you on them railroad contracts. I'll call them Market Street jobs off tomorrer morning."

"It's a promise, Ed?"

"It's a promise."

"I'm mighty glad to help that girl out, Ed. I think I'll like it fine down in the country. They're my folks down there."

After Courtney Justice had gone, Ed Crayton stood looking down the street after him. "Funniest thing ever happened," he affirmed between bursts of laughter. "I sure did need Justice on that railroad contract, and I'm goin' to pay him more'n I told him I would. Yes sir, funniest thing I ever heard of. City men wasn't any more'n out of sight with an option on that lot for a city park when here comes Justice hotfootin' it for a trade. I was goin' to call them jobs off first thing in the morning anyhow. Still, Justice'll like it fine down there."

NEELY BARROW walked rapidly back to Cherry Hill. Courtney Justice's promises somehow left her reassured. It was some hope to offer Grandy. She ran into the house, through the hall into the library. "Grandy," she called. "I have something to tell you."

There was no answer. "I'll let him sleep," she thought, "and tell him when he wakes."

She turned to leave the room. Perhaps it was the stillness from the sofa that stopped her in the doorway. "Grandy," she said, a bit sharply.

But only that deathlike stillness answered her. She ran back to the sofa. "Grandy!" she called, "Grandy!" She dropped on her knees beside the sofa. And then she saw that for the first time perhaps since his boyhood he was at peace.

THE driver threaded the Weaver Cole team in and out among the traffic. In his carriage were Merrie and Weaver Cole, and Neely Barrow and Hunt Justice. There was quality in the horses he drove. There was quality in the folks he carried.

Hunt Justice had come back to Nashville the afternoon before. Eugene Lewis had written for him to come back. In his opinion, Lewis said, a great deal of building would be done in Nashville in the near future. He had met Hunt at the railroad station and of course had driven him to the Centennial first. The other buildings were good, their placement and their lines were pleasing. But Hunt had gasped with artistic excitement when he saw the Parthenon.

"Isn't it magnificent? But, Hunt, I'll tell you something: we had to put it up too cheaply. I tried everything that I know, but I couldn't get enough money. It is splendid, but it will not last longer than, say, for one generation."

They had gone then to Mrs. Elrod's on Oak Street. She sat on the porch knitting while she awaited them. "Hello, Major Lewis, who's the city dude you got with you?"

"Oh, that's no dude," he protested. "It's a statue we're going to put in one of the buildings out at the Centennial. I wonder if you could keep it for me till tomorrow."

"I got a room all fixed for such like. Come right in."

Between volleys of ironic but adoring banter Mrs. Elrod prepared supper, and Hunt from the kitchen doorway watched her.

"If you'll excuse me," he said presently, "I'd like to go for a few minutes down to Mother's grave."

"Go right ahead. Be back in a half hour. And that makes me think. Here's a letter—I guess it's from your daddy—that come yesterday."

Hunt stood at his mother's grave and read the letter. His father was very busy at the moment, otherwise he'd have come to Nashville to greet Hunt upon arrival. Ed Crayton had been lucky about contracts, and in a way he was Ed's main dependence. He liked it fine. Well, tell Mrs. Elrod howdy for him, and put some nice flowers on Lizzie's grave for them both.

In the margins of the cemetery Hunt saw some goldenrod blooming gloriously. He cut some of it and brought it to the grave.

"It's from Papa and me," he said.

The stillness in the cemetery was almost unearthly. No wind stirred in the trees; no little creature rustled in the grass and leaves upon the ground; no bird sang. Hunt remembered how much his mother loved quiet. She must be resting, he thought. He turned and walked back to Mrs. Elrod's. She told him that she had seen his father when he had come to Nashville three or four months before.

"He tickled me a good deal," she said. "He told me about a trade he'd made with the Lord, I reckon. He said when he went to preachin' three straight Sundays, why, the next Saturday night he went fox huntin'. Have some more of the chicken dressin'. Oh yes, the Coles are comin' by in the mornin' to take you to the Fair."

Hunt smiled. Eugene Lewis had already told him of that arrangement. "Can't you go, Mrs. Elrod? I'll buy you the biggest ticket they have," he said, entering into her spirit of gayety.

"No," she said firmly, "but you can buy me one for the last day. I went the first day and I'd like to go the last, but that's all."

He looked at her. Her face was broad and seamed with work and age but there was the warmth of kindliness in her shrewd little eyes. "Mrs. Elrod, I don't think I've ever told you that I know how good you've been to us. I tell you now, and I thank you. I think one of the luckiest things we ever did was to drive up here that day a long time ago."

"You remember that?"

"Just as well as if it happened today. And all the time we were here there wasn't a week—no, not a day—that you didn't do something nice for us. I remember you got Papa his first job for him."

"Well, he's held it and I ain't so sure but that's more than I expected. He's sure pleased Ed Crayton."

NASHVILLE DAY at the Centennial, and the grounds deep in happy, excited, bright-eyed humanity. Inside the grounds Neely Barrow and Hunt had separated from the Weaver Coles, but with explicit arrangements to meet for their picnic dinner. Hunt wanted to show Neely Barrow the Parthenon—as if she hadn't seen it before. So they went to it and into the West Room. Only a few of the Centennial's visitors were in the West Room. There was a stone bench against a wall.

"Let's sit here," said Hunt. "I've never thought of this room without thinking of you. This is your room, fine and most beautiful. This was Athena's Chamber, but I think that it is much more appropriately your chamber."

"Look," said Neely Barrow. "Ionic columns!"

"Columns for you. There are no more perfect columns in the world."

"Hunt," she said hardly above a whisper, "when we marry, couldn't it be here?"

His eyes, very bright, never left her face. "Yes," he said, "here."

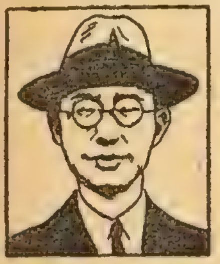
THE END

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By Joseph Anthony

THE sweat, grime, and broken hopes of Happy Boy, a Chinese coolie, are the raw material of **Rickshaw Boy**, a novel by **Lau Shaw.**

Happy Boy's simple view of life was: "If he could not pull his own rickshaw he might as well be dead. He did not think of becoming an official, or of becoming rich, or of buying property. The only thing he was able to do was to pull a rickshaw; his most dependable hope was to buy a rickshaw; if he could not buy one, he would not be able to face himself. . . . He felt that if he were to get up one morning forgetful of this purpose, he would then have forgotten himself and would have become only an animal able to run about the streets."

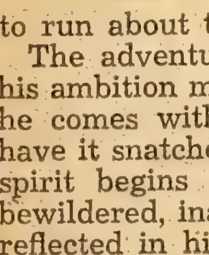

*Lau Shaw*

The adventures of Happy Boy in trying to fulfill his ambition make poignant reading. Time after time he comes within sight of his shining goal, only to have it snatched away from him. When his stubborn spirit begins to break, the sorrows of millions of bewildered, inarticulate souls like himself seem to be reflected in his eyes.

The author, who is closer to Pearl Buck and John Steinbeck then to the dusty Chinese classics, has endowed Happy Boy with his full share of lawful and unlawful hungers. In scenes that blend comedy and pathos, Happy Boy throws out some of his ideals for ballast when the going gets rough. In the one triumph that he snatches from life—his rescue of a sick and fading prostitute from a life not of her choosing—he achieves at last the human dignity for which he has struggled.

Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. Price $2.75.

ARCH OBOLER, one of the best of the radio playwrights, opens an attractive sample case of his wares in **Oboler Omnibus.** For good measure he offers a few pages of pungent comment with each of the scripts. His autobiographical passages build up the picture of a man with the energy of a literary Pop-Eye. Dashing off three air shows in the course of a week-end, he has enough vitamins left over to enable him to stage knock-down and drag-out fights with any studio executive or star rash enough to try to de-Obolerize them.


*Arch Oboler*

The news service that attacked Mr. Oboler for having the effrontery of writing his own verse for our national anthem is probably still licking its wounds. The "new verse" turned out to be The Star-Spangled Banner's forgotten fourth stanza, as originally written by Francis Scott Key and revived by the enterprising radio scribe.

Mr. Oboler sings a requiem for present-day radio, soon to be superseded by television. "Blind broadcasting that was only heard was an art form," he says, "as unique, as image-provoking as music itself. . . . But, with television, the visual factor will become the predominant one. . . . No longer will the listener participate completely imaginatively."

However, the healthy-minded Mr. Oboler doesn't lament the fact that his wares are perishable. He says: "The writer, or the critic, who talks of 'deathless writing' and 'immortal words,' is whistling in a dark and empty room. . . . The happiness of him who writes is in the good, here and now, of his own creativity."

Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York. Price $2.50.

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

## By Ted Shane

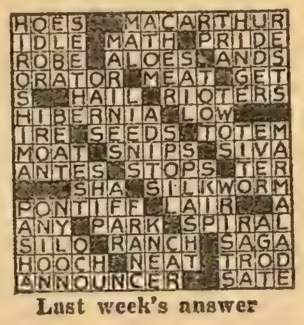
**HORIZONTAL**

1 What's the antonym of fiction?
5 What is 12,395 feet high and sacred?
12 Eight in Spanish
13 Marie Corelli wrote a book about it
14 In the drinking world who is Jerry's pal?
15 I'm grace (anag.)
17 What reactionary Suthn senator is nicknamed The Man?
19 The Vice-President presides over what, and may vote only to break a tie in it?
20 Cetus' variable star
21 As a numeral what Greek letter denotes eight?
22 Picasso is tops among what pre-World War I jerk artists?
25 What's the dollar unit of Cuba?
27 The U. S. A. is accepting trusteeship of certain islands to be used as whats?
28 Ernie Pyle died and is buried where?
29 Shelley wrote a famous what to the west wind?
30 Guys wot give up deir seats to dames in Brooklyn subways are whats?
31 Who's dubbed the world's most grasping uncle?
32 Frexamp', in short
33 What runs on runners in Russia?
34 The Germans call the grippe the Russian what? (They ought to know!)
35 In what fluid would a solid iron ball float?
37 Small-boy word
38 Animated whats coil and uncoil with moisture changes?
39 Stalin, as did the Czar, governmentally supports the school of the Russian what?
42 The Bible asserts the existence of what big-league ballplayer and mythical being?
44 We must beware the Jap what?
45 A punning atom splitter wouldstrike when the what is hot?
46 Soup (anag.)
48 The A. in A. D.
49 The details of stage action and movement are called a play's what?
50 Face-feeding arrangement

**VERTICAL**

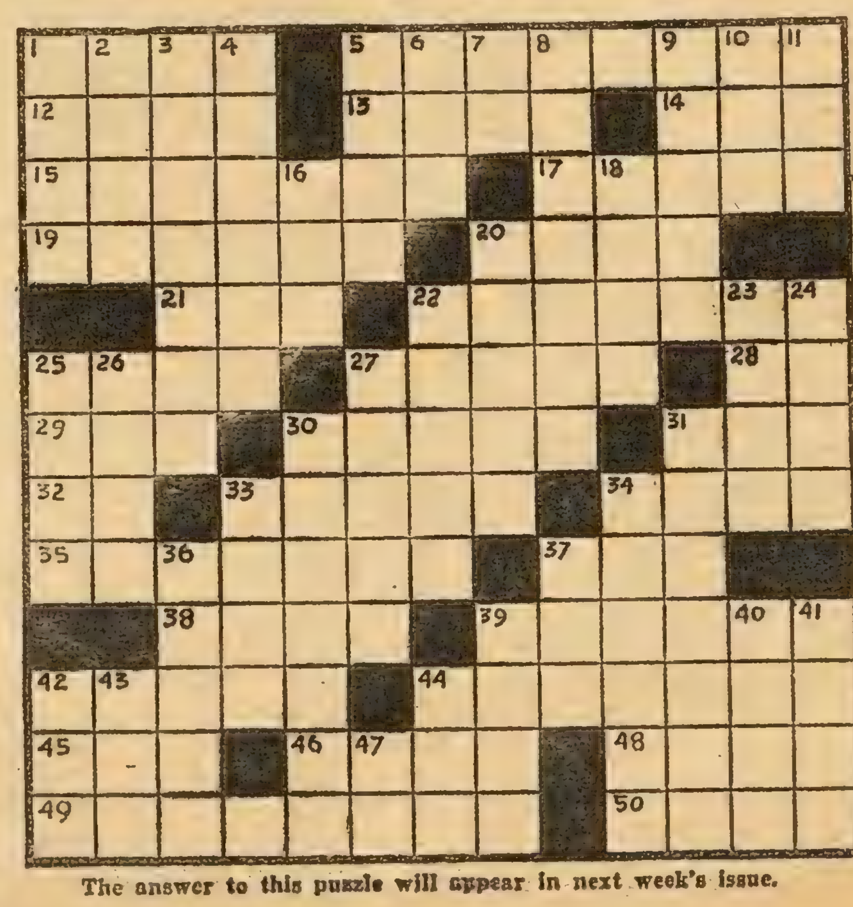
1 San Francisco and the Aleutians are known for heavy whats?
2 Syrian seaport besieged by Napoleon
3 Gunpowder and paper were invented by whom?
4 Her face was as red as a ——?
5 It might be better for the Japs and us if they permanently lost what?
6 American Red
7 Complete this line: "John Anderson my ——, John"
8 Hydrates like Sir John Falstaff
9 What prewar schoolbook will have to be most revised?
10 What king is most unruly and riotous and always loses his head?
11 First person singular, present tense

of to love in Latin
16 Southeast Luzon Malay-Negrito tribesman
18 The fleur-de-lis design may have been partly suggested by what common American flower?
20 Command performances are whats?
22 What sugary song recently was sung till it cloyed?
23 Technicolored throat clutchers
24 Dispatched, as out of this world, by rhythmic percussion and brass
25 Mope of a rhyme (anag.)
26 Name the Governor of New Jersey
27 Bocks, stouts, porters, and gingers are whats?
30 An unrestrained trencherman
31 The shortest route would be a what between two points?
33 Rhyme to be perfect should what?
34 What naval training station of World War I was the subject of many jokes?
36 Horse chestnuts would be what color? (pl.)
37 What was derationed because it was being made in unstorable quantities?
39 An old-fashioned smack in the mouth would be a what?
40 What gal's name means pleasure?
41 Bridgeport, Connecticut's famed for manufacturing what?
42 A cat is sometimes called a what?
43 The first promissory note was signed with what letters?
44 What ground vehicle has been nicknamed the Dying Fortress?
47 Seventeenth letter of the Hebrew alphabet



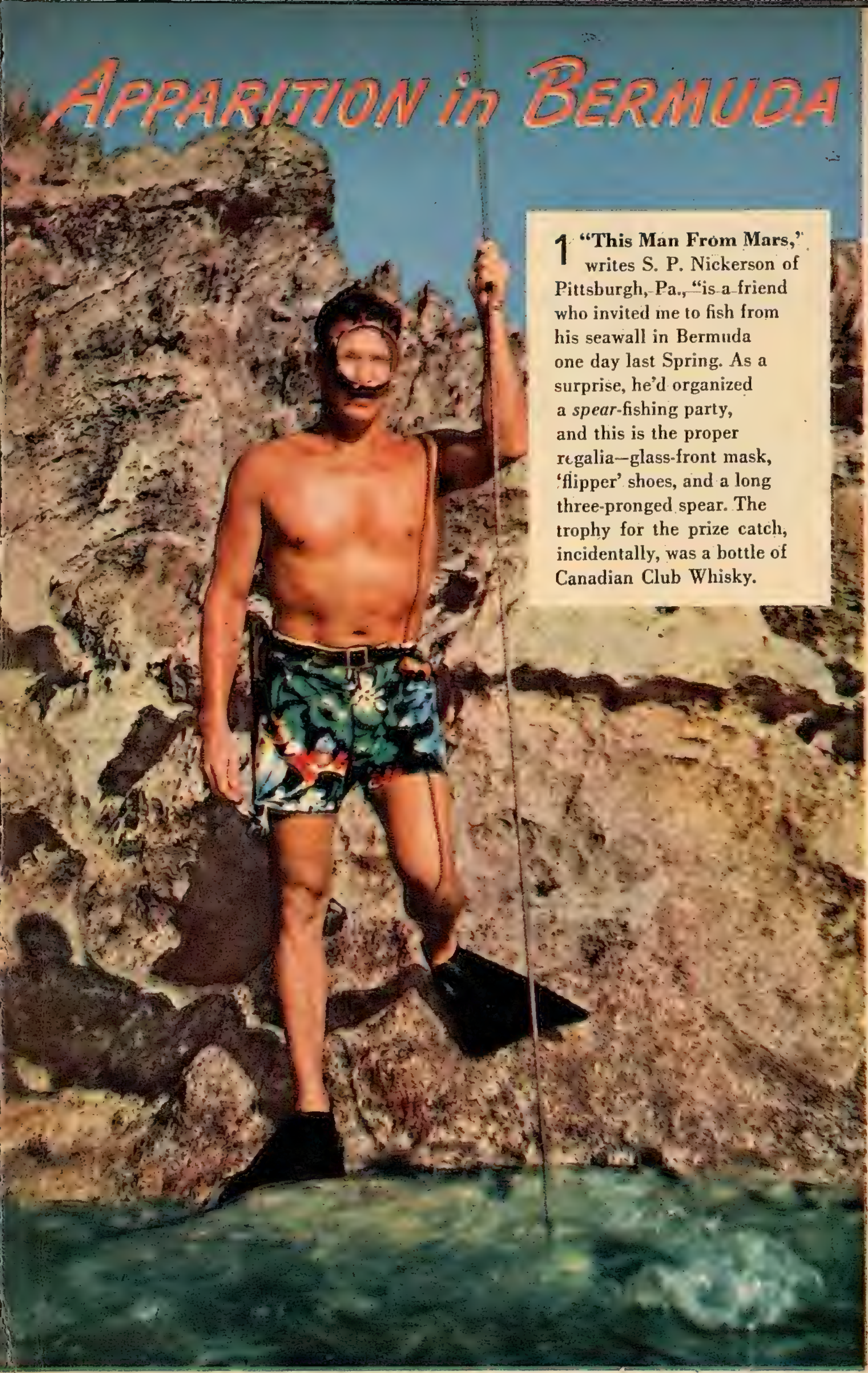
HOES■■MACARTHUR
IDLE■MATH■PRIDE
ROBE■ALOES■ANDS
ORATOR■MEAT■GET
S■■HAIL■RIOTERS
HIBERNIA■LOW■■■
IRE■SEEDS■TOTEM
MOAT■SNIPS■SIVA
ANTES■STOPS■TER
■■■SHA■SILKWORM
PONTIFF■LAIR■■A
ANY■PARK■SPIRAL
SILO■RANCH■SAGA
HOOCH■NEAT■TROD
ANNOUNCER■■SATE

Last week's answer

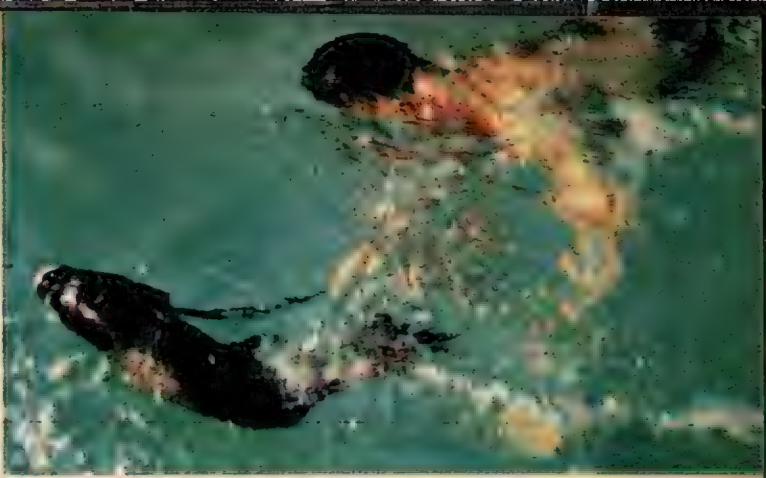


The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

# APPARITION in BERMUDA



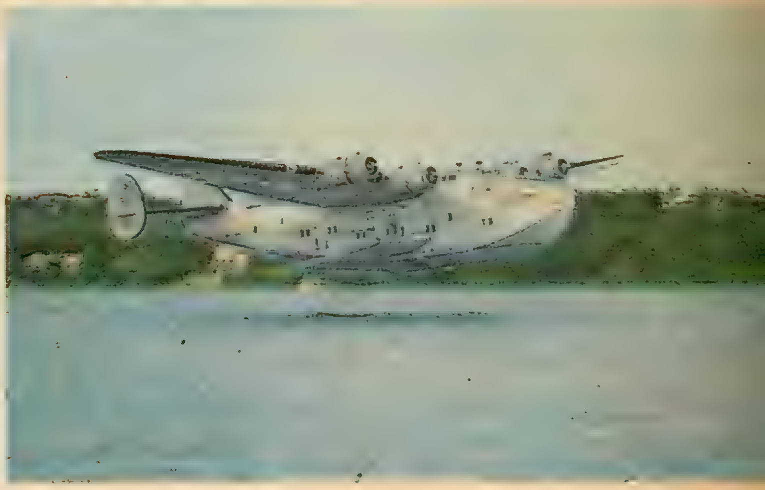
1 **"This Man From Mars,"** writes S. P. Nickerson of Pittsburgh, Pa., "is a friend who invited me to fish from his seawall in Bermuda one day last Spring. As a surprise, he'd organized a *spear*-fishing party, and this is the proper regalia—glass-front mask, 'flipper' shoes, and a long three-pronged spear. The trophy for the prize catch, incidentally, was a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky.



2 **"First time in,** I speared a beauty and sewed up that bottle of Canadian Club. But mostly I spent my time walking the ocean floor . . . for Father Neptune puts on a gorgeous display beneath these turquoise waters.

APOTHECARIES HALL

3 **"But for me,** Bermuda's greatest thrill is still her Old Worldliness—a world of 'Righto' and shillings, of left-of-the-road traffic, of bicycle bells and hoofbeats rarely interrupted by the roar of a car motor.



4 **"And that's** an easier-to-enjoy thrill than ever before . . . thanks to the great Pan American Clippers that seem to land and take off in endless procession . . . for today Bermuda is the aerial stepping-stone to Europe.

5 **"Just 5½ hours** from New York, yet it's a completely different world . . . As different, you might say, as the flavor of Canadian Club—which certainly enjoys all the esteem here that it does at home!"

**Even these days** travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

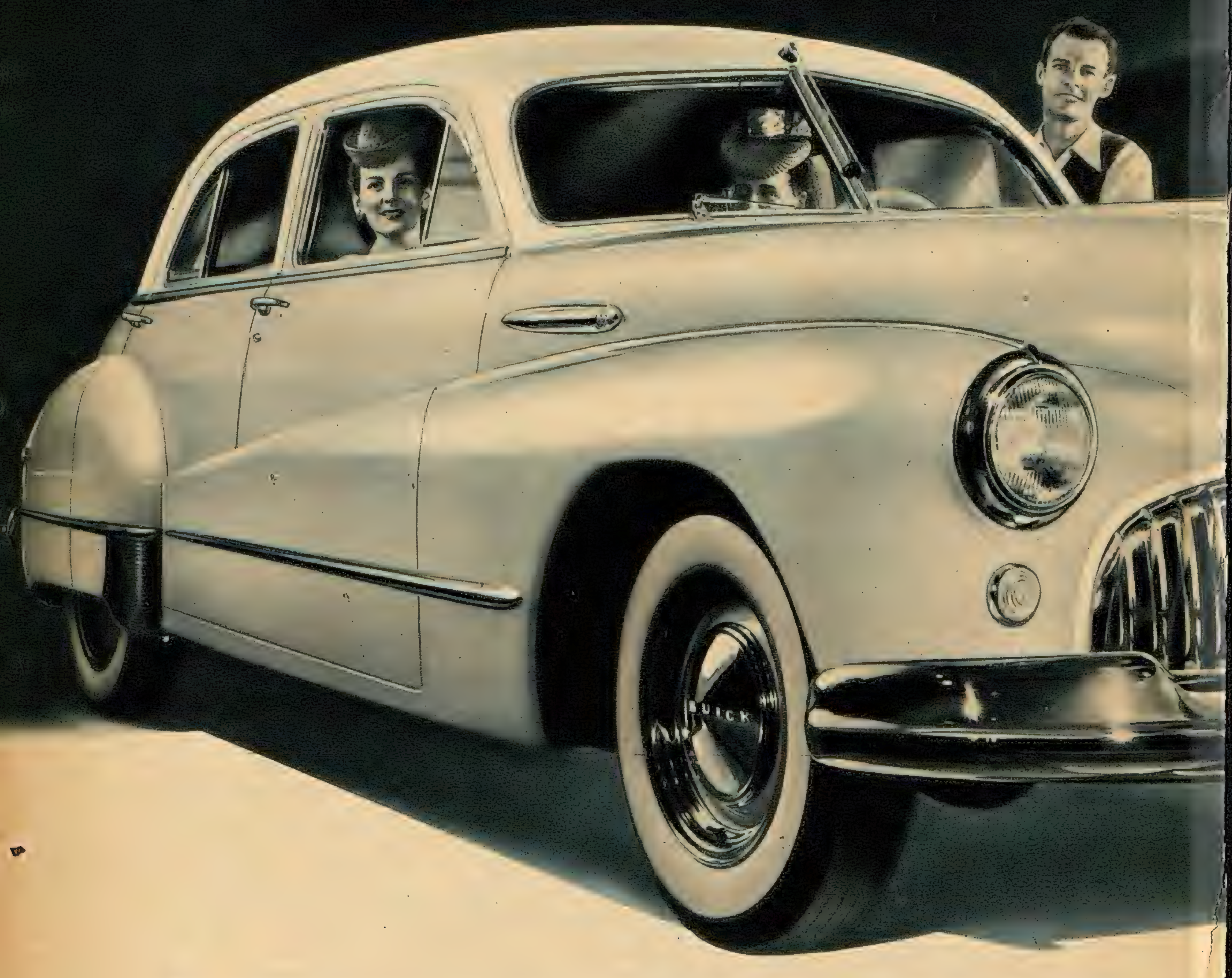
IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

# It's Big-It's Beautiful-



THIS, we reasoned, is no time to offer folks a car that stops with artful face-lifting.

It has been nearly four years since our last new Buick was built – it wouldn't be shooting square now to give you less than our honor-bright best.

So we overhauled our whole factory to advantage it with the latest in war-developed machines and processes.

We set ourselves precisions that in some cases exceed those of aircraft engine production.

We scoured the country for the stoutest metals anyone can buy today.

And we eagle-eyed every one of this Buick's 12,000 parts to see if it could be bettered in any way, big or little.

The result is that through every stunning inch of this bright new honey runs solid,

# It's BUICK

BUICK EIGHT
USA 1946

dependable Buick *character,* honest and uncompromised.

It's in swift clean lines. In seats that are three-persons wide. In stout, time-defying frames and underpinning. Above all – in the lift and life of a Fireball straight-eight that's even livelier than in 1942.

The cars your Buick dealer is now receiving are big. They're beautiful. They're *Buicks.*

In fact – the best Buicks yet!

## WHAT OTHER CAR HAS SO MUCH THAT CLICKS FOR FORTY-SIX!

**POWER**—*from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.*

**HIGH STYLE**—*of car-length Airfoil fenders with bolt-on rear wheel shields.*

**OIL SAVINGS**—*from non-scuffing Accurite cylinder bores.*

**FLASHING ACTION**—*of light, lively Fliteweight pistons.*

**STEADINESS**—*from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.*

**GLIDING RIDE**—*from Panthergait all-coil springing with only a comfort job to do.*

**COMFORT**—*of soft Foamtex cushions with luxury-type springs.*

**SURE FOOTING**—*of Broadrim wheels; maximum tire mileage, no heel-over on curves, and better car control.*

**CONTROL**—*through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.*

**CONVENIENCE**—*of high-leverage StepOn parking brake that sets with a toe-touch and holds fast.*

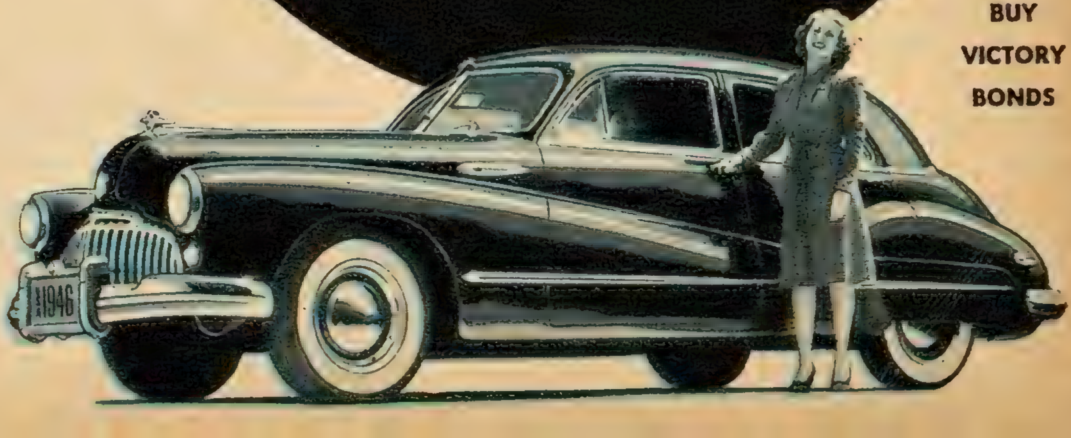
**PROTECTION**—*of buttressed front and rear bumpers, curved to shield fenders, built for new bumper jack.*

**SMARTNESS**—*of genuine Body by Fisher with one-piece Turret Top, No Draft Ventilation, roomy interiors and three-person seats.*

**When better automobiles are built**

**BUICK**

**will build them**



**BUY VICTORY BONDS**

# BRING THEM IN GREEN

Continued from Page 40

The next time we put to sea the Golden Hake would be ours.

Schling had shown Kink on a chart where the bananas were waiting. It was a little beach about a hundred miles up the Haitian coast in the Gulf of Gonave. This gulf has a big island in the middle of it—Isle de la Gonave. We sighted this island about 2 P. M., and passed to the south of it looking for our place on the mainland.

Schling had never seen this beach, but he hoped to avoid trouble with Antilles if he used it, because it was out in the bush, away from everything. To help us find it he cabled his agent to hang up three red lanterns if it got dark and we weren't in on the third day. But we decided not to wait for dark for two reasons. First, because our agreement, you'll remember, was that we got paid only if we brought the fruit into Miami green. It had been cut about four days already, and we had to make every minute count. Second, these waters are full of reefs, half marked or not marked at all. Both Kink and I had heard about some of the things this Branders had done to competitors before, and we didn't put it past him to find out about hanging up the three red lanterns and to put some up of his own just where it would lead us in onto one of these reefs.

So Kink worked us in toward the place he figured this beach would be, and an hour before sunset we dropped the hook three hundred yards off: where there were a lot of people running around on shore. Dan came out of the engine room wiping grease from his face onto his right arm. He was grinning.

"By God, she made it," he said. The three of us stood there looking toward the shore.

"How long you figure it'll take them to load?" Kink asked me.

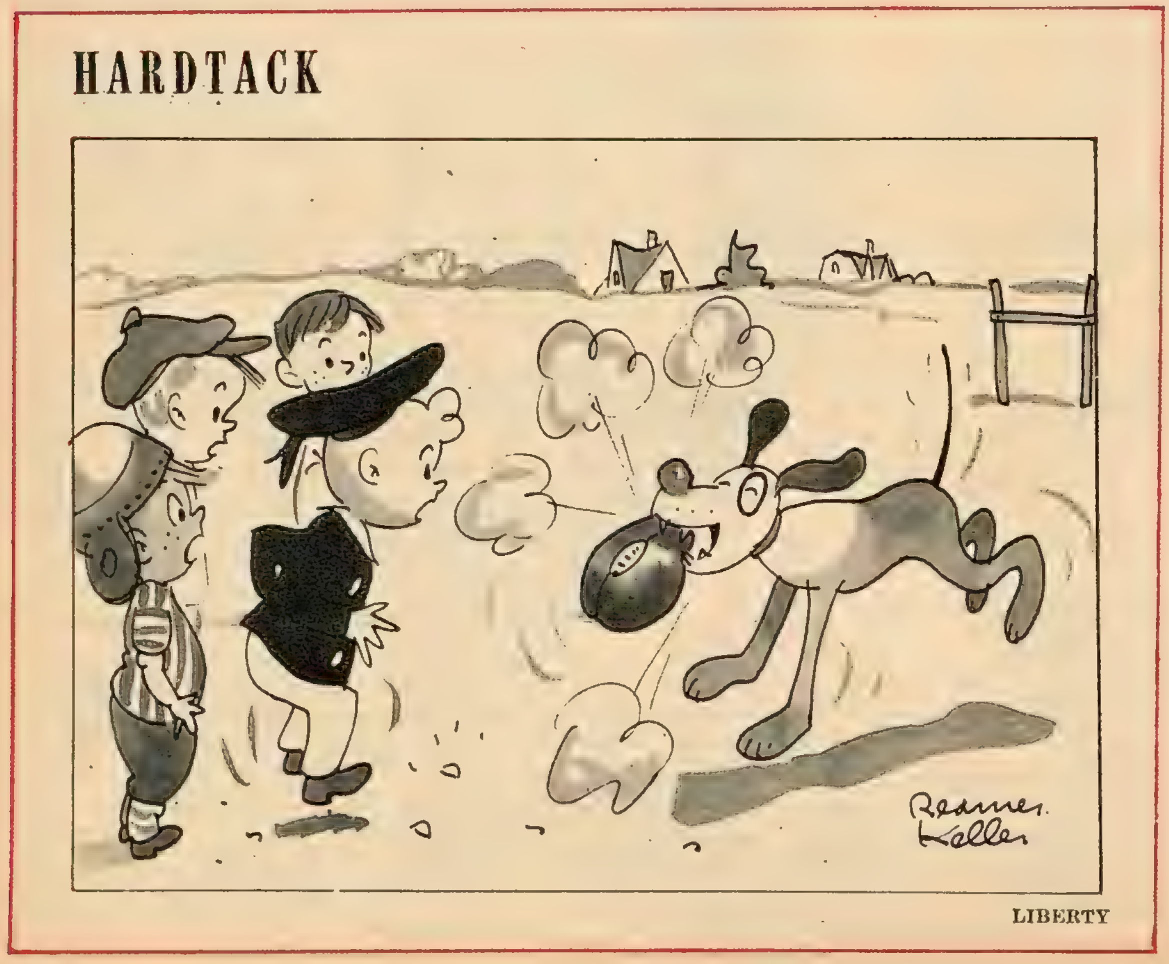
"They don't have any dock," I said, taking a look through the glasses, "so they'll be loading from lighters. It's slow work. Ten hours, maybe fifteen." Then I noticed something queer. There wasn't a lighter on that beach. Nothing bigger than a small rowboat.

"Put the dinghy over," said Kink, when I told him. "We'll get in there and see what's up."

WHEN we landed, a man came through the crowd of ragged blacks that helped us up with the boat. He was a dark man and small, a guy about forty, I should say, and he talked with an English you could hardly get. After a while we figured out he was Harry Schling's agent and things weren't going too well.

I and Dan let Kink listen to the guy and we went over to look at the bananas. "What do you think of them, Andy?" Dan said. "Will we bring them in green?"

I looked them over carefully. When a banana is young it has more or less sharp corners where the skin fits around the fruit. As the banana gets nearer and nearer to being ripe it gets fatter and fatter from the inside, and these corners fill out and finally disappear. Then all of a sudden the green fruit turns yellow and the banana don't last much longer after that. And another thing is that if you got one ripe stem in with the green ones, the ripe one makes the others ripen up on you in no time. I saw that this fruit in the shed didn't have far to go to being ripe—six days at the outside—but it had been carefully sorted and none of it was too far gone yet.



I told all this to Dan. Kink was still listening to the little guy talking, so we walked around the beach.

A big black car came down the rutted dirt road that led to the beach. There was a chauffeur in the front seat and he stopped the car under some mango trees back a ways, and a fat white man got out and stood beside the car looking at the crowd on the beach. On the side of the car was painted a little palm tree and under it it said, "Antilles Trading Company."

"It looks like Antilles means business," I said, nudging Dan. "Unless I'm wrong, that fat guy there is Branders himself. Harry Schling must have him pretty worried or he wouldn't be out here in the bush patrolling this little beach in person."

A big black, wearing purple sun glasses, came up to Branders and took off his hat and talked to him. Branders listened without looking at him. When the man was finished, Branders, still not looking at him took some money from his wallet and gave it to him and the man bowed and went away. Then Branders got his fat tail back into the car and was driven away.

Kink came up with the agent, who was muttering to himself. "What's eating your pal, Kink?" said Dan.

"Plenty," said Kink. "He's been double-crossed by Antilles."

"Well, let 'em fight it out," said Dan in his booming way. "Let's get started with the loading and they can fight about it later. Andy says these things won't hold no more than a few days."

"'Let's get started with the loading,'" said Kink, sarcastic and sore. "Do you see any lighters to start with? No. Because there aren't any and there aren't going to be any. Somehow Branders found out about this beach and he's had his agents put every damn boat along this coast under contract for the next three months. Bought them up so no one else can load. Do you see what that does to us? It means we've lost."

SOME of these boys in the fruit business play rough. I had seen it happen before, but it was a new thing for Dan. "That blank-blank so-and-so Branders was just here," he roared. "I'll twist his fat neck for him if I see his jelly-bag face around here again."

But yelling didn't do any good. We had three hundred yards of water between us and the Golden Hake, and it was going to lose us everything we had slaved for for almost three years if we couldn't get those bananas across it and loaded pretty quick.

We stood on the beach and watched the sunlight dying in the windows of the Golden Hake's bridge. Twenty miles out in the bay was that island—Isle de la Gonave.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Coiling bethanized wire after it has been electrolytically coated with pure zinc.

# WIRE IN ARMOR

The tight, pure zinc armor on bethanized wire is as much as three times as thick as ordinary coatings.

A wide variety of useful, inexpensive and durable articles are made from steel wire—potato mashers, dish drainers, coat hangers and the like. Perhaps you never realized just how many, until you began missing them from store counters.

For articles which need a tough armor against rust, there's one type of steel wire which you're going to see more of, from now on. That is Bethlehem's own bethanized wire, which carries an even, tight coating of 99.9-per cent-pure zinc, applied electrically. It can be bent, formed into intricate shapes, drawn to a fraction of its original size, without causing any harm to its zinc coating.

Bethanized wire was introduced only a few years before the war, and its qualities were winning wide acceptance for it. Then it was taken over for war uses, and clinched its reputation on that toughest of all proving grounds.

Bethanized wire has been used in vast quantities for Army communication wire, armor for under-water cable, and for the great pipe-line laid in the English Channel to supply fuel to Allied forces on the European battle fronts. Wartime experience has shown that Bethanized wire can do things never before thought possible for zinc-coated wire.

Products ranging from cotter pins to woven fences can be made directly from bethanized wire. The zinc won't flake or peel. Soon it will be serving you (perhaps sight unseen)—one more steel product doing you a service which only steel can, so economically and so reliably.

★ BETHLEHEM STEEL ★

*Steel, Manufacturing and Fabricating Plants* . . . Bethlehem, Steelton, Williamsport, Johnstown, Lebanon, Pottstown, Rankin, Leetsdale Pa. . . . Buffalo, Lackawanna, N. Y. . . . Sparrows Point, Md. . . . Chicago, Ill. . . . Tulsa, Okla. . . . Corsicana, Tex. . . . South San Francisco, Los Angeles, Alameda, Calif. . . . Seattle, Wash. *Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Yards* . . . Quincy, Hingham, East Boston, Mass. . . . Staten Island, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Hoboken, N. J. . . . Baltimore, Sparrows Point, Md. . . . San Francisco, Alameda, San Pedro, Calif.

(*Continued from page 70*)

It was blurred and hazy, with a pile of pink clouds on it like whipped cream on a strawberry shortcake. Nobody had said anything for a long time. The little agent guy had simmered down and was looking sadly at the bananas.

"How do you know that little bird is on the level?" growled Dan. "How do you know he isn't working for Branders?"

Kink shook his head. "One reason is that before he knew about Antilles buying up the lighters, Branders made a bet with him. Branders bet him one hundred dollars that nobody but Antilles would be able to load a boat from this shore for the next three months."

"This guy could be putting on an act," said Dan.

"What's the difference?" said Kink, shrugging. "One way or the other, we don't get lighters."

I walked up the beach a little distance, thinking about the three hundred yards of water. I thought of making a floating bridge of log canoes and rowboats. I thought of running the Golden Hake's bow up on shore. Then, like it is most times when you get the answer to a tough question, I thought of a thing so simple it seemed kind of foolish. It was that island out there. Gonave. Branders might have all the boats sewed up on the mainland, but it was a good bet he hadn't bothered with that island.

I went back to the others. "Listen," I said. "I think I got an answer, but I got to know first are there any natives on that island out there."

We looked at the agent. "Ampil," he said. "*Beaucou'*. Many, many." He spread his hands.

"D'you see what I'm getting at?" I said. "Many, many people out there. How do they get there? Boats. And Branders wouldn't think that a boat which comes all the way from Miami to pick up bananas would be so hard up for a cargo it would be willing to go over there to collect lighters."

"By golly, Andy has it!" cried Kink. "We can get over there tonight and tow back a string."

"Come on," boomed Dan, running for the boat.

"You too," I said to the agent. "We got to use you for interpreter."

Well, I guess those black folk out there are still talking about it. All night we worked up the coast of Isle de la Gonave. It was like jacking deer. We would move in slowly in the dim moonlight. We'd lay off the shore and blow the horn and the sound of it would go hooting back over the trees. Then we would shine the searchlight. If there had been anyone on shore, the noise of the horn would have brought him down to the water's edge wondering what the hell. We would send the launch in with the agent—he said his name was Caspignard—and begin the dicker.

BY morning we had fifteen boats in tow—high-sided, round-bottomed, with stumpy masts and sails which were nothing but patches and even with flour bags sewed into them. But I can tell you those ragamuffin boats looked good to us.

We weren't so calm ourselves, but you never seen anyone so excited as Caspignard. Dan had been wrong about him. He was O. K. "Ah-ha!" he kept saying, slapping his leg and grinning. "Ah-ha, thees will fetch that Branders. Now he is keesing hundred dolla' good-by, yes, yes."

We started dropping lighters a mile out. They spread sail and came in like gulls. We gave Caspignard some breakfast and he went ashore to start things moving. I lay down with Dan and Kink to get some sleep, but I hadn't been in my bunk long when one of the sailors woke me up to say a man had come aboard and demanded to see the captain. I went up and there was Branders watching the lines of stevedores ashore as they came down the beach from the shade shed to our lighters, each man with a green stem on his left shoulder.

BRANDERS looked me over from behind his dark glasses. "You the captain?" he said.

"Captain Stewart is asleep," I said. "He's had a hard night."

Branders smiled a little. "I know," he said. "You can tell him I've got a little proposition I think will interest you boys. But it won't keep. Understand?" His voice was oily as bilge water, but kind of tough, too.

I sent a sailor to wake Kink. He came on deck in his shorts and a battered cap he worked around in.

"Sorry to get you up, captain," Branders said. "I've got a business proposal to make to you." He looked at me and hesitated.

"This is my second officer," said Kink. "I guess he's old enough not to be shocked by anything you have to say to me." That's the way Kink can talk when he wants to.

"Well," said Branders, lowering his voice, "I've got reasons, perfectly good business reasons, for not wanting this fruit to get into Miami in salable condition. You understand? It's just a little matter of business."

He took out a silver cigar case from his pocket and opened it. "Smoke, gentlemen?" he said.

"Thanks to you," said Kink in that cold-chisel voice he gets sometimes when he's sore, "I didn't get much sleep last night. Now, if you'll come to the point, Branders, and then get ashore—"

I saw Branders' heavy face flush, but his dark glasses hid his eyes. "Certainly," he said. "It's very simple. I'll pay you double the three thousand you're getting from Schling for this charter if you found you couldn't bring this load in green. I understand you've been having a little engine trouble—the pump, wasn't it?—and it would not be unlikely that this pump should fail again."

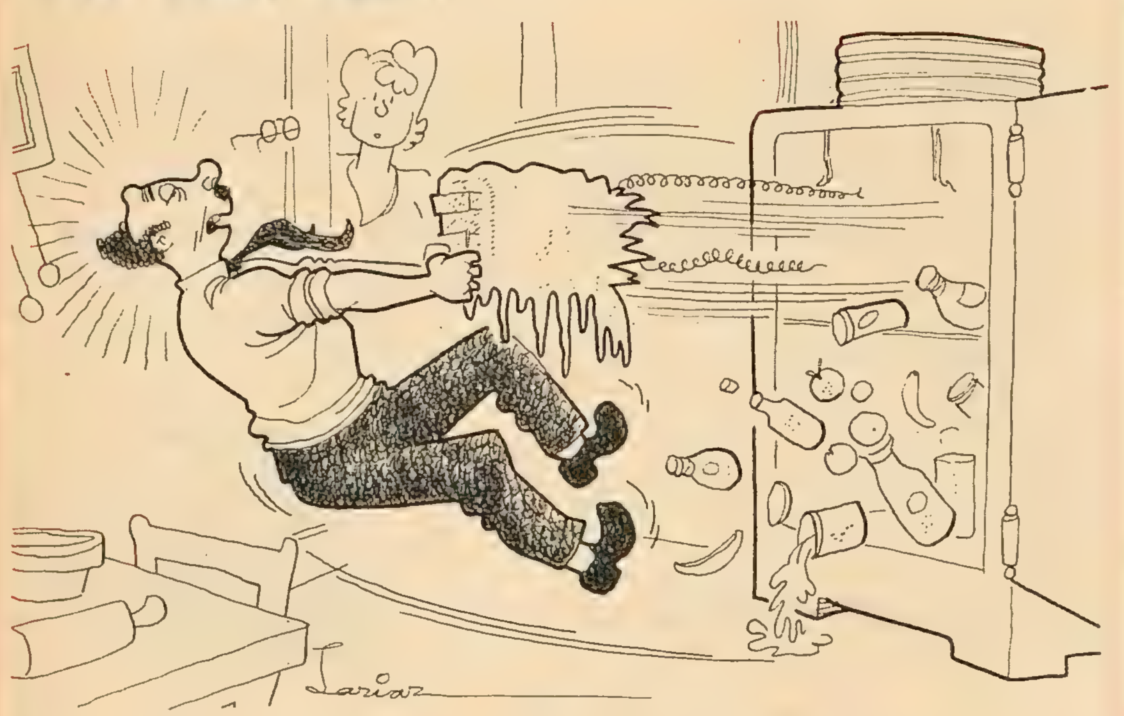
For a moment it was very quiet there on deck. Then I heard Kink speaking.

"Mate," he said, "show this scum to the ladder, will you, and be quick about it." He pulled the cracked visor of his old cap down sharply and turned his back on us.

Branders' knuckles went white on the rail. "That knee-pants skipper of yours is a damn fool," he snarled furiously. "He ought to know that I can't afford to let this fruit get into Miami green," he said in his oily voice, and very deliberately he low-

(*Continued on page 74*)

## THE HOME FRONT



". . . needs defrosting!"

LIBERTY

# The Right Combination of Tastes

To be really appetizing, a canape, an hors d'oeuvre must please the taste . . . and to do that, it must be made with patience, skill and imagination.

But more than these virtues are necessary to create a great whiskey. Above all, experience is required, and Seagram's craftsmen have 88 years of experience behind them . . . 88 years of making fine whiskies . . . making them taste better. No wonder then, that Seagram's 5 Crown is famous for its *taste!* Every drop is true pre-war quality!

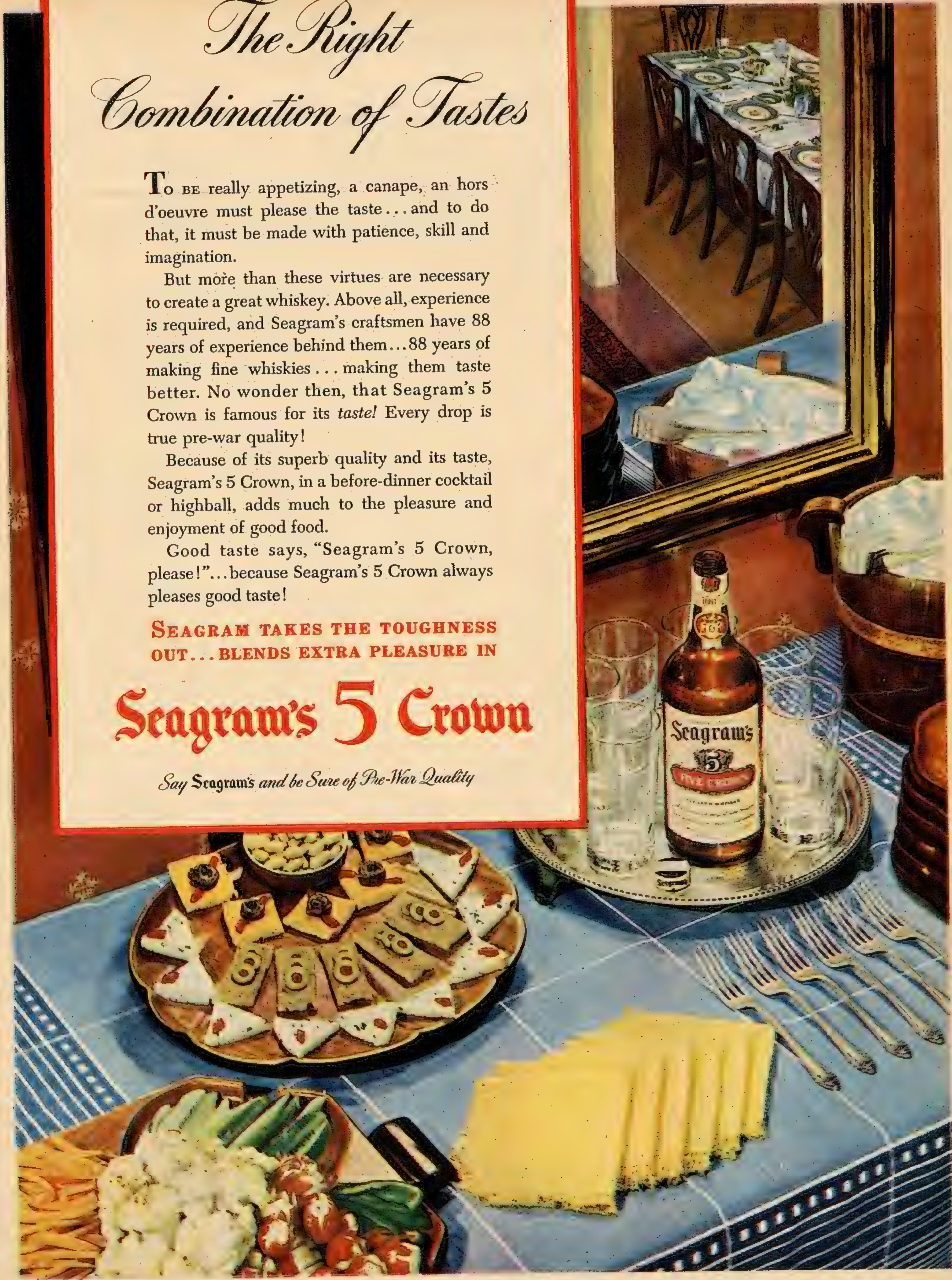
Because of its superb quality and its taste, Seagram's 5 Crown, in a before-dinner cocktail or highball, adds much to the pleasure and enjoyment of good food.

Good taste says, "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!" . . . because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

**SEAGRAM TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT . . . BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN**

**Seagram's 5 Crown**

*Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*



SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., CHRYSLER BUILDING, N. Y.

NOW YOU CAN START YOUR POSTWAR HOME MODERNIZATION! INSTALL A NEW WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC

For name of nearest Williams Oil-O-Matic Dealer, consult the classified section of your telephone directory or write to the factory at Bloomington, Illinois

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

(*Continued from page 72*)

ered his big carcass into the waiting rowboat alongside. He sat down and took the cigar out of his mouth and held it overside, killing it very slowly in the water as he was rowed away.

It was dark when I came on deck again. I found Dan and Kink in the galley. "We've over nine thousand stems on board right now," said Kink. "That ought to satisfy Schling."

Caspignard came aboard with Customs, and Kink signed the papers. "Branders is plenty mad with you guys," he said. "He have to pay me one hundred dollars betting money. Ah-ha! He just bet me another hundred you have banana soup before you get to Miami, yes."

"Too bad it wasn't five hundred dollars," said Dan. "That rat doesn't care what he does with his dough."

But I was worried to hear Caspignard say that. Branders had not gotten where he was by making the same mistake twice. What had happened to make him so sure we wouldn't get our cargo in green?

I went on deck and looked over everything carefully. We would be loaded in another hour and everything seemed O. K. The forward holds were finished and two empty lighters were tied astern to take the stevedores ashore, and another one was up in the bow. I got my flashlight to check over the chafing bumpers along these lighters. I flashed the light down on the one up forward and saw in the empty bottom of it a pile of eight or ten hands of dead-ripe bananas. It made my heart jump, because I thought I knew then why Branders had said we would come in with soup. These ripe bananas in the bottom of that lighter must have come off stems as ripe as themselves. I figured Branders had managed to work in some ripes along with our green bananas after they had been stowed in the holds.

He knew that they would set the whole cargo to ripening long before we reached port.

I RAN to find Kink and Dan. By the time we got back to the lighter, it was gone. We moved the flood lamps over holds one and two, and ordered a gang of stevedores to begin unloading them. We had a pile of green stems six feet high on deck when we found the first one of Branders' ripes. It stunk, it was so far gone.

Of course I can't print what Dan had to say on the subject. He roared aft, scattering the terrified stevedores in his path, and headed for the ladder. Kink finally calmed him. "Next trip, Dan'l," he coaxed. "Right now we've got to sort these holds and get moving. Branders would love to have you scouting all over the beach for him and giving him a chance to shanghai you and delay us some more." He put his hand on Dan's big shoulder.

SCOTT BROWN + HG

"You're next, wise guy!"

"All right, all right," Dan muttered. Then he saw Caspignard and grabbed him by the arm. "Listen, you!" he shouted into his face. "If that potbellied chiseler gives you any trouble about paying you that hundred dollar bet, you be sure and cable me at my expense, d'you hear!"

I GUESS Branders paid up all right. At least Dan never got a cable. We brought over nine thousand stems into Miami without a single ripe. You never seen three happier guys. The Golden Hake was ours.

Harry Schling gave us our money the day we landed, and the three of us put on our store clothes and got shaved by a barber and took the money over to the Shadow's office. He turned out not to be such a tough guy after all. He had us to a fancy dinner, in fact, and at the best hotel in town. There was cocktails and napkins as big as towels and I don't know what all. He said he liked guys willing to gamble on their own enterprise.

He made a speech about it and said a lot more things, but I don't remember it much. Those cocktails was sure strong.

When it was all over I said goodby to the Shadow and thanked him proper. Kink and Dan had dates, so I told them I would look after things on board and not to worry about me.

I walked pretty straight through the lobby, and at the cigar stand I stopped and bought myself a cigar—a fifty-cent one in a purple box all to itself. I said to myself, "Andy, this cigar is going to make you dizzier'n hell." But, you know, I really didn't care. I was heading for the Golden Hake. I was heading for home.

THE END

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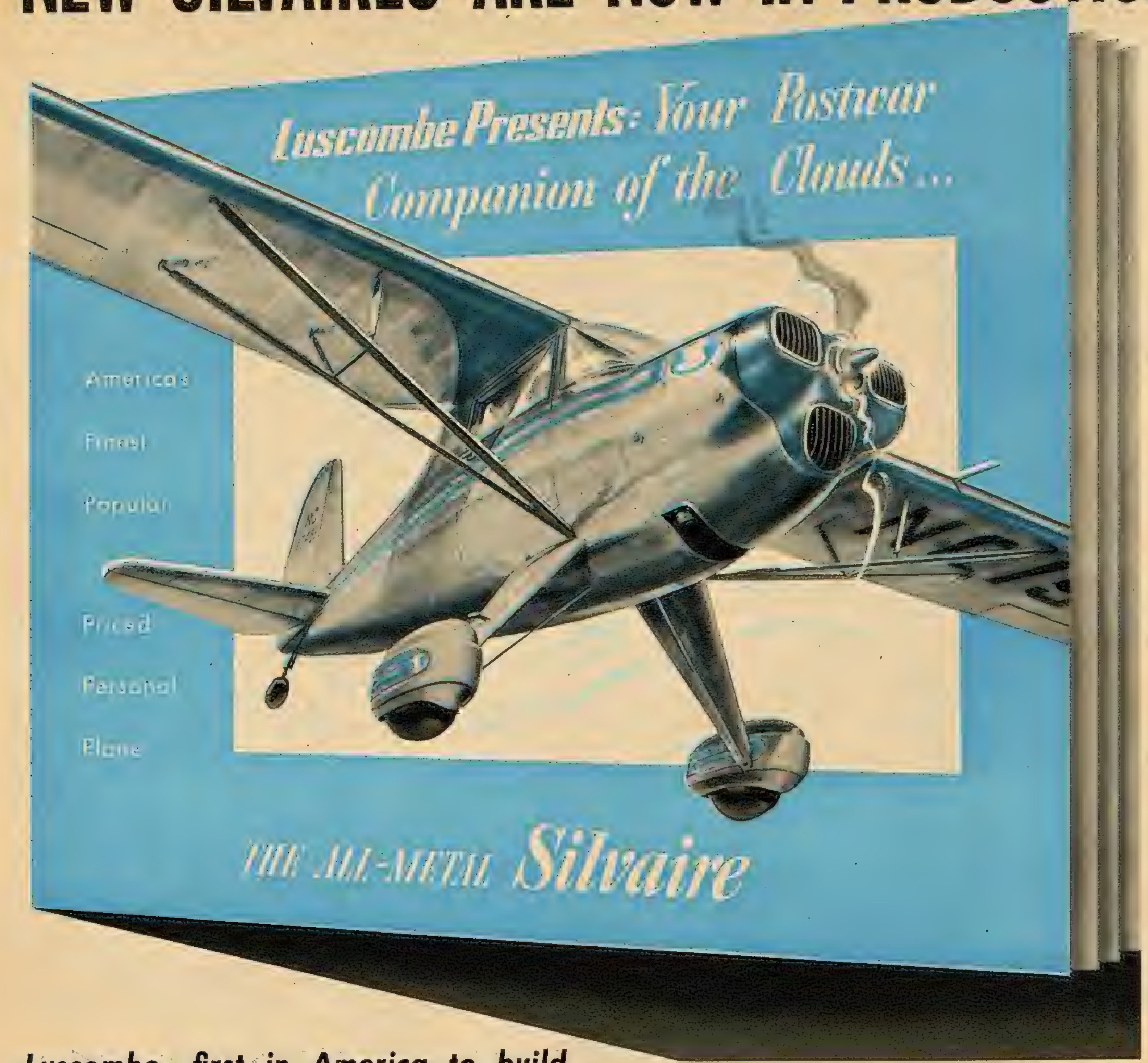
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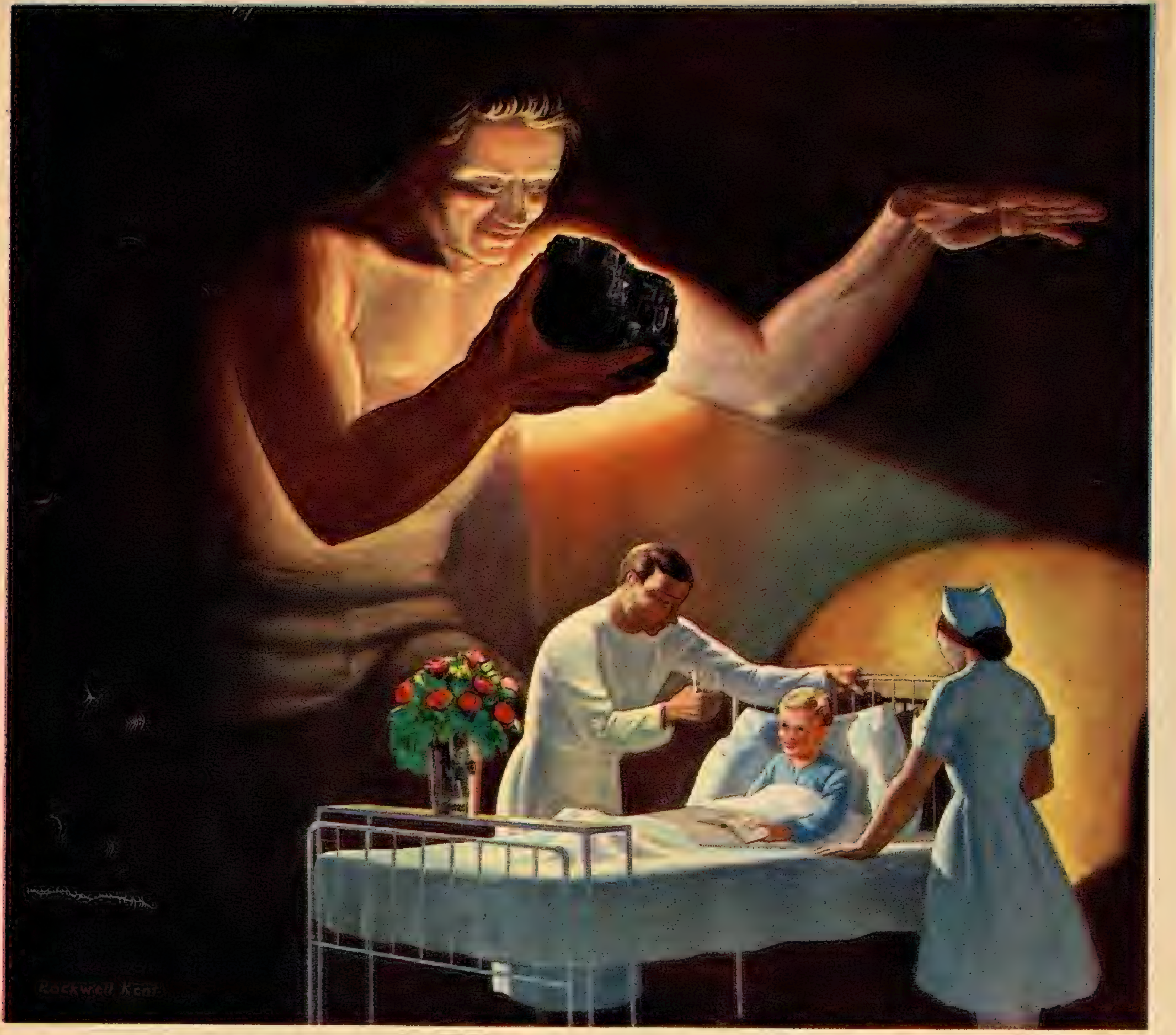

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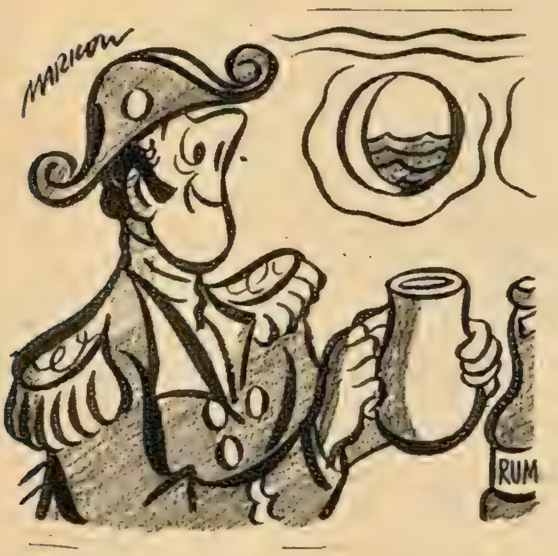
# THIS MAN'S WAR

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

J. *DEVINE, Boston, Mass.* The word grog, meaning rum and water, is traced back to the English Admiral Edward Vernon. He was the first to issue rum diluted with water to his men, and since he always wore a grogram cloak, he was nicknamed "Old Grog." Since that time (1740) the word has come to mean any strong alcoholic drink.

* * *

*Donald Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa.* Since you have had previous experience as a seaman, the War Shipping Administration will be more than glad to have you investigate the opportunities for a career in the Merchant Marine. In Old Sarge's opinion, postwar prospects for a flourishing American Merchant Marine exceed anything ever before known—what with devastated countries to rebuild, outposts to be fortified, and new prospects for international trade. And upgrading is many times more rapid than before Pearl Harbor. (NOTE: There is a critical need right now for men in many ratings, particularly chief and second mates, chief and first and second assistant engineers, able seamen, purser pharmacist-mates, oilers, and firemen-water tenders.)



"Old Grog"

* * *

*S. Taylor, Des Moines, Iowa.* The Armored Divisions' shoulder patch is red, yellow, and blue because those colors belong respectively to the Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry. Units of those three branches of the Army were originally combined to set up the First Armored Division at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

* *

*Robert Voss, Omaha, Neb.* By all means hang on to your National Service Life Insurance. You still have plenty of time to convert it. Remember that with a severe disability a private company would not grant you a policy, should you try to take one out later on. That's one of the main purposes behind NSLI.

* * *

*Pvt. Lawrence J. Russo, Camp Hood, Tex.* Yes, you may wear the campaign ribbons you won as a member of the Merchant Marine on your Army uniform. You must first file with your 1st Sgt. the citations awarding the ribbons and/or medals to you, so that they may be entered in your Service Record. If you don't have the citations and can't get a copy of them, I'm afraid it's no dice.

* * *

*Sgt. Frank Foster, San Antonio, Tex.* When you get out of the Army and your wife gets out of the WAC, you may both go to college under the G. I. Bill of Rights. You will receive $75 a month allowance, because you have a dependent wife. She will receive $50 a month. If you have a child, your wife's allowance will be raised to $75, covering the dependency of the child.

* * *

*T. R., Seattle, Wash.* You are quite wrong about psychoneurosis. However, don't grieve, because you have plenty of company. Few persons in the country, outside the medical profession, actually know what the word means. Psychoneuroses in combat troops are the result of living under tremendously abnormal conditions for long periods of time at a stretch. Psychoneurosis is *not* a form of insanity.

* * *

*Phil Parker, Detroit, Mich.* Yes, it is possible for a civilian to be awarded the Purple Heart, if he is a U. S. citizen serving with the armed forces and was wounded in action against the enemy. This is covered by War Department General Order No. 3, February 22, 1932.

* * *

*Mrs. W. Maddron, Bluefield, W. Va.* When the serviceman represented by a blue star on a service flag dies, or is killed in service under conditions other than dishonorable, the star representing him should have superimposed on it a gold star of smaller size, so that the blue forms a border.

* * *

*Mrs. G. L. D., Oklahoma City, Okla.* A soldier's wife, and not his mother, is considered next of kin.

* * *

*Pfc. Tom Wendell, Trenton, N. J.* According to figures supplied by the office of General Brehon B. Somervell, Chief of the Army Service Forces, it costs the Army $1,515.29 a year to maintain a soldier in this country. Overseas, the average G. I. costs Uncle Sam $1,937.91, and both figures are exclusive of salary.

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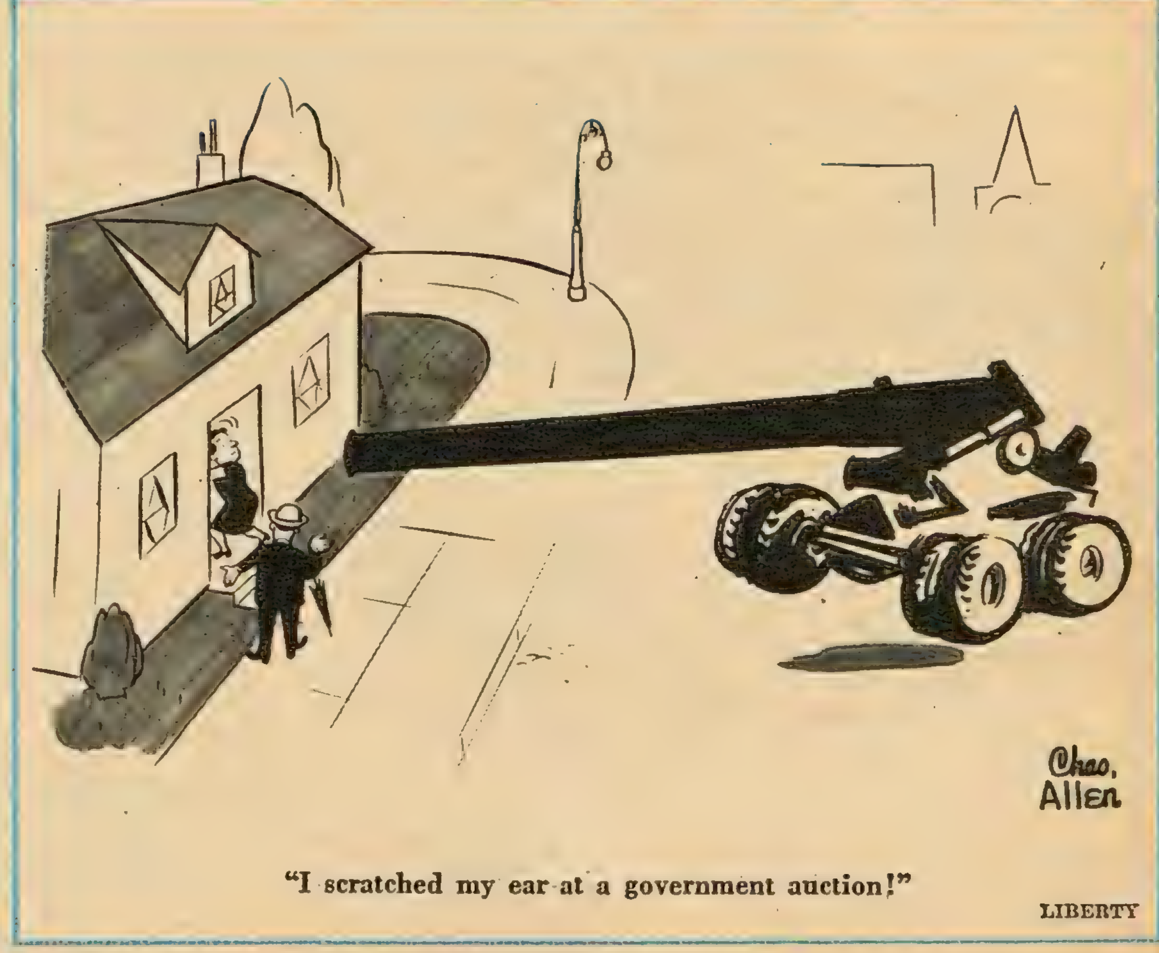

"I scratched my ear at a government auction!"

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*Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof*
*65% Grain Neutral Spirits*

*William Penn*
GEM OF THE BLENDS

# WHISKY RUN

Continued from Page 46

Dempsey nodded at the gun. "Can I see your papers, Rodgers?"

Tom held out the identification card. Dempsey looked it over and his tense body relaxed.

"I'm sold. Can I reach for my pocketbook?"

"No. I'll get it."

Tom got the pocketbook. Dempsey said, "I guess we're on the same job. I'm working for the Truckers' Alliance."

TOM fumbled the papers out with one hand. Harry Dempsey was a special representative of the North American Truckers' Alliance and had plenty to prove it. As Tom returned the pocketbook and put his gun away, he began to feel less miserable. Maybe that telephone conversation wasn't as damning as it had sounded. He looked questioningly at Frances.

She said, "I was standing watch for Harry when Sully took the truck out. I called Harry in Riverview."

"In Riverview?"

"I was setting a trap," Dempsey explained. "We were going to have men staked out all along the highway in the morning. I was getting them lined up at the other end when Frances called me. Sully threw my plans out of joint, but I thought it would be safe to let him go, figuring that nobody knew he was on his way. Frances wouldn't let me take the chance. She was right, of course, and I drove back toward town, hoping to meet the truck on the road. I came all the way through without seeing it, so I knew that something had happened."

Frances said softly, "Poor little Sully."

"He would have had a better chance in the morning," Dempsey said, "after I had my men planted. This time we were going to have a showdown."

"Was that why Wallace let everyone think the load wasn't going to be protected?"

"Yes. It was a come-on. We've tried guards with the driver, guards hidden in the truck, guards trailing in another car, but the information always leaks. Nothing happens until we take the guards off."

"Why take them off, then?"

"Because you can't operate forever with high-priced gunmen riding your trucks. Associated had to try some other way to get the whisky through. The shipment you took was loaded at another warehouse and hauled here at night. Burt Howell brought it in, and even he didn't know what was in the truck. Only Wallace and Frances and I knew, and we thought it was a cinch to get by. You know what happened."

"I know. And I'll tell you now that until tonight's job was pulled off, you and Wallace and Frances were all on my list."

"I can see how we would be. But what do you make of tonight's job?"

"Wallace couldn't have known what Sully was up to. You and Frances knew, but you couldn't have moved fast enough from Riverview to have caught him thirty miles from here before I did, and Frances wouldn't have been burning up the wires calling you if she were working with the hijackers. Still, I'm damned if I can see how anybody else could have caught on. Sully wouldn't have talked."

Dempsey said, "He didn't tell you, but you found out."

"That was because I came back here to smuggle myself inside the truck. I heard Frances talking to you on the phone."

They were both surprised.

"That would take more stuffing than I've got," Dempsey admitted frankly.

Tom shrugged.

"It didn't work, and we aren't getting anywhere talking about it. I've got to turn Sully's body over to the police."

Frances said, "Then what?"

"I don't know. The cops will probably move in, and I'll have to think up a new angle. I won't be able to stay under cover now."

"I want to keep in the dark as long as I can," Dempsey said. "Wallace and Frances and the president of Associated are the only people who know I'm on the job. Can you leave me out of it when you talk to the cops?"

"Sure."

FRANCES was ready to leave by the time Tom and Dempsey had agreed on the necessary distortion of the facts. Tom returned Dempsey's revolver and they made arrangements for an exchange of any information either of them dug up. Frances had her own car, so Tom walked with her to where it was parked down the street.

"I owe you a couple of apologies now, Frances."

"It's all right."

"It's not all right. I've made a lot of mistakes. I've let two loads of whisky get away from me, and Sully might be alive if I'd used my head better. That's enough to discourage anyone."

She did not answer. He could not see her expression in the darkness.

"Tom." It was almost a whisper.

"Yes?"

"Would it help if I took back that slap?"

He caught her in his arms. Her lips were soft and warm when he found them, and the scent made him just as dizzy as it had before, but this time he did not have to fight it off. It was wonderful.

He said, "If that was to encourage me, thanks. It did."

"I'm glad. I want you to be encouraged."

He watched her car until it turned the corner. When he got into the

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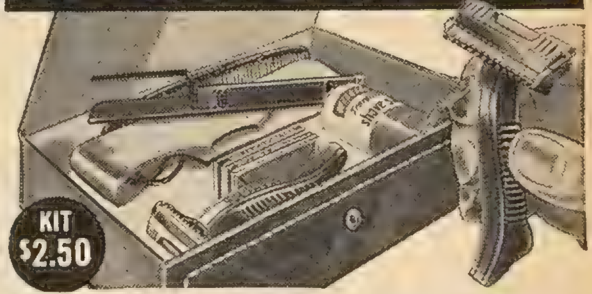

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truck, it did not seem so much like a hearse as it had before.

TOM stayed late in bed the next day and read the newspapers. The reporters had been on the job the night before when he told his story to the cops, and his name and identity were spread all over the papers.

What surprised him was the way Sully's death had been seized upon by the press as an excuse to kick the Police Department around. Tom rather expected that the newspaper editorials would get action in a hurry.

He guessed right. When he arrived at the warehouse, late in the day, Wallace, looking more harassed than usual, was in his office with a red-faced angry old man in police uniform, a second stranger with gray hair and a firm jaw, and Harry Dempsey. The man in uniform was shouting at Wallace when Tom walked in. He broke off to turn and glare.

"Who the hell are you?"

"Tom Rodgers," Wallace said, glad of the interruption. "This is the chief of police, Rodgers, and Mr. Mitchell, president of Associated Jobbers."

The chief switched his attention to Tom. "Are you the guy who brought that corpse into the station this morning?"

Tom said respectfully, "Yessir."

The chief's red face grew redder. "What was the idea of giving the newspapers a story that makes my department look like a bunch of bums?" He turned to Mitchell before Tom could answer. "What was the matter with the police, if you were having trouble? Why call in a lousy insurance dick?"

"I didn't call him in," Mitchell said. "His company must have sent him to investigate on his own. But I'll stand behind Rodgers. We called on your department at least two months ago for guards. We were told that the police couldn't cross the county line, and that we would have to hire our own men. As for making your department look like a bunch of bums, chief, don't jump on Rodgers. You can put the blame closer to home."

"Somebody made a mistake," the chief said with an effort. "I'll assign a man to each of your trucks from now on."

"Somebody made a mistake," Mitchell repeated coldly. "That's a poor excuse after a man has been killed. Can I quote you to the reporters?"

"I'll tell you what you can say to the reporters!" the chief's voice was strangled with rage. "Tell them the police are taking over right now. Tell them I said that if one load of whisky goes past the city limits from now on without a police guard, I'll impound your trucks and jail the whole bunch of you for criminal recklessness. And when they print it, read it over so you won't forget it!"

He glared furiously at Mitchell and stormed out of the office.

"At least he means business," Mitchell said, when the door had slammed. "What are your plans now, Dempsey?"

"I haven't any. If the cops are going to ride the trucks, there isn't anything more to worry about."

"The hell there isn't!" Mitchell's strong jaw pushed out. "I've got a crook in my organization, and I want him turned up."

Dempsey said levelly, "I don't know what I can do now. You heard the chief say he was taking over."

"I heard him say he'd supply guards for the trucks." Mitchell was getting angry. "I still don't know who has been tipping off the hijackers from this warehouse, and I don't expect the police to tell me. That's your job."

"I'll do what I can," Dempsey said. "I'm just telling you that I don't expect to get anywhere now."

Tom said, "I do."

The other men looked at him. Dempsey said, "You're going to keep working on it?"

"Sure. Putting cops on the trucks isn't going to satisfy my boss. He's out a hundred and forty thousand dollars, and he's going to want somebody turned in for it. I've got to stay on the job until it's buttoned up."

Mitchell said, "Good. Have you any ideas?"

"Yes."

"What are they?"

"I don't want to say. They'll take time to develop. But if we could keep the police out of it for a little while longer—"

Tom let the sentence hang. Mitchell said, "Go ahead."

"Well, Dempsey is right about the hijackers. They'll quit as soon as the cops get on the trucks. But suppose the word leaks out that I've promised to get them for Sully's murder, and that I'm going to ride guard on the next truck, not the cops. What do you suppose will happen?"

Dempsey said, "You think they'd try to knock you off, and you'd take them. Is that the idea?"

"That's the idea."

THERE was a long silence.

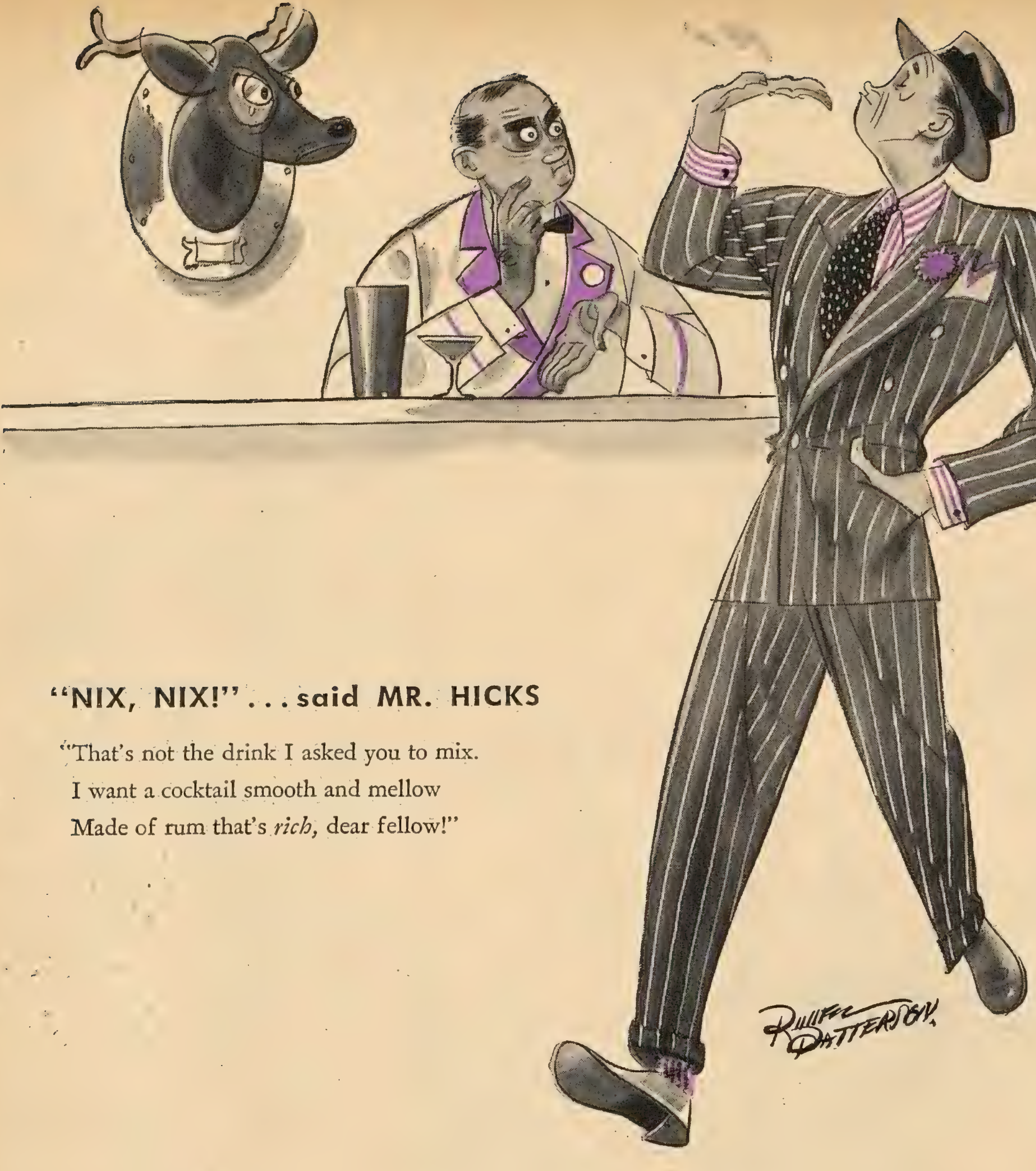
Mitchell said, "What do you think, Dempsey?"

"It's dangerous as hell and it could work," Dempsey answered thoughtfully. "They'd know it was a trap, but they might think they have to take the chance to get rid of Rodgers. A second murder wouldn't leave them any worse off than they are."

"All right." Mitchell made his decision. "I'll risk trouble with the police just to try to clean this up But it's your idea, Rodgers. I don't want to think I put you up to it if you don't come through alive."

"We'd better work fast," Tom said, "before the cops tie us up. Wallace, you schedule a load for tomorrow morning. Have it ready to go at seven o'clock instead of eight, because the chief will probably be down here bright and early to start

(*Continued on page 82*)



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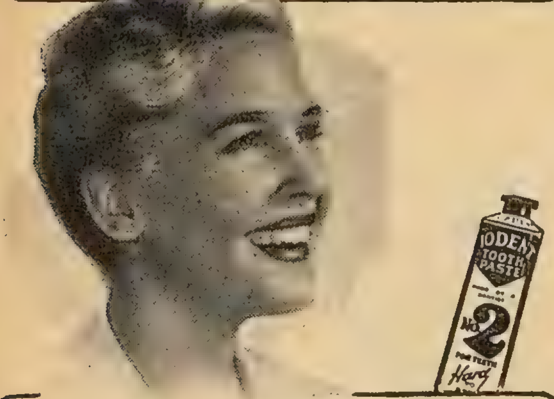

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(*Continued from page 80*)

his investigation. Can you find somebody to drive for me?"

"I'll drive," Dempsey said. He reddened as Tom looked at him. "If you're willing to try it singlehanded, I'm sure man enough to go with you."

"Thanks. But there's a chance that the hijackers are on to you, and two of us would scare them off. It ought to be one of the regular drivers, if any of them will go."

"Novack said he'd go with a guard."

"I don't like this, Mr. Mitchell," Wallace said. "The police—"

"I don't like it either, but we're going through with it," Mitchell answered. "Forget the police. Get Novack."

"He'll be here in half an hour. He's going out on the night-hawk run."

"Get another man for the night-hawk run, and see that everybody in the warehouse knows what we're going to do." Tom started for the door. "I'll be back in half an hour to talk to Novack."

"Where are you going now?" Mitchell said.

"Private business. See you later."

By sneaking around tiers of packing cases, Tom got back to the dispatcher's desk without being seen by the warehousemen. Frances was busy making out waybills. Her face instantly turned pink when she saw who it was.

Tom had meant to say something disarming and casual about their parting of the night before. The quick blush threw him off center. He said hurriedly, "Can I look at your dispatch sheets for the last five or six months?"

She got him the dispatch sheets and wrote down Burt Howell's address when he asked for that. He was acutely conscious of her nearness, and it would have been easy for him to put his arm around her. But he knew his mind would wander from business if he did. He finished with the dispatch sheets and gave them back.

"Forget I saw those, will you?"

"If you say so. What are you—"

"I haven't time to explain. Wallace will tell you what's up."

He put his hands on her shoulders, kissed her mouth, and ran for the back exit. He could hear someone coming. He didn't want to be around when Frances learned what he was going to do the next day.

BURT HOWELL lived in a boardinghouse not far away. He was still sleeping when Tom found him, but he awoke in a hurry. He had delivered a load to the warehouse at 5 A. M. that day and learned of the murder from Dempsey, but he had not yet seen the newspapers. He propped his long frame up in bed and demanded details. Tom had to tell him everything there was to tell before he could get around to his own questions.

"Burt, you started to say something on the freight platform yesterday when Wallace came out and propositioned us. What was it?"

"Oh, I was going to say there was more than two when they got my load—Five or six. A carful."

"All masked?"

"Hello, no, they weren't masked. They didn't care whether I looked at them or not. I didn't get much chance, anyway, because they cold-cocked me as soon as I was out of the truck."

Tom thought that over. He said, "Was anyone else stopped by the same bunch?"

"Novack. He lost the first load. I was next. Then we had guards for a while. As soon as they took the guards off, those two monkeys in the flour sacks began knocking us over."

"And they've been at it ever since?"

"Yep. Far as I know."

"That's what I hoped to hear," Tom said. "Now if you'll just forget that I talked to you, everything is under control."

"Sure. But wait a minute—"

"Haven't got time right now. So long—and thanks. You've helped me a lot."

Tom hurried away before Burt could get too inquisitive.

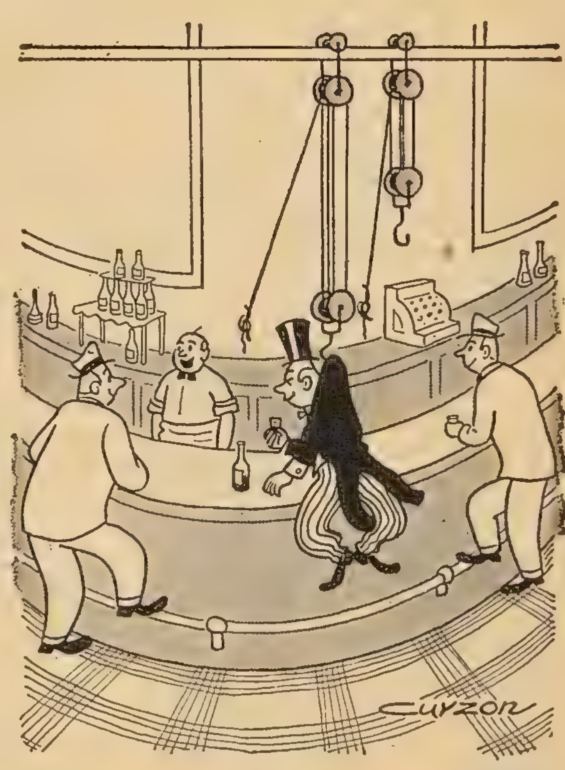
Novack was waiting when Tom returned to the warehouse. He had promised Wallace and Mitchell that he would drive the truck in the morning, but he wasn't happy about it. He took Tom around a corner of the building to talk.

"I heard about what the chief of police told Mitchell," he said gloomily. "You're a sucker to cross him."

"You want the hijackers cleaned out, don't you?"

"Yeah. But if you're so sure that you're going to get them in the long run, what's the use of us setting

(*Continued on page 84*)



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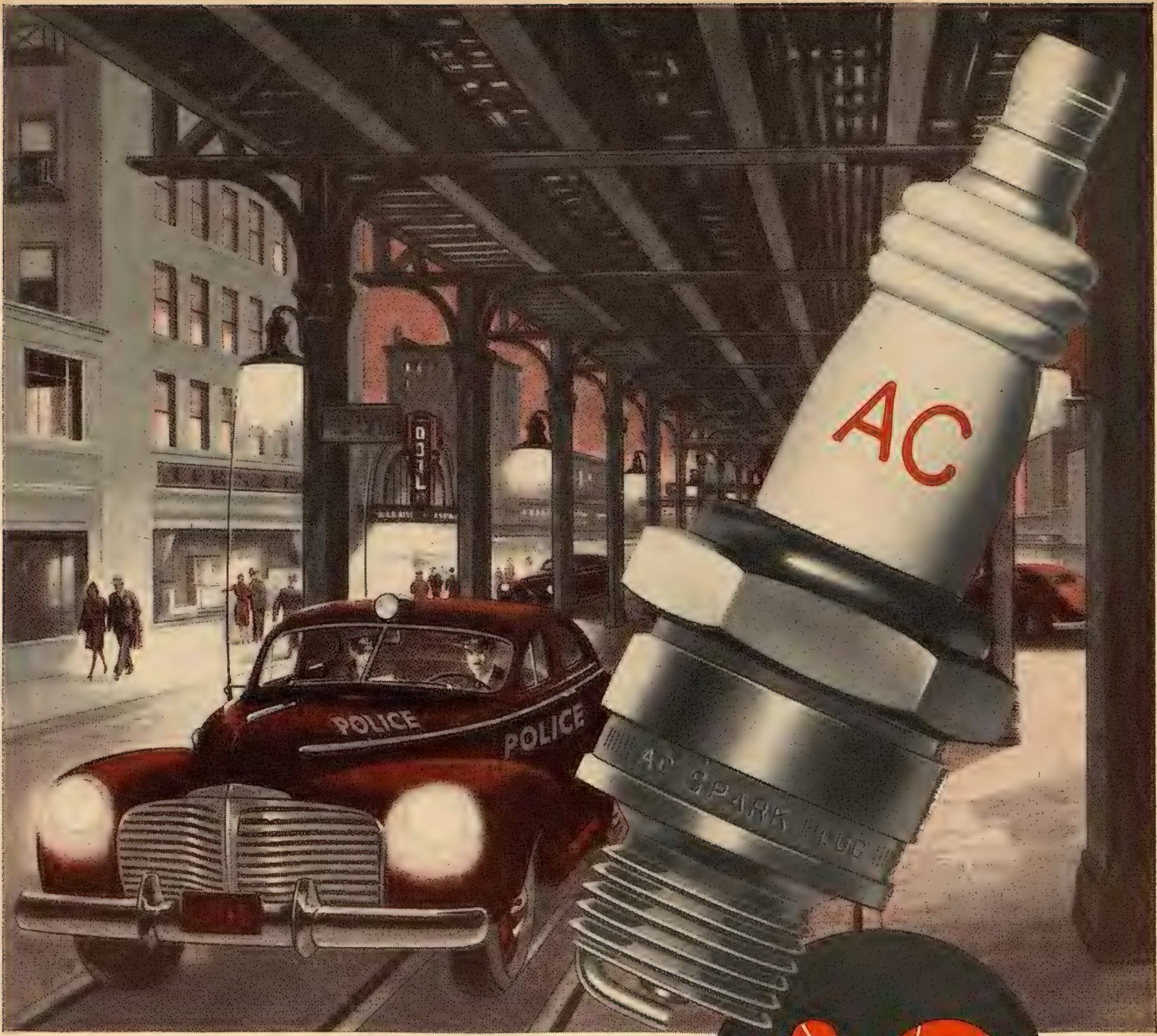

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(Continued from page 82)

ourselves up like a couple of clay pigeons for them to shoot at?"

Tom was glad to hear that news of his plot had already got around. It was a good sign. He said, "It may not work, Charley. If it does, they won't be gunning for you. I'm the man they've got to get."

"And they'd leave me around as a witness, huh? Why don't you forget this screwy idea and let the cops take over like they want to. You've got no call to risk your neck."

"Is it my neck you're worried about, Charley?"

Novack's face darkened. "O. K., brave guy," he said. "I'll see you at seven A. M."

He walked away.

TOM slept well that night. He was in good shape in the morning. If things broke the way he expected, there would be a showdown today. He was ready for it.

None of the day-shift drivers had arrived when Tom reached the warehouse at 7 A. M., and the police were not yet on the job. Burt Howell, who had come off duty an hour before, had heard of the plot and was hanging around out of sheer curiosity. Wallace and Frances waited with him on the platform.

Tom said cheerfully, "Morning. Where's Novack?"

"He hasn't turned up," Wallace answered. He looked more haggard than Tom had ever seen him. "Maybe he lost his nerve."

Burt said immediately, "I'll drive for you, Rodgers."

"You've been up all night," Tom said. "Thanks anyway. If Novack doesn't show—"

"Here he comes now," Wallace said.

Novack came into the dock, nodded curtly to the people on the platform, and climbed into the truck. The motor roared into life.

All this time Tom had carefully avoided looking at Frances, who stood there silently holding the waybills for the load. Now, as he took the papers from her, he pressed her fingers. Her hand was icy cold.

"I'll be back," he said. "Nothing is going to happen to me."

He stepped off the platform and climbed into the truck. As it pulled out into the roadway, he saw Frances lift her crossed fingers. Her lips moved. He waved good-by.

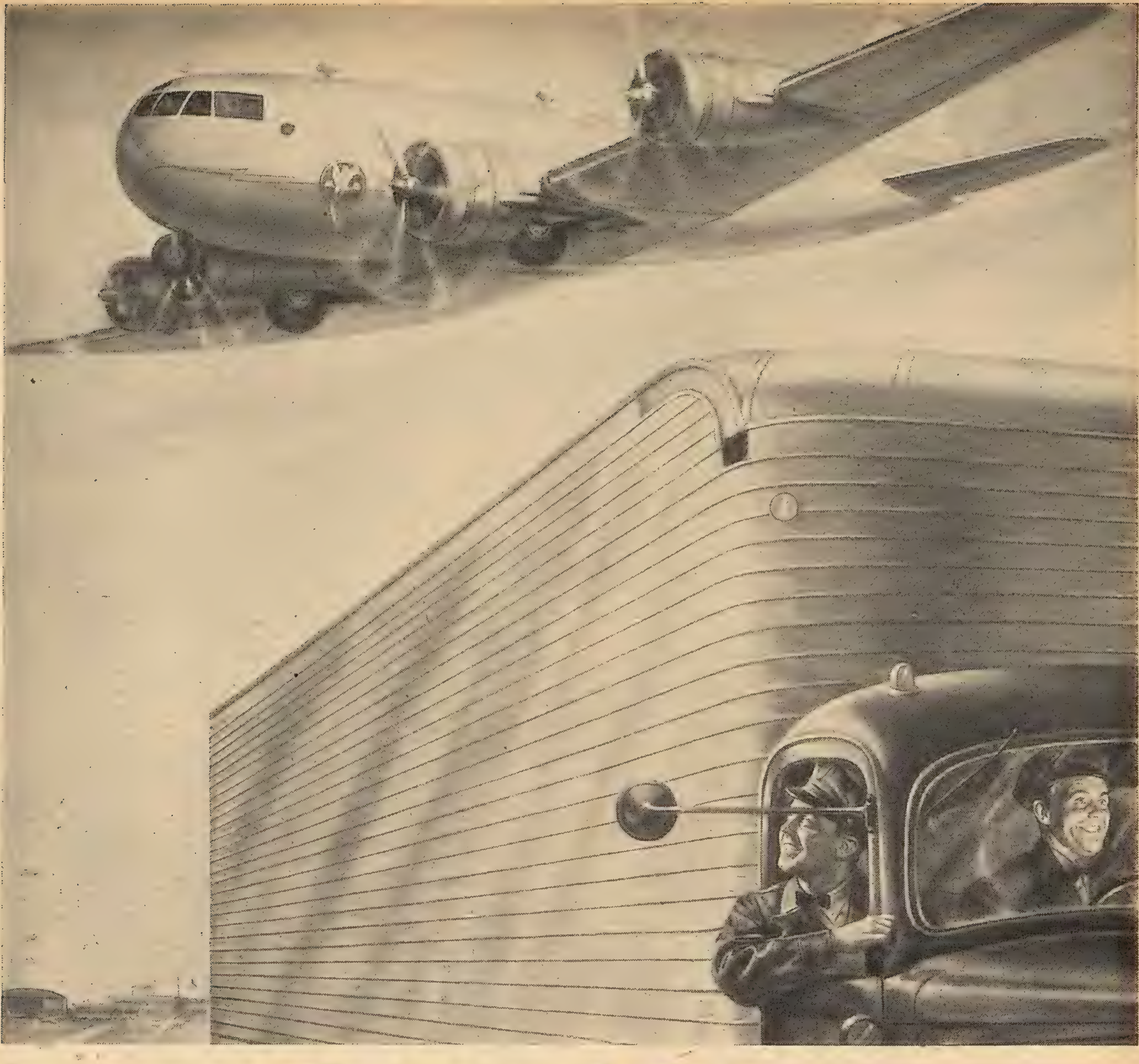
THE driver and the guard did not talk much during the first part of the ride. The morning was bright and sunny. There was no traffic to slow them down, but Novack did not drive fast.

Tom said, "What's holding you back, Charley?"

Novack stepped on the gas. A few minutes later, when their speed fell off again, Tom said, "Step on it, will you? Stalling won't help us."

"All right, if you're in such a hurry," Novack said angrily. He put

(Continued on page 86)



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*(Continued from page 84)*

his foot down hard. The truck leaped ahead.

"That's better."

Tom saw the speedometer needle drop before they had gone another mile, but this time he said nothing. They rambled along at forty miles and hour until they were out of the flat country and into the foothills, and then Novack shifted into third and finally to second for the climb.

An hour went by while Novack drove in grim silence and Tom watched the scenery, humming to himself. At last he sat up and pointed.

"If anything is going to happen, I guess we can expect it from now on, Charley. This is where they got Sully."

Novack said nothing. The big truck ground on up the mountain.

IT began to get hot in the cab. Novack, now hauling steadily at the wheel, was starting to sweat.

"Why don't you take your coat off?" Tom said, after a while.

"I'm all right."

"We might as well stop bluffing, Charley. I know you're one of them."

Novack's head jerked around. He said, "What the hell are you talking about?"

"That easy money was too much to resist, wasn't it? When you knew the road so well, and had the night run that left you free during the day, with plenty of opportunities to pinch a car, run up here in the hills, and knock over the liquor trucks. Easy as falling off a log."

Novack said harshly, "You're nuts!" Tom did not reply.

The truck rounded a curve, then another. Tom was quiet, waiting. Novack said at last, "I don't know what kind of a wild idea you've got, but don't forget I was the first man hijacked. I spent a week in the hospital."

"You were hijacked, all right. But not by the men who took my load and Sully's, and two or three before that. You and Burt were knocked over by a gang of real hijackers who got scared off when the company hired guards. There wouldn't have been any trouble after that if somebody hadn't started to think about how easy it was to pick up twenty thousand dollars."

Novack's face was streaming perspiration now. He said, "If I didn't think you were just trying to be funny, I'd stop this truck and kick your teeth in."

"I don't think so. Your partner is the one with the guts."

"My partner? What are you talking about?"

"The guy with an inside track to the necessary information you couldn't get, and the same yen for easy money. A couple of crooks like you two would come together like a pair of magnets."

"And kill Sully just for the hell of it?"

"No." The bantering tone left Tom's voice. "No, that was an accident. You didn't know he had a gun, and it panicked you so that you shot him. When you left the warehouse the other night, you either got Sully to talk or you guessed what he was up to. You hung around the warehouse until you saw him take the truck, and you knew your guess was right. You didn't have time to get in touch with your partner, who had the brains, but you weren't going to let that load get away when it was so easy to take. So you pinched a car and took out after Sully. You tried to run him into the bank, but he ran you over the side instead, and you had to jump for it. Then the shooting started. Is that the way it happened?"

"It's your dream," Novack said savagely. The speed of the truck increased.

"You're yellow," Tom repeated tauntingly. "You're afraid to go for that gun in the pocket of your coat that you wouldn't take off. You've got to keep going until we reach the place where your pal is waiting for us. Where is it, Charley?"

Novack shook the sweat from his face and bore down on the accelerator. They were skidding as they made the turns.

"You're yellow." Tom made it bite. "Yesterday you tried to scare me out of making this trip because you were afraid to tackle me even with your pal to help you, and you wanted to call the cops in so you wouldn't have to go through with it. But your pal knew I'd get you both if you didn't get me first, and he knows he'll hang if you hang. You got your orders. So now—"

The truck skidded around a last curve and came out on a stretch of road where scrubby brush grew thickly along the bank. Tom, watching Novack's eyes, saw them flicker toward the roadside. As he turned his head in time to see the movement in the scrub, Novack's hand darted for his coat pocket. But Tom had already reached for his own gun. He pinioned Novack's arm with his left hand and hit hard with the barrel of the heavy automatic. Novack slumped over the wheel. Tom kicked the door free and jumped out.

THIS time it was a coupé that swung out of the brush to block the road. The driverless truck hit it full on, and the coupé almost went over. Tom could have shot the masked figure at the wheel then, but he shouted to the man to put up his hands and get out of the car. The answer was a quick bullet that tugged Tom's sleeve, and then the masked man was out of the far side of the coupé. Tom fired twice and dodged behind the stalled truck barely in time to escape the return shot.

He swore bitterly as he examined his seared arm. The wound was messy but not serious. Tom's curses were at his own bad timing. He had meant to taunt Novack into making a break before the ambush was reached, and he had failed. Unless he got the masked man quickly, Novack would come to, and Tom would have both of them to worry about.

The masked man was hidden in the brush, and Tom's own screen did not permit him to shoot without exposing himself.

He tried getting at Novack then, and found himself hopelessly stymied. The truck had slued around with the crash, and the door on Tom's side of the cab was jammed against the coupé. Novack still had his gun. When he woke up and the two men came at Tom from different directions, things would get very nasty. And Novack wouldn't sleep forever. Unless a car came along in a hurry, or Tom could get the man in the brush to expose himself—

IT was then that he heard, faint and far away, the sound in the distance. He held his breath and listened. Far down the mountain a siren was screaming.

Tom wasted no time thanking Lady Luck for sending the law along when he had done so little to deserve the law's help. He knew how far sound carried in the mountains and the tortuousness of the road below. The siren would never arrive before Novack came out of his sleep. Tom had to stay alive in the meantime.

He took a deep breath.

"Harry!" he bellowed. "Harry Dempsey!"

There was no sound from the brush.

"You're through," Tom shouted. "Hear that siren? The cops are coming."

Still no sound came from the roadside.

"Not much time left, Harry," Tom called. He stepped on the hub of the truck's rear wheel and then to the top of the tire, balancing himself carefully. His arm hurt, but he could use it. There was a riding light fixed to the side of the truck at the level of his knees when he stood on the tire.

The thin wail of the siren rose and fell in the distance. It was clear but not perceptibly louder. Tom put his foot on the riding light and tested it. It would bear his weight.

"Toss your gun in the road and come out!" he shouted. "You didn't know Novack was going to shoot Sully; hang the murder on him and you'll get off with a few years. But you'll have to make a deal with me before the cops get here, so hurry. They're getting close."

Now, for the first time, he heard the sound of movement. Almost simultaneously a painful grunt came from the cab, and brush cracked faintly. Tom slipped his gun in its holster, braced his foot on the riding light, and heaved himself up until his fingers hooked the top of the body. After that it was easy to lever himself over the edge. Sprawled flat on the roof of the truck, he hauled out the automatic.

The faint crackle of brush was accompanied by a trembling in the tips of the scrubby trees at Tom's eye level. He inched forward, watching the treetops. The movement stopped for a moment. Tom froze. The wail of the distant siren swelled on the breeze. The treetops shivered again, violently, and Tom felt the truck move as Novack's weight shifted in the cab. He shoved his gun over the far edge of the truck top, pointed it at the focus of the movement in the scrub, and lifted his head until he was looking down the sights. The white flour-sack mask made a good target as Harry Dempsey fought his way through the brush away from the man who had trapped him at last. Tom squeezed the trigger.

The roar of the shot brought Novack out of the cab, a gun in his hand. Tom, leaning over the top, slugged him hard.

"There, damn you," he said. "Now I'm one up."

FRANCES was the first person out of the police car when it screamed up the hill at last. She found Tom bandaging his wound with a strip from his shirt. Demp-

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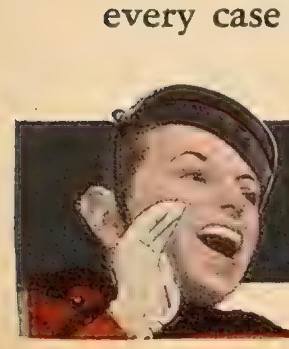

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sey's body lay in the road, and Novack, bound and unconscious, was propped against a wheel of the truck. Frances saw no one but Tom.

She was in his arms when the police chief, followed by a squad of cops, reached them. They were just standing there, minding their own business and not saying anything, but the chief was in no mood to approve of anything. He said sourly, "Break it up. I don't know what the charge is yet, but you're under arrest, Rodgers. Who are these guys?"

"The one against the wheel is Charley Novack. He drove truck for Associated when he wasn't hijacking them. The corpse used to be his partner, Harry Dempsey." Tom released Frances so he could reach inside his shirt. "Here's my gun. I had to shoot Dempsey to keep him from getting away. Novack is just knocked out."

FRANCES looked at the bloody mask covering Dempsey's face, and quickly turned her head. Tom put his arm around her again.

"He was a sheep dog turned wolf, honey. The first couple of hijackings were the real thing, and after that it was all Dempsey and Novack. They couldn't resist the easy money. I pegged Novack almost from the start, but Dempsey fooled me."

"How did you tumble to them?" the chief said.

"The heavy disguises, first of all." Tom nodded toward Dempsey's hooded body. "They both wore them when they pulled their jobs. They were afraid even to leave their hands uncovered, and I knew they must be men the drivers all knew well—maybe even drivers themselves. At first I picked Novack and another trucker named Burt Howell, because they were both regularly on the night run and free during the day when the stick-ups occurred, but I had to write Howell off because he was too big to disguise himself. I went over the dispatch sheets for the last six months and found that Novack was the only driver who hadn't been working when the hijackings came off. I didn't have a glimmer who his partner was until yesterday, when Mitchell said that Dempsey had been responsible for pulling the guards off the trucks. Dempsey had given me a different story, and that made me wonder."

"So, instead of calling us in—"

"I couldn't, chief. I never did know for sure that Dempsey was the man until I looked under that mask a minute ago. I had to get him to tip his hand. I let him see that I was going to keep after the hijackers until I ran them down, and it scared him. When I suggested a trap that was just plain damn foolishness, he saw a chance to get rid of me. He offered to drive the truck himself, and suggested Novack when I didn't bite on his first offer.

(*Continued on page 90*)

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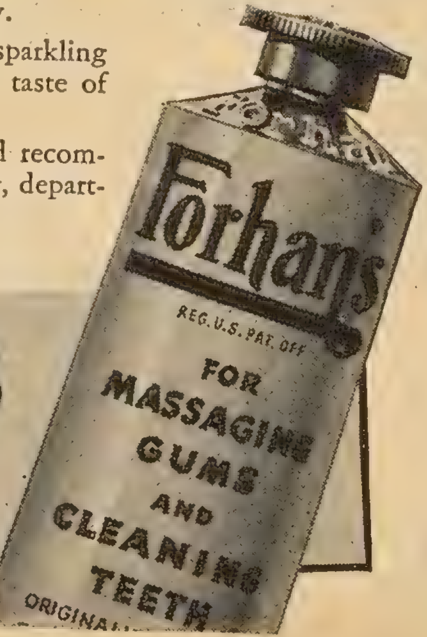


(Continued from page 88)

Either way, one of them would stick up the truck, and the driver would shoot me in the back while I was occupied. I took Novack because he was yellow and I knew he wouldn't be hard to handle in the truck."

The chief said grudgingly, "You had a lot of guts."

"I almost got them spilled, too. I was getting badly squeezed when your siren came along and changed things. Who tipped you off?"

"Your girl here."

"I was so afraid for you I couldn't think, Tom," Francis said miserably. "The police arrived half an hour after you left, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I made them bring me along so I'd know—"

Tom tightened his arm for a moment before he released her.

He walked around the wrecked coupé and examined the nose of the truck. The fender was crushed and one headlight was useless, but nothing else seemed to be damaged.

"This load still has to go to Riverview, chief," he said. "I'll make you a deal. Forget the jail business and you can write your own story for the papers. It wouldn't hurt to make them eat those editorials."

The chief's frosty eyes glittered with a spark of warmth.

"Gather in the bodies, boys," he said. "We're going back to town and call the reporters. You report to me when you get back, Rodgers."

The cops picked up Novack and Dempsey and lugged them toward the police car. The chief followed. Tom turned to Frances.

"Climb in the truck, honey."

"I thought you were going to Riverview."

"I am. So are you."

"Tom, I can't." She was flustered.

"Why not?"

"I just can't, that's all. I—I—well, I haven't a toothbrush. Besides—"

"I'll buy you a toothbrush," Tom said. "You've got to think of your job. Your insurance policies require a representative of Associated Jobbers to accompany all freight shipments, and I stopped representing them five minutes ago. I'm not going anywhere unless you go with me."

IT was only a joke, of course. But Tom did not seem to be joking. "What sort of a place is Riverview?" Frances said at last.

"It's like every place else. Depends on who is with you."

"That's good enough for me," Frances said. She got into the cab.

Tom closed the door and walked around the tail of the truck to the driver's seat. The chief, supervising the stowing of Dempsey's body in the police car, said, "We're ready to leave. Where's the girl?"

Tom had his foot on the running board. He said, "Oh, she goes where I go, chief. Wish us luck."

He swung into the cab. The motor roared as the big red truck ground away up the hill.

THE END

## THEY WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD

Continued from Page 21

paracodeine pills and said that his daily ration was 200, roughly equivalent to thirty-three grains of morphine daily.

Captain Clinton C. Miller, the American "big house" physician, took the air marshal's statistics into consideration and started him off on forty a day. On August 8 he was down to six; on August 9 to four. Since then he has gone without. Göring faces his trial a sober and healthy man—physically at least. Major Kelly, the first psychiatrist to examine the Mondorf prisoners, says Göring, though sane enough for the judges, is an "acute narcissist." His guards merely say they've never known anyone who talked so enthusiastically about himself so often.

I found the prisoner in bed. He glanced at me silently. There are no more press conferences or interviews. The captives had proved only too anxious to plead their cases for publication.

The creature who wanted to be called "Meyer" if Allied bombers ever penetrated to Berlin had lost thirty pounds along with his bet. His sunburned skin seems too wide for his figure and his greenish eyes, normally protruding, now bulge like those of a carp.

Interrogators found "Meyer" disturbed by my visit. Had he known who I was, he would have explained. Moreover, had he been in charge of the "Mann case," he would have handled it differently, he assured them. Surely a German of the stature of Thomas Mann could have been adapted to the Third Reich.

In the barbershop I encountered Alfred Rosenberg, Julius Streicher, and Ley. When they heard my identity, Ley shouted, *"Assez!"* (French for "enough!"); Rosenberg muttered, "Phooey *diable!"*; and Streicher, whose cell I had inspected, lamented, *"Du lieber Gott!* And to think that woman has been in my room!"

For some time now, Herr Hans Frank, former Munich lawyer credited with the murder of millions of Poles and Jews, had been a roommate of Joachim von Ribbentrop. Frank arrived at Mondorf dying of four major wounds, all self-inflicted. Facing arrest in Tegernsee, Bavaria, he cut his throat, opened the veins in his left arm, sliced his left wrist, and rammed a knife into his stomach. Army doctors saved his life, though his left arm is beyond repair. He was also converted—without pressure—and is now convinced that he is really a criminal, not for what he did to others, but because of what he did to himself. Having become allergic to suicides, he kept watching the others and finally decided that Ribbentrop was a candidate. The authorities agreed. For the good influence he might have on the problem child, the convert was allowed to move in with the suspect. When I visited them, the Butcher of Poland was reading the Bible to the ex-champagne salesman.

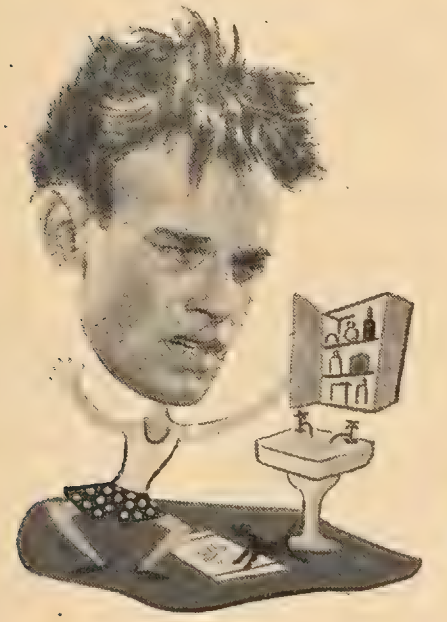
Down the hall was von Krosig Schwerin, "Führer" Doenitz's Foreign Minister who recently enchanted his fellow prisoners with a lecture on Shakespeare. The pedagogical Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Himmler's predecessor as Minister of the Interior, candidly assures interrogators that German youth is Nazified for keeps, while Ley insists that Mondorf will become a shrine for future German generations. All avow that Hitler died a martyr's death.

It was an eerie experience to come face to face with the men at the "Palace." As I left, they, too, got ready to depart. The first fifteen to appear before the Allied tribunal knew as little where they were going as the remaining thirty-seven, who were bound for Dulag Luft, the infamous former Nazi interrogation camp near Wiesbaden.

In a jeep-escorted convoy of ambulances with blacked-out windows, Germany's fallen leaders were carted to the airport. Some of them wore gaudy hats adorned with Tirolese feathers. Each jeep carried four guards, and each guard carried a machine gun. The Army was taking no chances.

Meanwhile rehearsals continued in

BETTER-GROOMED HAIR LANDS JOB--WINS GIRL!



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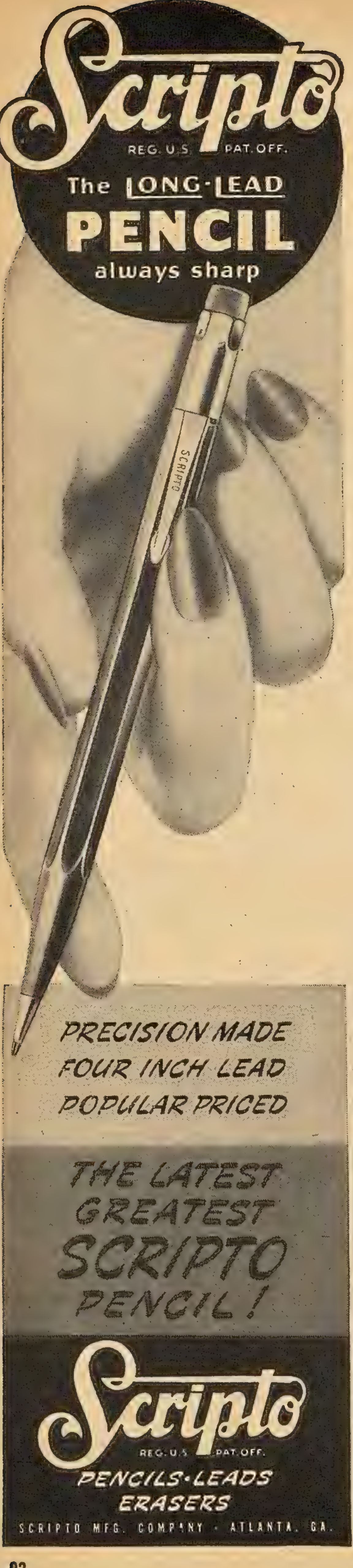

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London, where two Allied agencies were combining their efforts.

In an exclusive interview, Lord Wright, chairman of the United Nations War Crimes Commission, told this reporter that "Things are different now from the days when the U. N. W. C. C. seemed to stand alone as the sole objective symbol of international justice."

He went on to explain how, as the years went by, other agencies had complemented his commission. There were first the National Offices, created by the nations whom the Germans had overrun, to collect evidence of atrocities and identify as far as possible the culprits.

THE next link in the chain was the War Crimes Commission, to which each National Office had to report its findings. The commission—established in London on November 1, 1943—examined the reports and, if satisfied with the evidence submitted, entered the names of the accused on its list. Lord Wright could not say how many criminals had thus far been listed, but revealed that the Czech quota alone was 2,500.

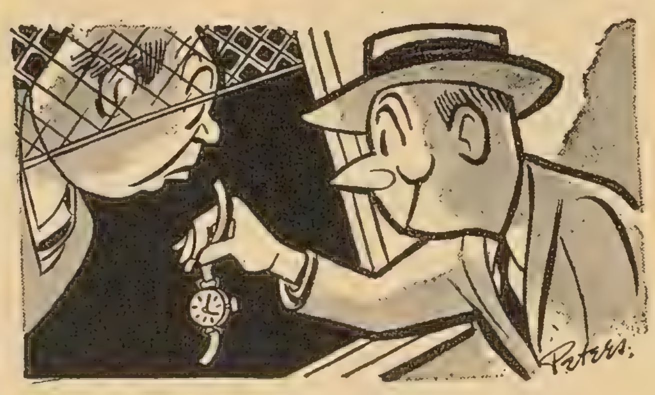
The lists were sent to a third agency—the armed forces—given the responsibility of apprehending, guarding, and delivering suspected and accused war criminals. In some ways the function of the military was the most important and difficult of the lot. The Allies had some millions of prisoners of war and among them there must be many war criminals still undetected. Some might remain so. But the Army was zealous, able, and ingenious and could be counted on to make a thorough canvass.

As for his own commission, Lord Wright observed that considerable confusion regarding its activities still existed in some quarters. The Moscow Declaration of November 1, 1943, distinguished between two main classes of war criminals: German officers and men who will stand trial in the countries where they committed their atrocities; and those major criminals whose offenses have no particular geographical localization and who will be punished by joint decision of the Allied governments.

The latter class embraces most of the men of Mondorf. Lord Wright believes that it also includes big financiers and industrialists who supported the Nazi regime and made its crimes possible. The U. N. W. C. C. does *not* in principle concern itself with major war criminals, but is dealing with the type covered by Part One of the Moscow Declaration. Only a few men fit both categories. Thus Karl Hermann Frank, former "protector" of Czecho-Slovakia, was wanted as both a local and a major criminal. Arthur Seyss-Inquart, former Gauleiter of Holland who is scheduled to face the Allied tribunal, might also be sought by the Netherlands government. Any such defendant will be surrendered to the country that claims him, on condition that his life be spared so long as it has any value to Allied justice. Execution of Frank, sentenced to death at Prague, may be stayed until he has served his purpose at Nuremberg.

Lord Wright cleared up another misunderstanding about the functions of the U. N. W. C. C.

"It is not generally realized," he said, "that the commission has neither legislative nor executive powers, but is a sort of clearinghouse where all member nations may find assistance, counsel, and advice. Each country must press the trial of its suspects and criminals or answer for its slackness at the bar of history. If the fiasco of 1918



## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

### *(Unabashed)*

**COUPAWN:** Ticket on a watch.

**SOWTH:** Direction of the pigsty.

**HYMNSELF:** The psalm singer in person.

**HONKERCHIEF:** A windshield wiper.

**BUTTLER:** He serves cigarettes.

**DAMBUSH:** Beaver's hiding place.

**AMMUNOTION:** Idea for atomic bombs.

**GROTASK:** Bizarre business.

**JAGNOSTIC:** Prohibitionist.

**DOUGHMESTIC:** Highly paid housemaid.

should be repeated, it might seem to be settled for all time that there is no law and no justice among nations."

The fiasco of 1918!

Then, as now, rehearsals had gone on for a long time, but the list finally issued contained fewer than 900 names. The accused were to be tried before Allied military tribunals, but the Allies finally yielded to a German "compromise proposal." All persons accused of war crimes were to be tried—by the Germans—before the Supreme Court at Leipzig. "Full and complete responsibility" was to be left with the German government, and to lessen this burden, an abridged list was presented on May 7, 1920. It contained forty-five names. More than a year later—on May 23, 1921—the Leipzig court convened. By then, no more than twelve names remained of the original 896, which themselves had been only a sample. The six underlings actually convicted were sentenced to prison for from two months to four years. None of the stiffer sentences was ever served.

ON June 26, 1945, the four-power talks on major European Axis war criminals were begun in London. These talks concerned Part Two of the Moscow Declaration.

Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson for the United States, Attorney General Sir Maxwell Fyfe for the United Kingdom, M. Falco and Professor André Gros for the French Republic, and Major General E. T. Nikitchenko and Professor A. H. Trainin for Russia set out (1) to arrange the set-up of the international military tribunal; (2) to establish general operating procedures; and (3) to determine the types of offenses over which it would have jurisdiction. Their efforts to agree met with the following difficulties:

1. The American proposal to hold the trials at Nuremberg, shrine of Nazism, was accepted by Britain and France, but opposed by the Russians, who wanted the major war criminals tried in Soviet-occupied territory.

2. Legal methods differ in the four countries, and each tended to think in terms of laws valid at home. An entirely new course, containing elements of all four procedures, was agreed on in principle, but actually to build any such common platform was not easy.

3. The question of whether aggressive warfare was to be considered criminal in itself was answered in the affirmative by Mr. Justice Jackson, who had his government's full support. Competent observers named British and French officialdom as the main forces opposing this American attitude.

Between fifteen and forty major war criminals will be tried before the international tribunal. While this figure may seem perplexingly low, it is pointed out that each case involves far more than the individual defendant. Along with the accused, the Army, party, or government organization of which he was a prominent member also goes to trial. In addition to answering for themselves, the defendants are called upon to vindicate their respective organizations. Once an organization has been branded as criminal by the tribunal, Allied courts throughout Germany are notified, whereupon all its voluntary members are pronounced guilty, unless they plead—and are proved to be—insane.

Thus the fifteen to forty cases tried before the tribunal may result in the conviction and punishment of millions. The SS. alone, with its various branches, boasted a voluntary membership of nearly 2,000,000.

What is to become of them? Their outfit specialized in murder. War Crimes authorities agree that it would be neither technically impossible nor morally objectionable to punish by death all persons who thus embarked deliberately on a course of wickedness and crime. Even so, the rank and file of the SS. will escape execution. I understand from Mr. Justice Jackson they will be sentenced to hard labor and deported to countries willing to admit them.

The Moscow Declaration covers two categories of war criminals, and the agencies established in its wake are concerned with these two. But three further classes of war crimes remain to be considered. They are:

1. Crimes committed against nationals whose countries were not invaded, such as the murder of captured Allied airmen in German-occupied territory. Our occupation forces have already tried and executed many in this category.

2. Outrages against non-citizens of the United Nations on account of their race, religion, or political opinion. This group of crimes is very large and has yet to receive any special attention. Since existing agencies are not charged with gathering evidence of this type of offense, offenders have not been officially listed.

3. Crimes committed by United Nations' nationals against their own respective countries. More often than not this quisling type of culprit stayed at home and may be tried speedily under the laws of his nation. Traitors captured abroad are surrendered on request to their own authorities, provided it has been well established that they are sought as criminals, not merely for their political beliefs.

There will have to be a prodigious number of trials. The gala opening at Nuremberg, though obviously the season's outstanding event, is equaled in significance by hundreds of lesser productions booked into other theaters. They all deserve our full attention. It is immeasurably important to the future of mankind to establish before the world that the rule of law exists among nations and that whoever violates it will be brought to judgment.

THE END

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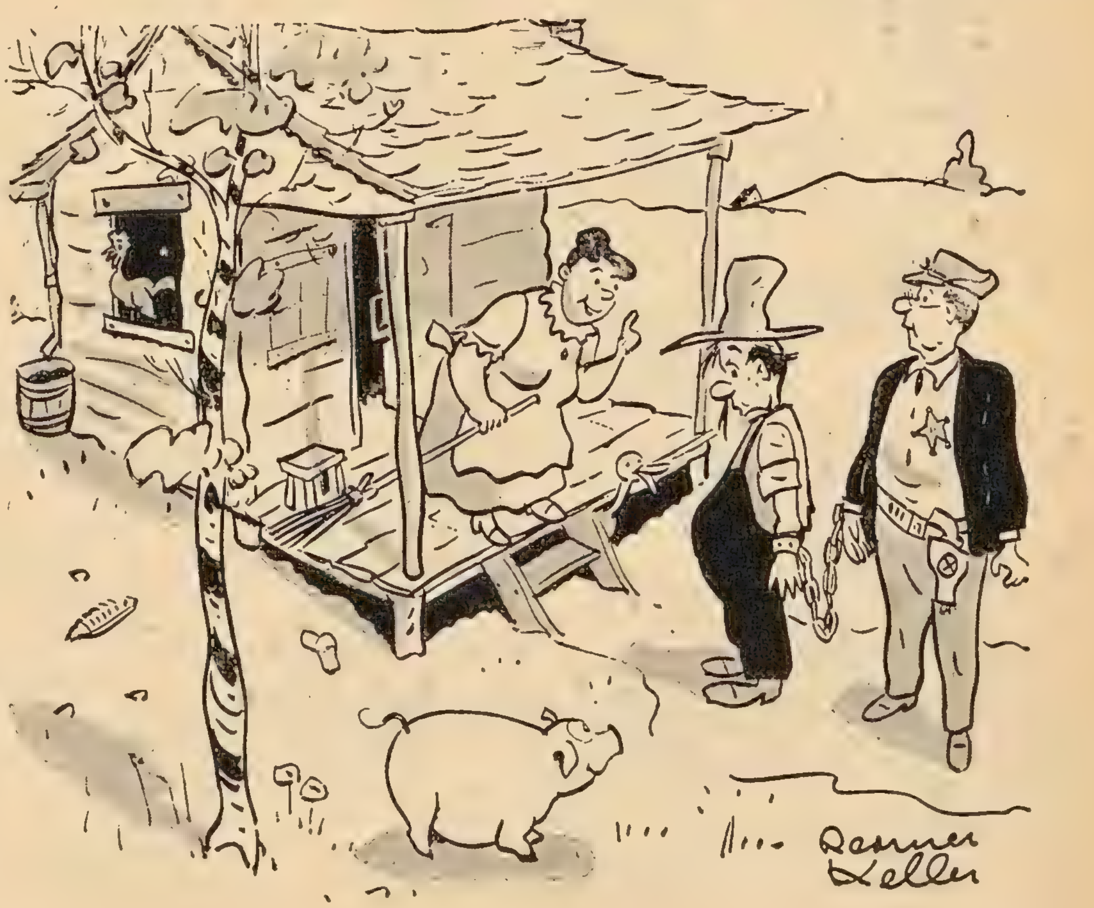

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## PEACE COMES TO TINIAN

Continued from Page 36

they were before they left home. They don't look or act like conquering heroes, but more like men who have finished a job and are glad it's over.

Their pride is evident in the long rows of bombers bearing colorful battle decorations which line the airfield. One plane in particular displays an odd symbol. Painted on the nose are eight telephone poles, in addition to the other battle insignia. As the Superfort was taking off from a China base for the long trip to Tinian last April, it knocked over the eight poles. It was a narrow escape, but the paintings on the fuselage exemplify the spirit of these men who could look death in the face and still come up with a laugh.

Now that the war is over, there is time to relax, and the boys have constructed attractive clubhouses, built huge "bomb-box" theaters, and pounded ball diamonds out of former cane fields.

Baseball is played a lot on Tinian, but in between the amateur games there is occasionally big-league stuff with former wellknown professionals doing their best under a brilliant hot sun, not for cash customers, but for thousands of servicemen who fill the rough wooden bleachers and line nearly every inch of space around the edge of the field. Former professional ballplayers, sixteen of them major-leaguers, are participating in a round-robin series of baseball games for the entertainment of servicemen in the Marianas Islands.

In civilian days their salaries totaled more than $300,000. Most are now enlisted men in the Army, some officers, but the average rank is corporal and the average monthly pay check seventy-eight dollars.

Playing ball on these Pacific islands isn't like playing back in the Yankee Stadium or Fenway Park. These men helped build the ball diamonds on which they are playing, leveling out the cane fields, and digging out coral rocks. Even when the job was finished, the fields were far from perfect.

In the days to come, while the men of Tinian wait to return home, baseball and other activities will help fill their idle hours. An extensive program of sports is under way, including competitive athletic events, fishing trips, and physical training. In addition, every man may enroll in educational courses to help prepare for the return to civilian life.

But getting home is the predominant thought now that the war is over. May they soon all be home to take up the tasks of peace and participate in building a better world in which wars never happen again!

THE END

## SOMEONE TO CARE FOR

Continued from Page 45

matian through narrowed eyes. One of the men who had been shot last year was his brother, Little Jean Didon. Gros Jean was the worst Tocko hater of them all.

Gros Jean—Big Jean Didon, not only physically enormous and fat but big in everything else as well: owning many sugar-cane acres, a large money box, a fine plantation house situated farther up the river —And even imagining himself big enough to marry me one day, she thought with scorn—a man who shoved everybody out of his way.

He called, "Toinette, what you got there?"

Her answer was as cool as she could make it: "A crawfish. I caught him in my papa's net so I could make crawfish bisque," and she walked on laughing. Now he would have no more than before.

"Toinette what?" the refugee asked, and his pleasant voice soothed her feelings. "I'm Johnny Shusak."

"Toinette Miro. I live with my papa and maman and brother and sister—'Poleon and Josephine. My papa's a fisherman, and my other brother, Pierre—he's on a pig boat somewhere. A pig boat's a submarine."

"Sure, I know," he said. "Don't forget I was in the Navy. Where are we heading for now?"

"Home. So you can get off that foot," she said. Let Gros Jean stare. Johnny Shusak, like her brother Pierre, had gone far away from home to fight so that one day everyone might live in a peaceful world. Now he had no home of his own. How like a giant he is and yet so nice-looking, she reflected. Even leaning on my shoulder, he is gentle. It's "Am I too heavy? If I'm hurting you, just say so, sister."

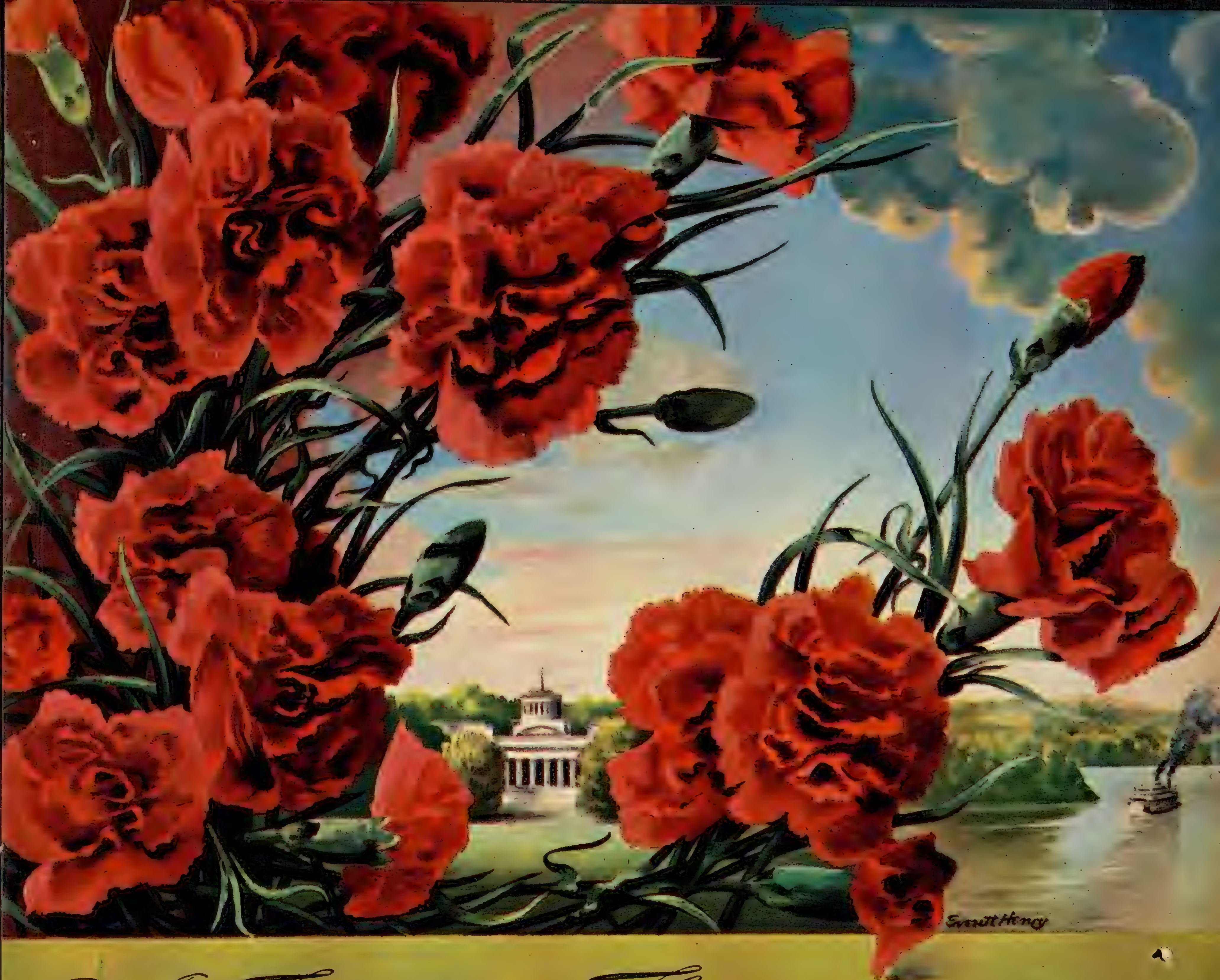
Even at seventeen she had believed that it wasn't too late to find someone to care for and treat as her own. But could she have imagined that she would snatch such a prize from the very fury of the river! It was truly a miraculous day.

BUT in her eagerness to perform this Samaritan deed Toinette suddenly awakened to the realization that she had not considered Maman.

She and Johnny Shusak went up the loose wooden steps carefully because of his foot—and there Maman was, standing in the doorway of their little house. Like America on Guard, Toinette thought. It was a small house, as the houses of most fishermen were, with fish nets hung on the front porch to dry. But it had two rooms upstairs which was more than most such dwellings had, and Papa had whitewashed the outside.

But Maman was still watching

(*Continued on page 96*)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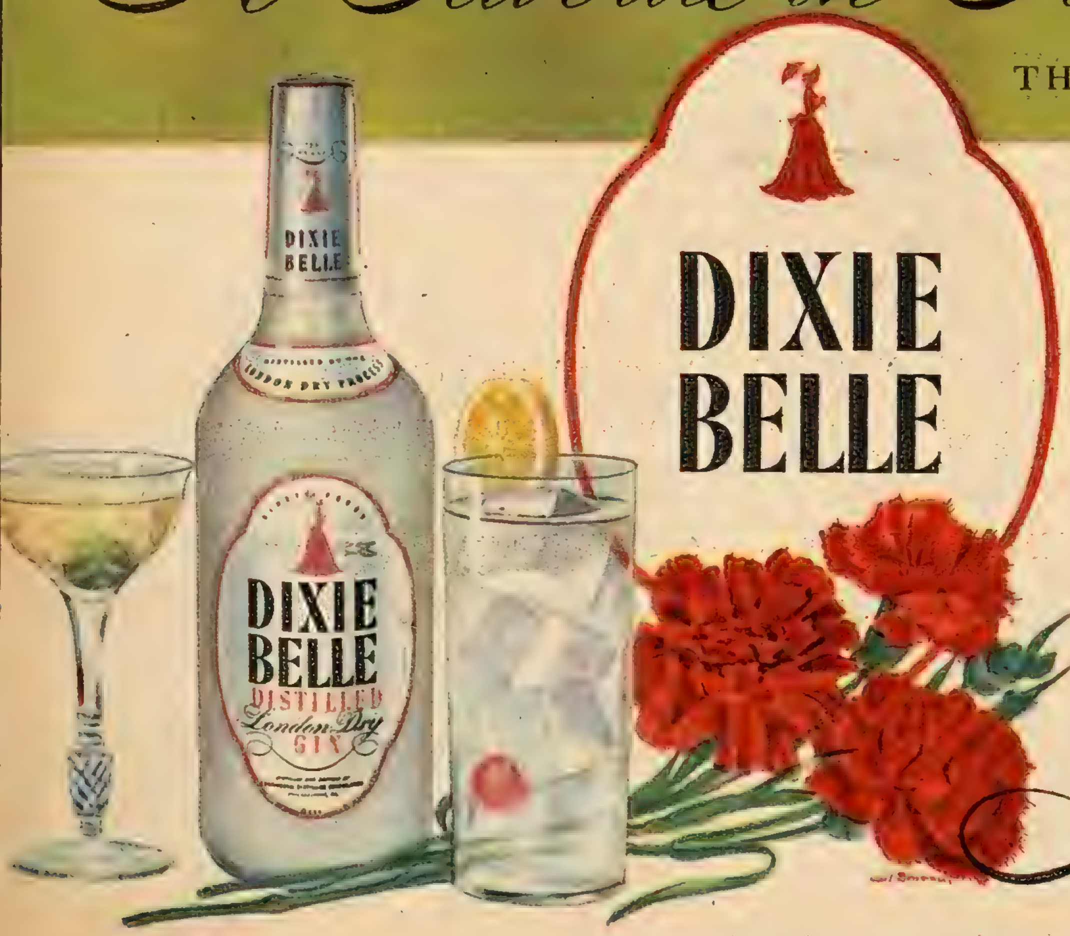
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(*Continued from page 94*)

them and not saying a word. So Toinette explained everything quickly. "I fished him from the river, Maman. He's a homeless refugee and a hero. He won't drip water on the floor. You can see he's already dried out."

Her mother silently regarded the powerful figure with its dark face and high cheekbones. It was the sight of the gusle that appeared to decide her.

"Well, you had better throw him back again, honey," she said. "We can't have Tockos here. Not after that big-big shooting trouble last year with two men killed and laid away in the biggest funeral this town ever saw."

PAPA and the children had come out on the porch and stood looking on. But it was Maman who did most of the talking, as usual.

"This sweet little girl of mine is a caution," Maman said, "always bringing something home. Remember that little old alligator? And next time the billy goat! Now it's a Tocko man. The neighbors are going to do something about it. Papa, you know I'm telling the truth. Say so."

"It looks like he's hurt himself," Papa answered thoughtfully. "He's holding his foot funny."

"Just when everybody's so scared and feeling mean," Maman went on, "afraid this old river's going to bust down the levee and gobble up our town. Gros Jean could cut your head off, he's so worked up. How come Toinette has to do such a thing right now? I'll be obliged, if anybody'll tell me. Us Miros taking in a one-leg Tocko man—*ma foi!*"

"Well, we've got him," Toinette said, "so we'd better find him somewhere to sit down. He's getting heavy." Johnny Shusak didn't appear offended: like all Tockos, she was pleased to see, he seemed easygoing and not thin-skinned. When her brother and sister went inside and returned with a chair, he sat down and smiled at them.

Papa had folded his arms and was frowning. "Honey, what's Gros Jean going to say—after sending you gifts of Easter lilies and looking eggs? He won't want you entertaining a Tocko man."

For the first time Johnny Shusak wasn't smiling, she realized. He wore a serious expression as he looked at her; he seemed to be waiting for her answer.

So she decided that the best thing would be to speak plainly, "Who cares about Gros Jean? I kept the lilies because they were dying. 'Poleon and Jo got the looking eggs. What would somebody my age want with a looking egg?

"I don't want any trouble, me," Papa said. "I got trouble already, feeding my family. I don't want to be hard on anybody, baby. But something bad's going to happen. I can feel it coming. A poor devil like me having a Tocko under his roof."

Toinette breathed softly. "Help him on that side, Papa, if you're feeling so bighearted. I'll heat water and fix up the swelling. We'll take him upstairs now."

They got him to Pierre's room where 'Poleon and Jo helped her make him comfortable. It was a small room with only an iron bed and a slat-backed chair Pierre had made himself.

All of them watched as Johnny placed his injured foot in the tin washtub that they brought him.

"It's nice around here. You have a nice house and you're right in the country too," Johnny Shusak said. "Might be a good place for a lonely refugee to settle down. How come this Gros Jean rates so high? Is there any harm in asking?"

Jo said, "He likes Toinette, but she can't stand his dust two ways from Sunday. Says so to his face."

But now Toinette said to the children, "Come on. He'll want to be alone. Don't you imagine people want privacy now and then?" Never be forward with a man in the beginning, Maman had said—always allow him to do the leading.

THE beating of the dishpans outside split her head with its clamor. From the kitchen, where she was standing and holding her ears, it sounded as if the whole town was outside in the shell road beating on its pots and pans. She peered from the window toward the front of the house and saw them by the light of the lanterns that they were carrying, crowded at the picket fence—at least a hundred men, mud-splattered, exhausted, angry from fighting the river. And taking it all out on us, she thought. Why wasn't Papa here now? Why had he gone down the road to get groceries at such a time?

Maman said, "Don't stand there like a sheep. Pull down the window and lock the door. They'll make enough noise to drive us crazy. See what you've done, honey, taking in a Tocko? Now you hear what it's like, being shivareed!"

Toinette knew. The shivaree was a Cajun judgment—a public demonstration to shame you when you did wrong in the eyes of the town. One month ago a shivaree had run a whole family of Luvals out of the town and parish—after they had refused to attend church or close their shop on Sunday.

And now it's us, she thought. And just when we have made such a nice home.

Gros Jean was standing at the front gate. He was probably the one who had gotten up the shivaree. And it didn't take much thinking to realize why. It was because of her and Johnny Shusak.

Suddenly she realized that the noise had died away. In the light from the swinging lanterns she saw that her father had returned from town.

Gros Jean's loud voice was filling the night.

"Get that Tocko out of your house. We don't want strangers around here in floodtime. We're warning you, Miro."

"The boy is hurt," Papa said. "He hurt his foot in the flood. He's not just a low-down Tocko. He was a sailor, him—fighting the Boche in the war. Like I did in that last one."

She moved to her father's side. "He's a patriot, Jean Didon. He didn't drink so much wine they wouldn't have him—like some big fat men around here I know."

"Catching a man-crawfish in your Papa's net, huh?" Gros Jean said. "All right. But remember, this town don't like Tockos—and Tockos don't like us." He gestured toward the river a quarter of a mile away. "This water's trying to bust through the levee. We'll hold it back, unless somebody helps it break through—somebody that don't have any use for a Cajun town. Somebody like a sneaking Tocko, maybe."

He turned away and the crowd broke up, following him to town. Papa went back to the house and she followed him. But seeing his face in the kitchen, her feeling of triumph vanished. Papa stood there with Maman and the children watching him.

He said, "I got to admit I feel shaky. I never been shivareed before. See how I feel? Couldn't look anybody in the eye right now. All my life people been looking up to me. 'Who ever tonged oysters like Jules Miro?' they would say. I'm glad Grand'mere ain't here to see us eat dirt. Toinette couldn't have done worse. I'm full of misery, me."

Maman asked, "Where're the groceries, Papa? All the stuff you went to town for?"

He shook his head. "Nobody wouldn't sell me a thing. Everywhere I went it was, 'Sorry, we're all out' or 'Sorry, we're just closing up.' It's easy to treat a man that way today, if they want to—who knows *what* who's got to sell. And that job working for Gros Jean—you know, helping him dynamite tree stumps out of his sugar-cane field? *Ma foi,* now that's off. He don't want a Tocko lover working for him, he said. I'm telling you, these people mean business. They won't have a Tocko in our town."

PEOPLE acted crazily in floodtime, Toinette was thinking. Let anything happen and they wanted somebody to blame it on. If the levee broke they might try and hold Johnny Shusak responsible for its breaking. And Johnny couldn't leave on his injured foot. But the cruelty that had been in Gros Jean's voice still worried her.

She ate her supper silently; all of them at the kitchen table were subdued. It had been wonderful having Johnny Shusak here, she thought; never having had such a guest before, but only Lulie Baston and Too-

Too Dodet, who hadn't been guests but simply friends. She thought of the towel she had put on his doorknob with "Our Guest" embroidered on it. But how could you "Put your guest at his ease," as the Woman's Page said, with the whole town speeding his departure? How could anybody seem hospitable with Papa taking Johnny's fishing boots and putting them out on the porch, as if it were a strong hint for him to be on his way?

Johnny Shusak, sitting upstairs in the little room whittling a Tocko doll for Jo, she thought tenderly—with a wooden whistle also promised for 'Poleon. . . .

Maman was ladling a bowl of gumbo to take to his room; a skimpy one, Toinette saw, that was mostly rice and claws.

"Saving a man is one thing, honey; taking him over, body and limb, is another," she said. "I don't blame them for shivareeing us. It don't look respectable—you sitting there in his room reading the funny papers and him playing on that gusle. That fighting *coq's* run all the yard roosters off. Even the ducks don't hop on the porch like in olden times."

Papa said in a mournful voice, "All of us here, we're heading for our doom. We wronged our neighbors, and now we're going to pay. I feel like something is hanging over me—getting ready to fall down and hit me over the head."

HE was working on Jo's doll, sitting on the wooden chair her brother had made. And seeing him from the doorway, she halted with the tray. She saw how he had spread newspaper on the floor to catch the shavings. Imagine thinking that anybody so thoughtful would make a hole in the levee, flooding people out of their homes! Now she knew why she had brought him home and put him in Pierre's room. Not because he was a refugee, she thought, or for any other reason except that she had wanted to be near him, as she was now—bringing him his supper with Gros Jean's last lily laid on the tray.

He stood up, leaning on the cane he had made.

"I figure I'll be getting along. I can walk fine now—look," he said. "I've caused you people a lot of trouble—with those Cajuns out there tonight."

She said, "You can't. Not hurt like you are. You can't go."

"I'll go in the morning. This is for your brother," and he handed her the wooden whistle. "Sometime I'd like a crack at that Gros Jean. I'd Tocko him, all right." His expression had become so sullen that it startled her.

Her throat was tightening. He couldn't stay here, and even she knew it now. How could he—when his staying meant that her father couldn't get work, or even buy food from the neighborhood stores? And that wouldn't be all they would stop

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*decidedly* **correct**

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at. She knew these Cajuns. And even if Johnny Shusak had asked her to go with him, she couldn't do that. Not with her family left behind in this town. They would make life bad for Maman and Papa.

But Johnny Shusak wasn't asking her to go with him; he wasn't even thinking of her. He was thinking of the Cajuns who were driving him away. She knew that Tockos weren't easy to offend, but when you *did* get them started there would be trouble. He frightened her, standing there so dark and angry and still.

Why did a whole town have to hate one man?

IT wasn't daylight yet when she dressed and went to his door. She found it open and one look inside the little bedroom showed her that Johnny Shusak had gone. Last night she hadn't known what she would do when the time came for his departure. But now she knew what she would do. She went down the stairs and into the darkness outside. She had found Johnny Shusak on the river, so she went back to it now. Whatever happened, she was going to be with him.

She hurried until she came to the levee. Then she walked along it. The sleeping town lay below her, less than a mile away. Familiar sights shaped themselves in the fading night: green-feathered cypress trees and French ducks honking; the wild river that was licking at the levee top. It was startling to see how the water had risen; never before had it been so high. Sandbags, picket barricades, the sand-boil cures—built to absorb the muddy trickles—all seemed puny compared with the mighty anger of the river now.

There was no sight of Johnny Shusak. Not in the screens of palmetto or fan palm, wild cane, or gator grass. Not a glimpse of him at all. *But he's got to be here. He can't be gone!*

Then she felt herself stiffening.

A man was standing on the levee just ahead of her. In the dim light she saw that he was bending over some object that lay on the ground. Something about the spectacle he made checked her first instinctive movement toward him—and rooted her, instead, to where she stood. Johnny, she thought. What is he doing here? She shivered, remembering his anger at this town for treating him so badly last night. But he couldn't be the kind who would tamper with the levee. . . . She moved toward him, halted again. Then her relief was so great that she almost cried out.

It wasn't Johnny Shusak at all. It was Gros Jean.

Gros Jean, so intent on what he was doing that he appeared wholly unaware of her presence. She saw a pole lying on the ground beside him—a long-handled posthole digger that was wet with freshly reamed mud. The object over which he was bending was a hand magneto. There were tools used by engineers when they blasted a hole in the levee to relieve pressure at a desired location: the hole for dynamite sticks; the hand magneto for setting off the blast.

A break in the levee was coming now. But never would it endanger Gros Jean's big house that was situated farther up the river. Gros Jean wasn't using his dynamite sticks to blast pine-tree stumps now. He was using them to save his own possessions by making a hole in the levee at this spot and flooding the town.

She screamed, "Dynamiter!" and sprang at him.

Her attack caught him off balance and he fell with her full weight upon him. Next minute they were rolling together in the mud with her fingers clawing at his face. He heaved suddenly and flung her off roughly. Then, just for an instant in the early light, Gros Jean recognized her. Then she flew at him, and his open palm rose to meet her. Her face went numb with blinding pain.

She lay on her back now, dazedly watching the big figure that was moving toward her.

*They'll believe Johnny Shusak did it, because he's gone away. Gros Jean put the idea in their minds, and they'll believe it was Johnny, when the levee breaks. They'll track him down and lynch him for flooding the town. . . .*

She heard Gros Jean's laugh. "Now I caught me a crawfish. But this is one that goes *back* in the river," and he came at her with his great arms stretching wide. She closed her eyes, then opened them. Strangely, nothing had happened. Then she saw what had checked Gros Jean when he had started toward her.

SOMETHING flashed past her, an entirely unforeseen apparition—moving with a seesawing, jumpy motion and squarely at Gros Jean. *Johnny Shusak limping on his cane!*

Gros Jean struck at him, and Johnny's insecure footing was swept away, the cane flying from his grasp. Gros Jean leaped upon him, raining savage blows. She screamed, then scrambled to her feet, looking wildly around her for any kind of weapon. Nothing—not till she saw the cane. She seized it, leaped at Gros Jean, and struck him. Gros Jean rose, crying hoarsely. Then Johnny Shusak hit him in the face.

She found herself staring stupidly at Gros Jean who was lying on the levee. Johnny was panting. "I feel better now—getting that out of my system." Then he turned to her, "Did you hear it—the shot? It's the levee patrol. And it's a good time for them to come along, if you ask me, sister."

The men came with their shotguns and dogs, as she had seen them the day before. Gros Jean still lay where he had fallen, and the levee guards regarded him silently. They looked at the long-handled posthole digger and the hand magneto and then at her and Johnny Shusak.

"He was going to blow up the levee," she said, but she needn't have said even that much. These men were old-time flood fighters; they knew, from experiences, what vicious things men would do to save their own skins when their farms were threatened by the river during its flood stage.

One of the guards said, "The digger's got his name on it. See it there?"

They were pulling Gros Jean to his feet. "Now, don't anybody touch him—hear what I'm saying? We don't need any lynch rope here. This thing is going to be law."

Toinette began to cry, then stopped crying—in her wonder at finding herself in Johnny Shusak's arms and how she could have gotten there.

IN the gentle and springlike evening they all sat on the porch: Papa and Maman and 'Poleon and Jo on one end, and she and Johnny Shusak in the sleigh that Papa had fished from the river last year. The soft night wind stirred the big oak tree in the yard and it was a nice place to be after the morning's trouble and excitement, Toinette thought.

Papa said, "The stores let me have all the supplies I wanted. Wouldn't even allow me to haul the stuff home. See how it goes, Maman, when we've got two heroes in the family?"

"They ought to feel sorry," Maman said, "having a girl and a one-legged boy save this little old town. Who did they think they were?"

"Listen," Papa said. "I think I hear something. Do I hear some kind of noise down the road there?"

They all heard it now, the sound of beating dishpans that was coming steadily up the shell road from town. Toinette wondered—could it be another shivaree?

"This time they have brought along music," Papa said. "Hear the accordion and triangle? Toinette, how're you and my son-in-law going to like having a town serenade you?"

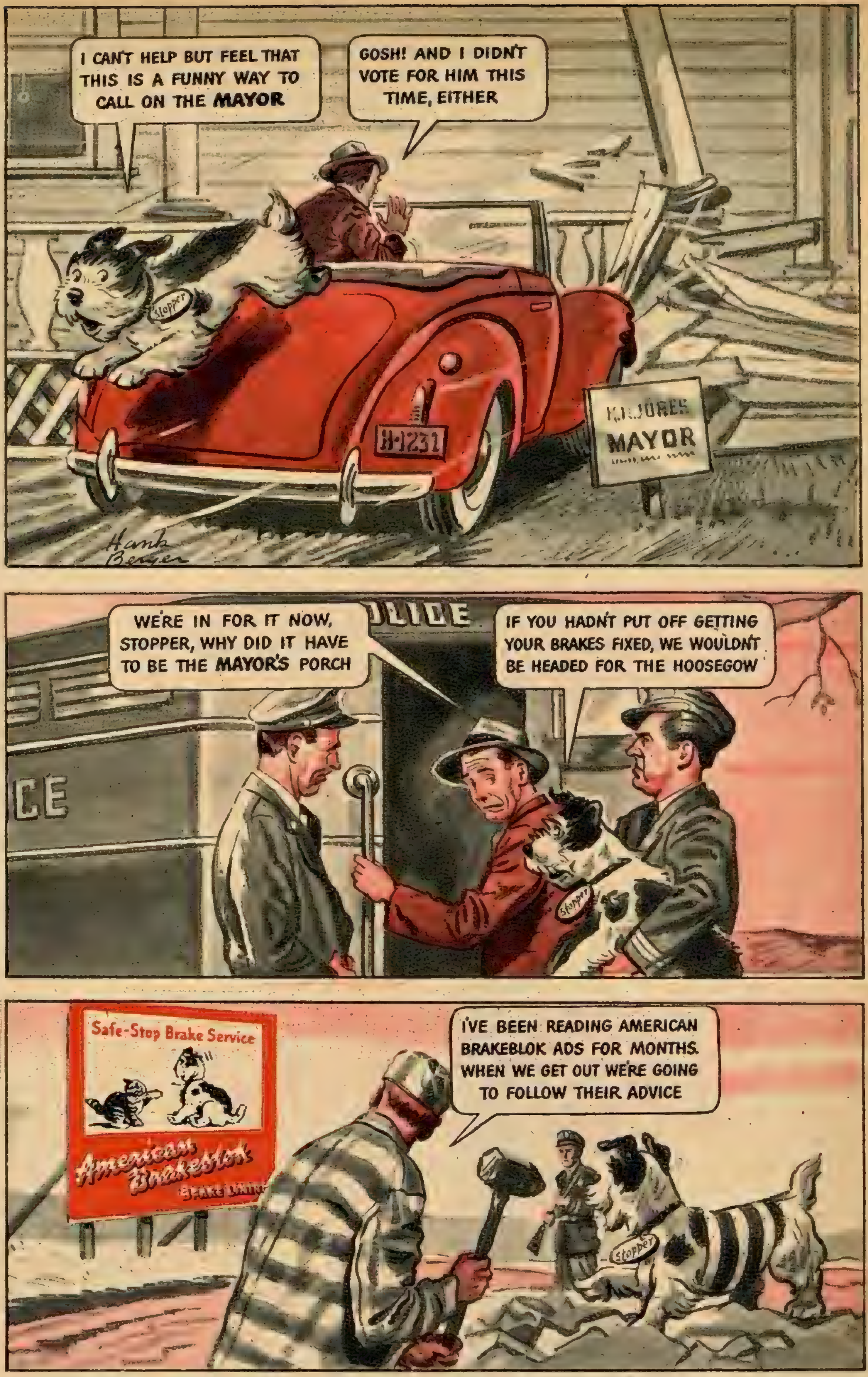
"Hush up, Papa," Maman said. "They're not even engaged."

"I bet you right now," Papa said, "that the boy is figuring on settling down."

Toinette felt Johnny Shusak's hand touch her own. "Sure—I was figuring on doing it all along," he said. "What I want is a nice quiet place where I can forget wars and floods."

And she was thinking of the many things she might do to make him feel that at last he was home. The river didn't always take away your beloved possessions, she thought; sometimes it even brought you someone to cherish and care for and call your own.

THE END


I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL THAT THIS IS A FUNNY WAY TO CALL ON THE MAYOR
GOSH! AND I DIDN'T VOTE FOR HIM THIS TIME, EITHER
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## RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Continued from Page 48

because Priscilla was so young, she instantly became young too.

"It doesn't," she said, "seem much use. Everything I do—"

Priscilla curled herself up in a chair like a kitten. "I don't see why you try. I'll bet your husband doesn't even notice anything about it and I'm sure Johnny doesn't."

That was true, Mrs. Carpenter thought, but it took Priscilla to see it. "Johnny's a romantic, dear."

Priscilla smiled. "I know. Isn't it nice? He has the idea he's a gallant knight rescuing me from my horrible parents."

Mrs. Carpenter began to giggle like a schoolgirl. "But they aren't horrible."

They weren't, because Professor Lestrange taught history at the university and Mrs. Lestrange was a concert pianist and they both were delightful.

"Paul and Julie are swell," Priscilla told her. "Simply swell. They fight like mad and then they're fonder of each other than ever. They have a fine time."

She stole a sharp glance at Mrs. Carpenter. "Look, Evelyn. Don't you ever have any fun?"

The question was so quick that Mrs. Carpenter almost jumped. Fun? Why, you didn't use the word when you were middle-aged. Fun was something that belonged to youth.

But she said stoutly, "Why, of course I do."

Priscilla shook her head. "I mean you and Mr. Carpenter. You never seem to be having fun together. And really, he looks awfully romantic."

Mrs. Carpenter felt quite queer, for a thin old tune was tinkling through her head:

> Smile the while
> You bid me sad adieu—

She was seventeen again and in love and sitting in the secret corner waiting for Tom while the hurdy-gurdy played outside, and in a second it would play Beautiful Ohio.

And she was waiting for Tom's steps on the stairs, those impatient, ardent steps.

MR. CARPENTER had been having great trouble with the office clock all the morning because it wouldn't go fast enough.

He now straightened the splendid foulard tie and went out in a rush.

"Oh, dear," said his secretary, who knew perfectly well where he was going, "and I did think he was such a nice man."

"There aren't any nice men," said the switchboard girl.

Mr. Carpenter's heart beat fast and his breath came quick, he was all aquiver with excitement and he couldn't wait to see Eugenia. Mr. Carpenter would have liked it a little better if he didn't feel guilty too, but that couldn't be helped.

It was an enchanted day, for there wasn't anyone in the world like Eugenia. She was all silver gold; a wonder and a delight.

He turned into the dim-lit restaurant and there she was.

Mr. Carpenter felt his years fall away from him; he was eager and shy and bold all at once.

For there stood Eugenia, tall and calm and beautiful, a golden willow swaying. There was her hat—a pert and knowing hat that most women couldn't carry off; there was her hair, soft silver gold, shimmering and upswept; there was her face, which had a bold beauty in it with those slanting mysterious eyes. And there was the dashing way she held herself in the smart black dress with the bright green gloves in her hand.

Her voice had that thrilling huskiness: "Tom! I was so afraid you wouldn't be able to get away."

Mr. Carpenter pressed her soft warm hand. "I'd have gotten away whatever happened."

The headwaiter put them in the darkest corner and Eugenia lit a cigarette and was wonderful. She was so wonderful it occurred to Mr. Carpenter he hadn't the remotest idea what he was going to do about her—or Evelyn—or anything.

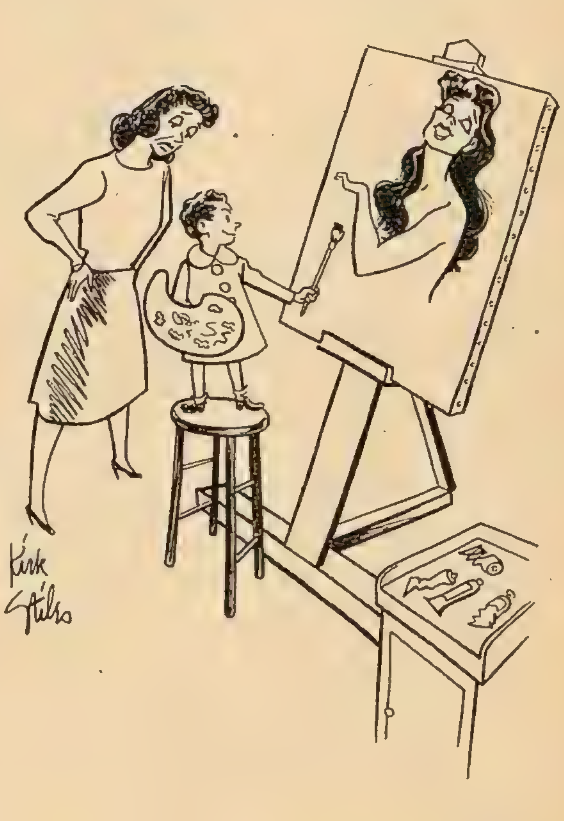
He brushed that aside. Let the moment—the magic moment—suffice. For it was spring, really spring, and he could sense its sultry fragrance.

"You know," said Eugenia, and her voice was sultry too, "it's so hard to be alone."

Mr. Carpenter thought that was wise and profound, for with her flourishing real-estate business, Eugenia could be alone very little.

"Your hair!" he said in an inspired burst, "it's just like honey!"

She's superb, thought Mr. Carpenter, and I love her. Why, I never



LIBERTY

"This is madness, Morton! You were doing so well on the piano . . ."

really knew what love was before!

He thought of that enchanted night three weeks ago on the veranda of the country club when the full force and savor of Eugenia had burst upon him (assisted by a round and golden moon).

For Eugenia was the marvelous sort of woman who could understand him instantly.

She delicately took an olive.

"You know, Tom, I've seen your son around with that funny girl a lot lately."

"Funny girl?" said Mr. Carpenter, who had forgotten he had a son.

"Yes, the Lestrange child, the one whose parents are so dreadfully odd. I do hope Johnny isn't serious. She's such a gauche girl."

Mr. Carpenter was coming a long way back from moonlight and lilacs and that audacious kiss he and the honey-colored enchantress had achieved. He peered suspiciously at Eugenia to see if she had changed into someone else.

"Gauche girl? Good Lord, Eugenia, you don't mean Priscilla, do you? I should hope Johnny is serious about her."

MRS. GRACE lit a cigarette. "Well, Tom, I suppose you know best, but I shouldn't. She's not our sort at all and her parents certainly aren't. Why, that Mrs. Lestrange actually goes shopping in an old coat flung over her sleeping pajamas."

Mr. Carpenter was now certain that Eugenia had turned into two different persons at once, and he didn't in the least like one of them.

For Priscilla was enchanting and unusual. Priscilla had been born in Bonn, she had been at school in Switzerland, she had been all over Europe with her parents.

"And the girl," the golden Mrs. Grace was saying, "she's so wild and irresponsible. You know she is, Tom."

Mr. Carpenter knew she wasn't. He knew that neither Professor nor Mrs. Lestrange could keep their accounts straight, so Priscilla did. She also spoke four languages.

Mr. Carpenter, having been jerked rudely out of romance, was also as cross as most gentlemen are on such occasions. He said flatly, "Priscilla's the nicest girl I know, and just right for Johnny."

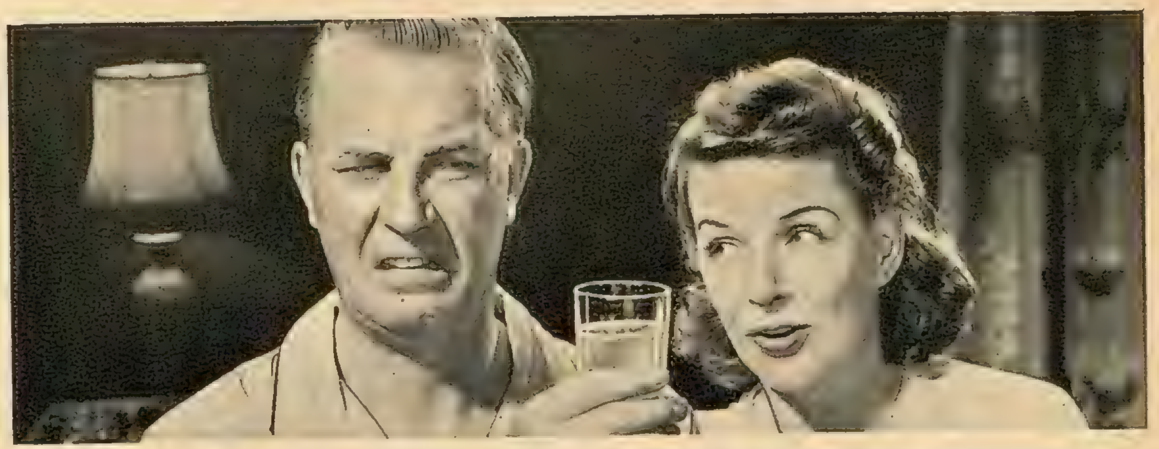
The sympathetic Mrs. Grace, the infinitely tactful Mrs. Grace, said, with the air of one addressing a babbling small boy, "Well, after all, it doesn't matter. Johnny's much too young for anything serious."

For the first time Mr. Carpenter became conscious of the small orchestra. It was playing something, and if Eugenia would only keep still, he could fit words to it—words he'd known well a long time ago:

For it's not the pack
That you carry on your back,
Nor the rifle on your shoulder—

"Seventeen?" said Mr. Carpenter.

How to handle a stubborn Husband



**RIDICULE HIM!** . . . Let him know what you think of a man who deliberately punishes himself with a harsh, bad-tasting laxative. Laugh at the faces he makes when he tries to down a dose of the stuff. If that doesn't discourage him, let him find out for himself what it *does* to him. He'll probably admit then that

**Some laxatives are too strong!**

**"BABY" HIM!** . . . If, on the other hand, he insists on taking some insipid, namby-pamby laxative, just because it's supposed to be *very* mild — indulge him! If it works . . . fine! But, if it only stirs him up inside, without giving him the proper relief, he won't need you to tell him that

**Some laxatives are too mild!**

**GIVE THE GUY A BREAK!** . . . He'll think you're the "smartest little wife on earth," if you'll keep a box of Ex-Lax handy for the times when he needs a laxative. How he'll go for that good chocolate taste! He'll like the way Ex-Lax acts, too — gentle, but mighty effective. Not too strong, not too mild

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**EX-LAX**

**THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE**

"Seventeen's a fine age. What's the matter with seventeen?"

He could hear his father's voice nearly thirty years ago and the words gritted: "Seventeen, and you say you're in love! What do you know about love? You stop seeing so much of that Evelyn girl."

That had been the year all the bands played and the older boys were going off to Plattsburg and everyone was singing The Last, Long Mile and a lot of other tunes too, quite nice tunes. And far off in France, Foch and Haig were fumbling at the long German lines. . . .

Seventeen and wartime. Yes, he knew what it was like.

"Is that a new tie, Tom?" Mrs. Grace was asking. "Quite a smart one, too; but don't you think—don't you really think it would look better on you in a little darker tone?"

Mr. Carpenter came back from those romantic days of 1917 with a rush. He could—for a second—almost hear Eugenia's brain clicking away and he had the appalling suspicion that she had already arranged everything in her mind, had him divorced from Evelyn, had wed him herself, and now was about to manage him and all his affairs.

HALF an hour later he left her with an immense sense of relief. In fact, he couldn't get away fast enough, for he perceived he had made a splendid fool of himself.

How that could have happened he didn't know, though it was really quite simple. For Mr. Carpenter, having been attracted to Eugenia, had, as so many romantic gentlemen do, invested his new beloved with all sorts of most remarkable qualities. He was now indignant because she didn't have them.

"The spring," said Mr. Carpenter, "always makes me silly."

So, being highly upset, he went to a telephone and told his office he would be away all afternoon.

"You might know it," said the switchboard girl. "I'd like to pull that hag's taffy-colored hair out."

"I don't believe it," sighed his secretary, who was fond of Mr. Carpenter. "He didn't sound that way."

Mr. Carpenter at that instant was staring into a show window without having any idea what was in it. "Damn it!" he told himself. "Why should I keep remembering things?"

Time had shifted a long way back: time stood steady in the soft haze of 1917 because of an old forgotten tune. It was odd how the world had seemed full of music then: old words; old songs with a thin and plaintive air about them, Smiles, K-k-k-katy, and Long, Long Trail. The world had been vivid and exciting then because it was young—or he had been.

Certainly his family and Evelyn's had thought they were too young, for they'd tried to keep them apart.

He could see his old self now in that blue suit he was sure he never had pressed. He could see Evelyn too—that small dark girl whose face was so alive, whose hair always seemed blown by some unseen wind.

He could see them slipping off to secret meetings, sipping sodas in unlikely places, being horribly miserable and horribly happy at the same time—all because they were in love.

He turned, and here came Professor Lestrange, half hidden behind a huge bunch of roses. The professor's small brown beard was wagging and he had an air of enormous happiness about him.

"I have just seen your charming son," he said, "in an atrocious blue-and-gray-plaid coat. I presume he bought it to impress Priscilla."

Mr. Carpenter, still in a slight daze, presumed he had.

"It's pleasant to be young," the professor said. "Very pleasant. I remember when I was exchange professor at Cambridge, Julie and I would go off on a walking trip in the spring."

He sighed. "But since you are such a well-balanced man, Mr. Carpenter, I don't suppose the spring makes you sentimental."

Mr. Carpenter stared after him with admiration. For in the spring the professor quite sensibly had a fight with his wife and then adoringly bore her roses instead of getting himself involved with Mrs. Eugenia Grace.

The Lestranges, he saw, hadn't lost that sweet tender magic that had once held them close. Perhaps they never would. But Evelyn and he had somehow mislaid it along the way.

He wondered why.

HE walked uptown, and he and Evelyn had often gone this way when there was another war and Youth had, as it did now, the sense that it had to hurry—hurry—hurry, to snatch the flying moment and let the future go.

They'd felt that way then, he and Evelyn, and here was the park bench on which they'd had their first kiss.

They seemed to be always snatching things under people's noses in those days, stealing time to be together, parting when they'd scarcely met. And here was the street where they turned off to go to the Athens, that remarkable Greek café where you ate to the clicking accompaniment of games of billiards in the back room.

And at the Athens there reigned that elderly waiter known to them as the Philosopher, who delighted in young lovers and, as important, pointed out cheap dishes on the menu.

They'd walked tremendous distances to meet each other and Mr. Carpenter could feel again that tormenting fear that young Evelyn, gay Evelyn, wouldn't be at the appointed place.

He could remember, too, things he hadn't remembered for years: how at last, when he'd gone off to that old war in his tight uniform and his

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IT STAYS DRY

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campaign hat, their families had relented.

They'd been married when he came back, and they'd gone, like two mad things, on a canoe trip in the wilds for honeymoon. Evelyn's high boots had skinned her heels, they'd run out of food, the sun never shone, the mosquitoes always bit.

They'd had a wonderful time.

But somewhere along the way they'd lost all that sweet sense of closeness, of belonging together, of living each other's lives, of thinking each other's thoughts, that strong magic that made each day a new adventure.

He wondered when they'd lost it, for though they'd wanted children, Johnny hadn't been born till they were twenty-eight.

Their love must have slipped away, slowly, imperceptibly, since then, till now it seemed only a thin shadow.

If Evelyn would just stop fussing about our confounded house, he thought, and then something shot through his mind. For they'd dreamed of a house—the house they now had—constantly during those old, exciting days. And now Evelyn still held to that dream, though to him it was only a fuss and a bother.

There was nothing wrong with the house, he saw suddenly. What was wrong was themselves.

HE looked up and here was the public library. Inside, up two flights, there'd been their secret trysting place: a recessed window seat, so shielded by two marble columns that you could sit there almost unseen.

He wondered if it were there still.

He was going up the broad stairs, slowly at first, and then in a headlong rush.

He was running at the last and there were the two columns, there was the recessed seat, and there—there was some one dark and small and young.

"I'd have known your steps anywhere, Tom," said Evelyn.

She sat there, just as she always had, her skirt blown by the little breeze, her face all aglow. And perhaps it was the light or something else, but the years had slipped away until she was very young.

She moved over to make room. "Why did you come, Tom?"

Mr. Carpenter sat down quite close to her. "The spring, I guess, and Professor Lestrange with red roses, and that tiresome Mrs. Grace —"

Evelyn seemed to understand him perfectly and she hadn't done that for a long time. "Is Mrs. Grace tiresome, Tom?"

"Fearfully. Her mind is just like a steel filing cabinet."

He grinned widely, unashamedly, as one does at seventeen. "Evelyn, do you like this tie?"

"I love it, Tom."

"You don't think it ought to be a darker tone?"

"Of course it shouldn't."

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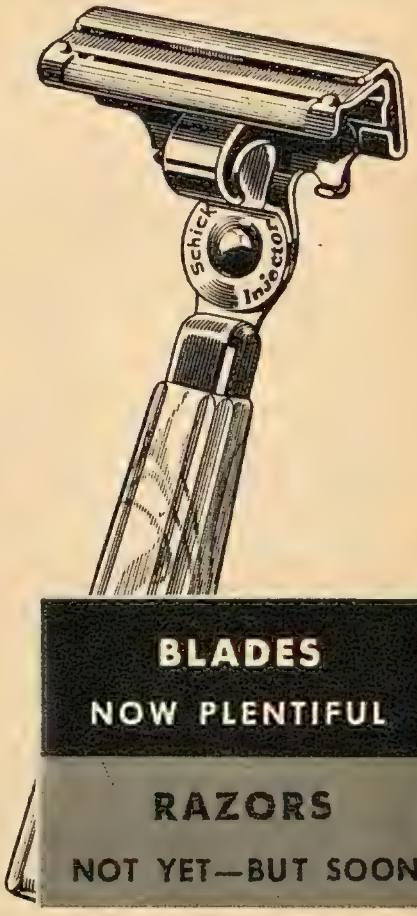

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RAZORS
NOT YET—BUT SOON

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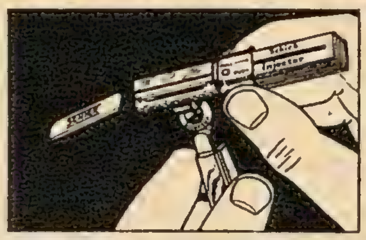

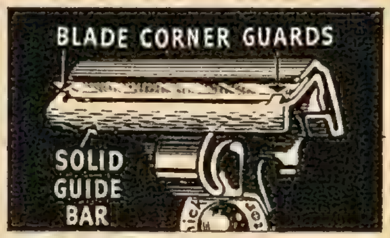

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WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

They sat there, very close, as if they were doing something they shouldn't—something quite delicious. And there was suddenly that old sense of enchantment again.

A dimple showed in Evelyn's cheek. He'd forgotten she had it.

"I'm hungry, Tom. How about the Athens?"

He linked his arm in hers. "You bet." They went down the marble stairs as if they were dancing.

And even the street seemed different: not dull at all but like a street that is sure to lead to something wonderful.

"We'd better get a taxi."

Evelyn pressed his arm. "Tom, we can't take a taxi. Don't you know? We've hardly any money."

"Gosh!" he said delightedly. "I forgot. But we'll have money some time, won't we?"

They began to walk very slowly so as to savor every precious moment. There was a show window, so they stopped.

"You'd look grand in that gray suit, Tom."

He started for the door. "Well, let's step in—"

Evelyn pulled him back and her eyes were dancing. "Oh, dear, no, Tom. Don't you know you can't afford it?"

It was a delightful game because it was just what they'd always done in those dim soft days of 1917.

"I forgot. Of course I can't. But d'you suppose I ever will be able to buy a suit that costs that much?"

"Oh, yes, Tom. When you're about forty-five."

He considered that with great gravity. "How old are we now, darling?"

"How stupid of you! You're nearly eighteen and I'm seventeen and a half and you're due to go to Devens next week and I'll be down at the train to see you off—and you'll look awfully lost and I'll cry."

IT was all coming back in a flood because she remembered far better than he. "What do you suppose we'll be like at forty-five, sweet?"

Her eyes were still dancing. "Oh, stupid and dull and awfully old. I'll be a silly woman who fusses about her house and you'll be kissing some other lady on the country-club porch. But we'll have a son and he won't be old or stupid—"

"—and our son will fall in love with an awfully nice girl," said Mr. Carpenter, "and we'll like her and so everything will be all right."

A little line came between Evelyn's eyes. "Except us. How about us?"

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Mr. Carpenter and bent to whisper in his wife's ear.

"Tom, it'll rain all the time!"

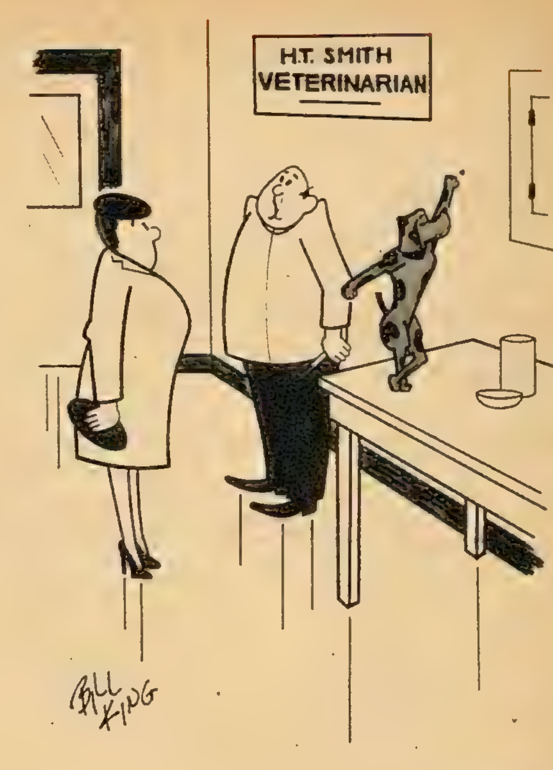
"What of it?"

"And the mosquitoes will come in swarms."

"Let 'em."

"And we'll be horribly uncomfortable."

"I don't care."



LIBERTY

"Are you sure your dog hasn't been inoculated before?"

Evelyn had two dimples now, actually two. "Neither do I."

They turned the corner and began to hurry, for you get quite hungry when you are seventeen.

"Suppose the Athens isn't still there, Tom?"

He caught her by the hand and they both began to run. "It's simply got to be there."

THE sign—the dirty, dingy sign—actually did say ATHENS CAFÉ, and they halted, breathless, in the doorway.

On the brown wall a huge hand pointed upward to the second floor and the hand's thumbnail was dead black where someone had used a pencil on it.

"Tom, you marked up that thumbnail the last time we were here! I don't think the Athens can be very neat to let it stay all these years."

"It never was, sweetheart," he said, and pulled her up the stairs.

A dingy somnolence still held the Athens in thrall, and in the back room the billiard balls gave a series of sharp clicks.

A small sleepy waiter waved a dirty napkin at them as if they didn't know the way to the window tables, as if they didn't know how the whole restaurant looked and felt and smelled.

They sat down and the menu was still a blue blur of sloppy typewriting and even the items it listed were the same.

"Gosh!" said Mr. Carpenter. "I wonder what we can afford."

He looked up, and there stood his disapproving son with Priscilla at his heels.

"Pa," said Johnny with great solemnity, "don't you know this is an awfully Bohemian place?"

He looked so shocked that Evelyn began to laugh, and a stout whirlwind with a gray mustache materialized out of nowhere.

"You don't come here for a damn long time," said the Philosopher.

The Athens must be an enchanted land, for he didn't look a bit older, perhaps because he couldn't, for he'd always seemed to be about to enter the grave.

He snatched the menus. "You don't know what you want. I do." He turned on Johnny and Priscilla. "Who these kids, huh?"

Priscilla smiled. She spoke to the bristling little man in Greek and a great change came over him. He pulled out a chair for her; he actually dusted it off with his napkin.

He nodded at Johnny. "So he's got a good smart girl, huh? All right. I go get you something."

Priscilla's dark eyes were dancing. "You know what he said to me? He said you both used to come here years and years ago and hold hands."

"Indeed we did," Evelyn told her. "Johnny, don't look so disapproving."

For her son seemed in the depths of amazement and despair. She sympathized, for it must be rather a blow to defy your family by taking your best girl to a very Bohemian place, only to discover that your staid father and mother are its oldest habitués.

PRISCILLA'S eyes still sparkled. "Poor Johnny. He's stunned. He always thought you were so correct and precise and proper, and I knew all along you weren't. Johnny dear, didn't you suspect your parents were human?"

Johnny opened his mouth and shut it again and it was quite evident he hadn't.

His mother immediately gave him another shock.

"Johnny, would you mind lending me those old khaki trousers of yours?"

It was astounding how much amazement her son's face could show.

Her husband's face broke into one wide grin. "We're going camping, your mother and I, in horrible old clothes, with only a fry pan and a kettle and a coffeepot to cook our meals in."

Their son sat bolt upright. "But you can't. You'll catch cold. You don't know how to camp out. You—"

Priscilla put her hand over his. "Don't you dare stop them!" She looked at Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter as if she sensed just how they felt, as if she could imagine how it was when young love—first love—comes back again at forty-five.

Johnny held tight to her hand, for he was quite upset. His father and mother seemed to have turned suddenly into two strange, unpredictable beings.

It was a shame, he thought, but he simply didn't understand mum and dad in the least.

For they were acting just as though they were seventeen.

THE END

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*Screen Play by Ben Hecht*
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# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Mildred is shocked and hurt at her daughter's ingratitude.

## MILDRED PIERCE

*(Warner Bros.)*
*Joan Crawford, Ann Blyth, Jack Carson, Bruce Bennett, Zachary Scott*

JOAN CRAWFORD is back—and she couldn't have chosen a more fulsome vehicle than Mildred Pierce for her return. Based on a James Cain novel, it's a big movie, with a big supporting cast—and one of the biggest stars of them all.

Crawford, a great lady in a vanishing Hollywood tradition, has always had a womanly kind of dignity, even as far back as the 20s, when she was portraying Flaming Youth. In this grim story of "smother love" her wisdom of experience is given full scope.

In the title role she is a woman who sublimates herself in order that her daughter might have all the nice things that she was deprived of in her own childhood.

She is so fanatical in her tiger-mother philosophy that she vows, early in the film, "Yes, I intend to do her crying for her, too"—forgetting that crying is a necessary astringent to the human soul.

With all shocks conveniently absorbed by her mother, daughter Veda (Ann Blyth) grows into a nasty, ungrateful little witch. She sneers at her mother's humble beginning and takes great delight in romancing with her stepfather, whom her mother also supports.

Murder is the result. And murder is the focal point of the picture from which, via flashbacks, Mildred tells her story to the police inspector. This narrative technique has become something of a cliché, but this time they do it so well that there's no room for complaint.

Ann Blyth, as the trouble-making daughter, bears a remarkable resemblance to Crawford in a weak-faced sort of way. As an example of heredity gone wrong, it's an admirable casting job. To villainess Ann should go a special type of commendation—a thorny bouquet or something—for being so convincingly unpleasant.

Then, if you can tear yourself away from admiring the beautiful planes of La Crawford's visage, you will meet a truly fine complement of second leads.

Eve Arden delivers wise japes at a rapid rate. Jack Carson, the All-American Boy, is solid as a smart operator in the real-estate "game." Bruce Bennett, who plays Mildred's first (and last) husband, is a less ethereal version of Gregory Peck. And Jo Ann Marlowe, as the younger daughter who is unfortunately killed off by pneumonia in the first reel, is an extremely talented youngster. Zachary Scott, in the role of the dissolute second husband, has a decayed kind of charm, like a sleek mouse nibbling at very old Roquefort cheese.

James Cain's plots begin and end with violence (you'll remember Double Indemnity). Mildred Pierce is no exception. From the opening shot of Mildred's second husband, on the steps of his Malibu Beach house taking four gun slugs in his stomach, to the movie's bitter-sweet finish, it's as shocking as real life.

## PICTURES WORTH SEEING

**THE TRUE GLORY.** Extraordinary documentary covering events from D Day to V-E Day.
**OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES (M-G-M).** Margaret O'Brien, Butch Jenkins. Drama.
**STATE FAIR (20th Century-Fox).** Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain, Dick Haymes. Musical.
**PRIDE OF THE MARINES (Warner Bros.).** John Garfield, Eleanor Parker, Dane Clark. Drama.
**ANCHORS AWEIGH (M-G-M).** Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson. Musical.

Continued from Page 25

the Birmingham Army air base. Six and one half billion units of penicillin arrived from the U. S. P. H. S.

Health officials divided the county into sections, and allotted a few days for testing each section. Then managers of filling stations, stores, and theaters, and leaders of churches, schools, and clubs were persuaded to set up testing stations on their premises.

A recruiting campaign was staged to enlist 100 nurses and 200 record clerks for the testing stations and treatment centers.

Sign painters stenciled red signs reading: "Blood Testing Station."

Letters asking for support went out from the county health department to Negro ministers, industrialists, merchants, doctors, and teachers. Speakers appeared before all the civic clubs to boost the drive. Newspapers helped. Jefferson County was ready.

ON the opening day more than 5,000 persons reported to stations in the first area set for testing, and stood in line awaiting their turn.

The procedure was the same at all stations. First the "patient"—nobody ever decided just what to call the person being tested—gave registration data which was recorded on a numbered card. This was given to the patient after his test. Another form bearing the same serial number went to the tabulation center.

A laboratory sheet also bearing that number accompanied the blood samples to the lab at the end of each day, and the patient was handed a test tube bearing the same serial number.

Next came the squeamish part.

The patient took the test tube to the nurse in charge, who tied a tourniquet around his arm, inserted a sterile needle in the top of the tube, gave an expert jab and watched the blood flow slowly into the tube.

Usual comment upon completion of the test was, "Whew! Is it over? It really didn't hurt."

Taking a blood test became quite the thing to do in Jefferson County, and citizens made something of a social event of it. They even adopted a kind of unofficial slogan: "Meet your friends and relatives at the blood-testing stations."

After school hours the testing stations swarmed with shouting bobby-soxers, who later displayed their registration cards as proudly as they compared "wounds."

Most embarrassed of the persons tested was the husky high-school football captain who fainted as the nurse tied the tourniquet around his arm. Not that he was the only fainting victim: male grown-ups collapsed at many a testing station.

One masculine patient completed

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by Speidel

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WEST BEND *Aluminum Co.*
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

the registration process and was approaching the nurse when he departed with the announcement, "I'll be back." Thirty minutes later he came back, and repeated the performance. Another half hour passed, and he appeared again. The same thing happened. When he appeared for the fourth time, both he and his breath were well fortified, but he took the test bravely.

The lab in the hospital basement was the delight of the health officials, who called it their Willow Run.

"Our lab is more efficient than any industrial assembly line you ever saw," they declared. "We're testing more blood specimens in a day than anybody ever dared attempt to test before. There won't be any bottleneck here."

There wasn't.

At the tabulation center, trained investigators recorded the serial numbers designated as positive or doubtful. Then they telephoned or visited the persons concerned and asked them to take another test.

The investigators made it clear that a request for a second test did not necessarily indicate the presence of syphilis—other factors could cause a positive reaction.

But if the second test was also positive, the person was ordered to report to a private physician or to a treatment center for the nine-day penicillin treatment.

Mid-South Medical Center, where the white men and women were treated, looks more like a junior college campus than a venereal-disease hospital, and to many patients their stay was almost like a good vacation. They walked leisurely around the broad lawns, sat and chatted on benches under the trees, swam in the outdoor pool, read, joined in group singing, ate bountiful portions of well-prepared food, and slept peacefully in the dormitory beds. Their only responsibility was to report when shot time came around until they had completed the series of seventy-two injections.

Major complaint was the segregation of men and women patients.

At the Negro treatment centers, Slossfield and the Army air base, the patients led similar lives during the nine-day period.

MOST patients at the treatment centers were young, in their late teens and early twenties. Health officials discovered they had neither time, money, nor facilities for treating all cases of syphilis in the county, so they concentrated on early cases which they knew would respond to the penicillin.

As the campaign gained momentum, more and more persons reported daily to the testing stations. By the end of the second week the 100,000 mark had been passed.

In commemoration of this event, Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the U. S. P. H. S. telegraphed congratulations to Dr. Austin. From

Illinois, Dr. Leslie W. Knott, executive officer in VD control for the Public Health Service, came to observe the campaign. Missouri sent Dr. Rolla R. Wolcott, state venereal disease officer. Dr. Ben F. Wyman, state health officer for South Carolina, paid the county a visit. Down from North Carolina came C. S. Buchanan, consultant in education with the Venereal Disease Institute, Raleigh, and representative of the Smith-Reynolds Foundation.

Dr. J. R. Heller, chief of the venereal disease division of the U. S. P. H. S., predicted that the testing in Jefferson County would serve as a pattern for the entire nation. No wonder Jefferson County is proud.

BUT, despite their pride, health authorities admit the campaign wasn't perfect.

In the first place, there was no satisfactory method for checking on compliance. In a wartime population-swollen city such as Birmingham, frequent changes in residence made it impossible to track down the delinquents. Even so, officials estimate that more than 90 per cent in the age group reported for their tests.

Although the law provides a penalty for failure to report for the test, no arrests have been made. Health officials, none too sure of the law's constitutionality, are reluctant to bring it to a court test.

"Even though we have the power under the law to force people to submit to the test, we don't want to have to resort to this," they say. The doctors contend also that the law should provide for compulsory examinations to determine the presence of gonorrhea, which a blood test won't detect. They admit it would be much more difficult to sell the public on this idea, but they think it could and should be done.

Possibly the most serious flaw is that the law does not provide for periodic retesting. As the doctors point out, a person with a negative reaction may easily become infected shortly after the test is made. Unfortunately, Alabama has neither the money nor personnel to conduct yearly blood-testing campaigns.

Balancing flaws against progress, Jefferson County is satisfied with the results. Exclusive of salaries of permanent personnel in the city, county, state, and federal health departments, it cost $207,000. Results showed 11.76 per cent of the citizens infected, 30 per cent among Negroes and 2 per cent among the whites.

Having tested the state's most populous county, state health officers will carry the campaign into other counties as they strive to give Alabama the lowest VD rate in the nation.

Its plan isn't perfect, but by combining compulsory testing and compulsory treatment, the state is blazing new trails in the centuries-old fight against syphilis.

THE END

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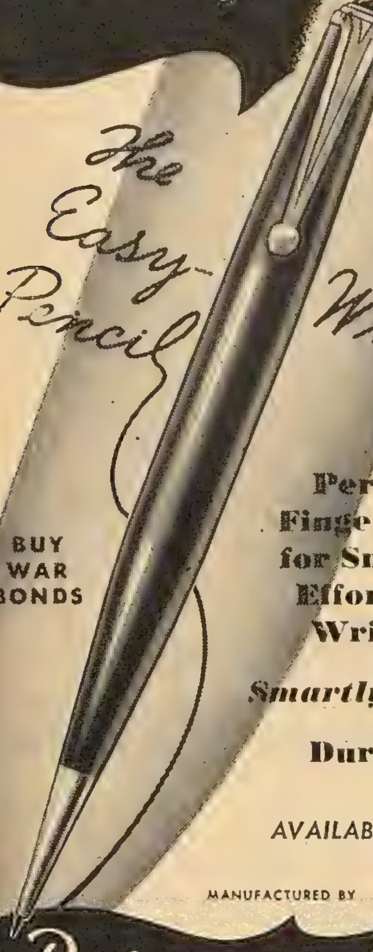

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## COLBERT THE CONSISTENT

Continued from Page 23

were sniffling when she finished. But the minute the director called "cut!" she dried her tears and drew herself up reprovingly.

"Orson," she said, "button your vest. Really! you have the untidiest stomach I've ever wept on."

"Ah, Claudette," sighed Welles, "always the perfectionist."

Claudette dislikes rain sequences

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933. OF LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC., published weekly at New York for October 1, 1945.

State of New York
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC., and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Paul Hunter, 37 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Edward Maher, 37 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Lee Pasquin, 37 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Business Manager, John Dungan, 37 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

PAUL HUNTER.

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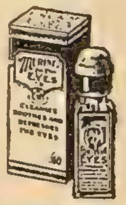

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and always bundles up in flannel underwear and rubber stockings when she has to appear in them. Whenever she starts a picture for Director Mitchell Leisen, she always finds her dressing-room mirror plastered with cold cures.

Her friends accuse her of once "reeking" in pictures. In Cleopatra, directed by De Mille, the Master insisted a real leopard would give a realistic touch. Ecki, the handsomest leopard in southern California, was hired, but was anything but popular with the cast. He growled and showed his fangs when anyone came near him, but was a softie about perfume, and purred like a kitten when he smelled it. So Claudette had to be sprayed with a cheap heavy perfume before each scene with him.

IN one sequence in Cleopatra, Claudette was supposed to ride through the streets of Rome with Ecki at her side. Eight Nubian slaves carried the throne on a litter. Claudette wasn't too happy to be perched fifteen feet in the air with a man-eating leopard, and as the ceremonial parade started across Paramount's back lot, Ecki leaped to the ground. The four Nubians in the rear let go the litter and fled. The Queen of the Nile found herself on her head.

Five years later, in a railway dining car, she noticed one of the colored waiters grinning at her. "Miss Colbert," he said. "I guess you don't remember me. I was one of the Nubians who dropped you. When that leopard jumped I just naturally stopped being a Nubian."

Claudette's chief extravagances are her home and her clothes. She dresses simply and expensively. She inherited both good looks and French chic from her attractive mother, who has a home near hers in California. But it is her home in Holmby Hills which she had built ten years ago that is Claudette's top extravagance. She started with the idea of building the most beautiful small house in the world for $30,000. To date, the house has cost more than $250,000.

Everything got off to a bad start. A smart agent sold her the wrong lot and she had to pay a terrific price for the adjoining lot. One of the country's best architects built her a modern house when she had distinctly said she wanted Georgian. But she stuck with it until she had just the house she wanted.

* * *

A lady psychiatrist was questioning a patient, and asked, "What would you say would be the difference between a little boy and a dwarf?"

The patient thought a while and said, "Well, there might be a lot of difference."

"What, for instance?" asked the psychiatrist encouragingly.

"Well," replied the patient, "the dwarf might be a girl."

—*The Journal of the American Medical Association.*

* * *

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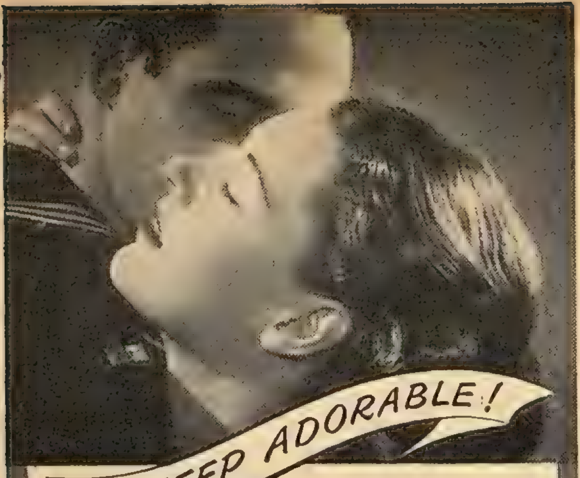
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When there was talk of limiting salaries to $25,000 a year, Claudette decided she had better sell. She put a price of $100,000 on it, but there were no takers. Claudette, greatly relieved, and pleased with herself for having made the gesture, took it off the market and called in Decorator Jimmy Pendleton, who did the playroom over at a cost of several thousand dollars.

DURING this interlude Claudette discovered her idol had clay feet. Ever since Garbo's first picture in America, Claudette had been a rabid Garbo fan. One day an agent phoned and said his client, Miss Garbo, would like to look at Miss Colbert's house. Claudette said fine, bring her over. Miss Garbo, the agent continued grandly, had demanded that Miss Colbert leave for the afternoon, and see to it that her servants were off the premises, too. Miss Garbo, as always, wanted to be alone. Claudette had never been ordered out of her own home. She told the agent just where he could tell his client to go.

When working, Claudette gets up at 5 A. M. But when she isn't, she sleeps until noon. Year in and year out she can eat soft-boiled eggs for luncheon and chicken for dinner. She likes talking over the phone, and with the slightest encouragement will talk for hours. She loathes having dinner in restaurants, and loves having her close friends—the William Goetzes, the Gary Coopers, the Jack Bennys, and Dr. and Mrs. John Lordan—in for informal dinners several nights a week.

Once a year she has a large formal party with an orchestra and a cellophane tent. She always swears she will never go through it again, but she always does. Whether she is working or not, she has afternoon tea, with cookies and cake. She likes to have her fortune read in the tea leaves, though doesn't believe a word of it. No matter how much she eats, she never gains, and stays around 108.

She promises herself with every picture that she won't worry, but she can worry more in a day than most people can in a year. Once she bought one of those How-Not-to-Worry books. It worried her so much she stayed awake all night.

She has a childish enthusiasm for presents. She writes so badly she can't read her own writing. She can cook extremely well in an emergency. Once she took a dozen friends on a deep-sea fishing trip off Mexico. The cook got sick, and so did the guests. Claudette did all the cooking, and dishwashing, and in betweentimes went up on deck and caught a few fish. But she has never suggested any more fishing trips.

She is fond of dogs and kittens, and has two miniature poodles named Missy and Winkie. Anything small she thinks of as a baby, and therefore harmless. De Mille's favorite story on her concerns the time he was directing her in Cleopatra. His assistant told him that Claudette refused to handle the snake in the suicide scene. "I'll fix that," said De Mille. When the moment arrived he confronted her with a six-foot king snake writhing around his arm.

"Go away," she shrieked, "I wouldn't touch that horrible thing for a million dollars."

Then, from behind his back, De Mille produced the small snake that was to enact the deadly asp. "But you wouldn't mind this one," he said.

"Why, it's just a baby!" cooed Colbert. And the Master got his death scene.

CLAUDETTE has a few inconsistencies. Although she is a fast driver and often gets tickets for speeding, she will have a fit if you drive over thirty when she is a passenger in the car. To avoid arguments, it is simpler to let her drive. She is almost a hypochondriac and is always imagining she will come down with an ailment, but she can beat nearly every man in Hollywood at almost any sport. In the winter of 1936, Paramount sent the I Met Him in Paris company on location to Sun Valley. Claudette could do the ice skating for the picture, but she had to have a double for the skiing. That aroused her interest in skiing, and while Paramount winced and took out more insurance, she rapidly became one of the top-ranking women skiers in America.

She was taking lessons at the famous school in St. Anton, Austria, with her husband, in 1938, when Hitler seized Austria. She and her husband picked up their skis and left when the Nazis reached Innsbruck, but were detained at the border for ten hours. Claudette, tired, hungry, and nervous, happened to giggle. One of Hitler's aides told her curtly it wasn't funny. Claudette assured him that she knew it wasn't funny but she'd laugh if she wanted to. A few seconds later, when she saw helpless people being dragged off the train by Storm Troopers, she decided she didn't want to.

She is inevitably late for everything. Claudette has been the cause of numerous fallen soufflés, overdone roasts, and nervous hostesses.

Probably the only time in her life she wasn't late for an appointment was the September day in Paris

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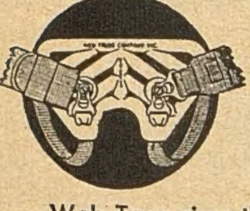

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when she was born. Her family named her Lily. When she was five the Chauchoins moved to New York. They lived in a fourth-floor walk-up on Lexington Avenue, and Claudette went to Public School 59, and to Washington Irving High.

WHEN her father died, she knew she must help support her mother and grandmother, so she gave up the idea of becoming a designer, and went on the stage. Under the management of A. H. Woods she appeared in such successful plays as Fast Life, A Kiss in a Taxi, Tin Pan Alley, The Barker, See Naples and Die, and the Theater Guild's Dynamo. It was in Dynamo that she had to look at a huge hunk of machinery and say, "Dynamo, I love you." It is a tribute to Miss Colbert's artistry that the audiences didn't laugh.

She signed a contract with Paramount in 1929, and after making several films at the Long Island studios, came to the Coast in 1932. In 1934, she and Clark Gable were loaned by their respective studios to Columbia for Frank Capra's It Happened One Night. She won an Academy Award for her performance in that picture and is the only actress in Hollywood who ever received her Oscar in a tailored suit. Claudette was so certain Bette Davis was going to win that year, that she had made plans to leave for New York. Publicity Director John Leroy Johnston dragged her from the station and pushed her up on the platform just in time for Irvin S. Cobb to present her with an Oscar. She was in the running for an award in 1944 for her performance in Since You Went Away, but lost to Ingrid Bergman.

In 1935 she married Dr. Joel Pressman, Los Angeles specialist. A year before Pearl Harbor, Dr. Pressman enlisted in the Navy. Now Commander Pressman, he recently returned from sixteen months in the Pacific aboard a carrier.

Claudette always says, "What a fool I was to marry on Christmas Eve! No matter how many anniversaries I have, I'll never get any presents." At times like that she thinks maybe she isn't so intelligent after all.

THE END

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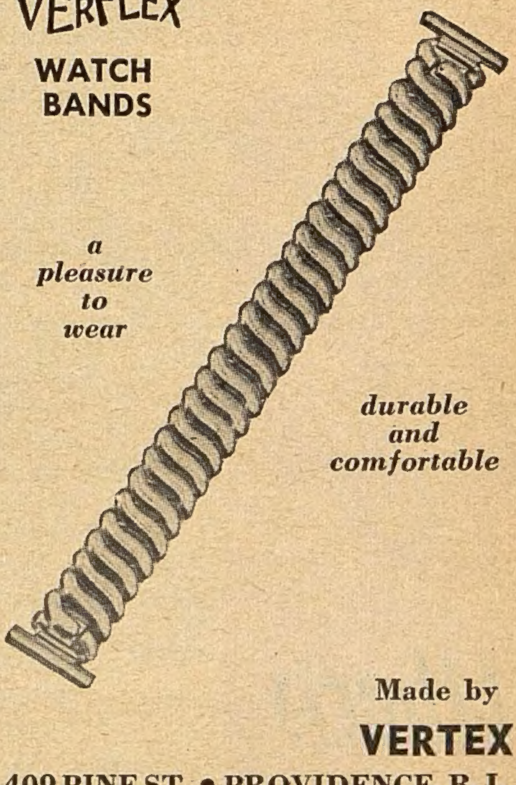

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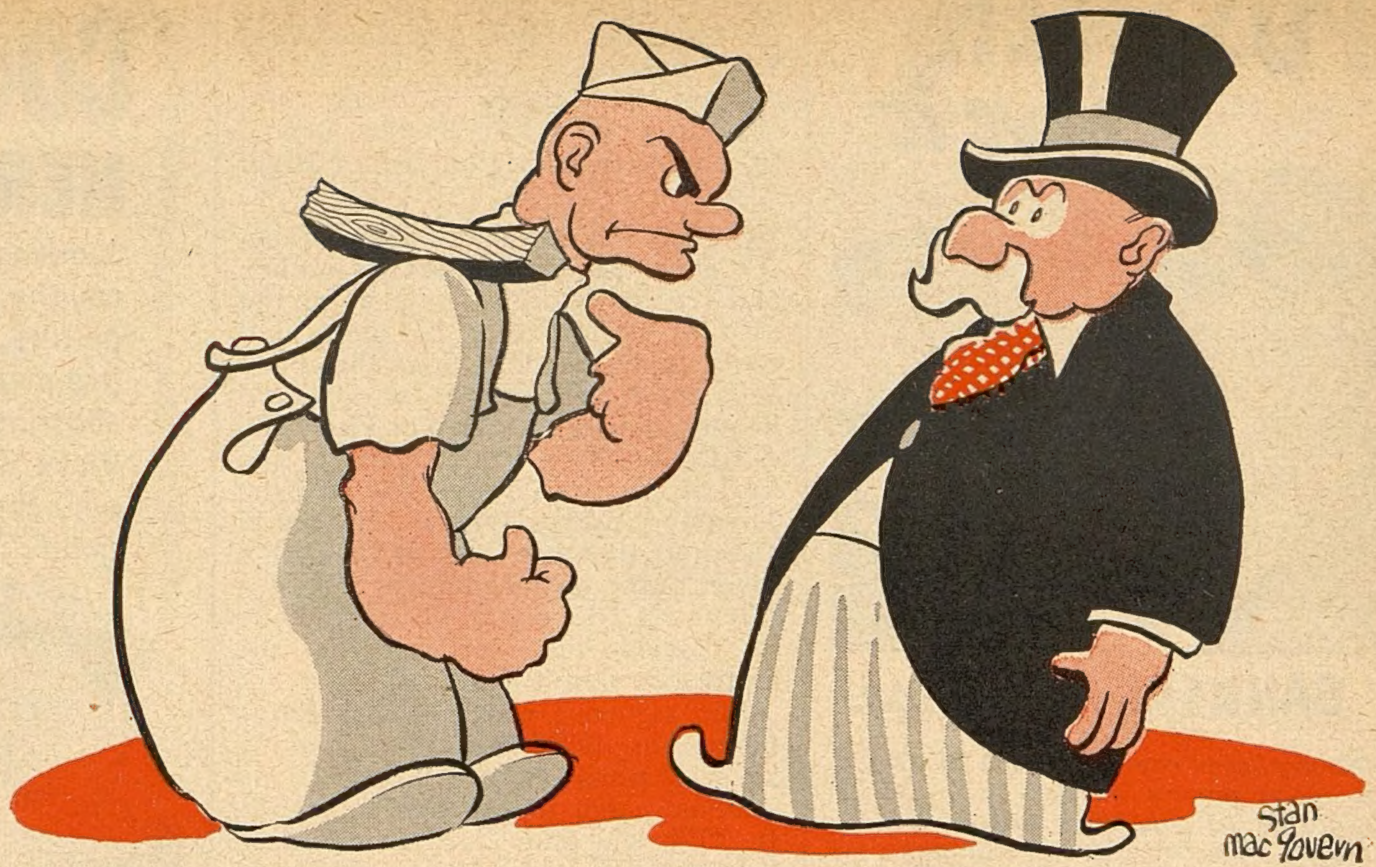

# WE WANT BARGAINING—NOT BICKERING

EVERY week, throughout the country, hundreds of agreements are arrived at between employers and employees by means of collective bargaining. For the most part, these proceed without fanfare or publicity, without strikes or lockouts, without recrimination or bitterness on either side. Union representatives and employers sit down at a table and negotiate whatever they are negotiating in a spirit of sweet reasonableness and for the purpose of arriving at an agreement which is mutually satisfactory. Meanwhile work proceeds without stoppage. The employers do not lose production and the workers do not lose wages. When the bargainers get through, both sides are better off.

Why, then, do many of the big labor unions, such as the auto workers, the steelworkers and the coal miners, when they feel adjustments of their contracts coming on, open up "negotiations" by hurling insult and defiance at the managements with whom they must do business? Why do they, before ever a foot is put under the bargaining table, inflame their members against the employers, promote, or at least countenance, annoying wildcat strikes and slowdowns? Why do they begin to try their cases in the newspapers, making exorbitant claims and extravagant statements which the facts do not support? In short, why, before starting to bargain collectively, do they set everybody's teeth on edge so that calm, reasonable, collective bargaining is impossible?

Spite generates spite, defiance calls forth defiance, hate breeds hate and always will. This lesson, already learned or spontaneously perceived by many a labor leader who never gets his name in the papers because he never has to call a strike, needs to be learned by some of the leaders of the big unions who, though they aspire to be called "labor statesmen," are a long way from knowing how to live up to the title.

Statesmanship demands vision and understanding, reasonableness, responsibility, honesty, and the respect for others which in turn wins their respect. It calls for diplomacy and a skill in negotiation which wins the objective without wasteful strikes and the misery and physical violence which often accompany them. In this day and age the labor leader who must strike his union to get a fair deal thereby accuses himself of lack of stature as a labor statesman.

These days the matters at issue between unions and employers are usually concerned with cold figures which are there on the books and can't be argued with. Employers generally are willing to pay as high wages as can be earned. Both labor and management have a stake in keeping them from going higher than productivity warrants. If wages are too high, the product won't sell and no one can live off the proceeds of nonrevolving machines. If the capital invested in a business doesn't earn a profit, it will go where it can, and then there will be no business. All these facts of economic life are well known and cannot be changed by bluster, bluff, or bludgeoning.

Organized labor must play a constructive part in the creation of a stable and prosperous America. Many unions are doing so, but some of the biggest are not. No labor leader can discharge the obligation he owes his members and all of us until he removes the chip from his shoulder, the arrogance from his attitude, and the mistrust and suspicion from his soul.

Paul Hunter

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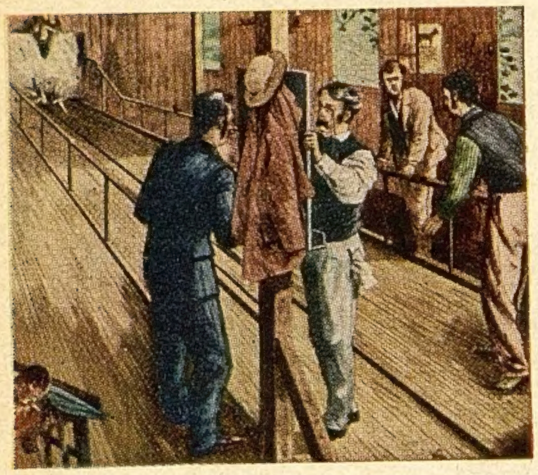
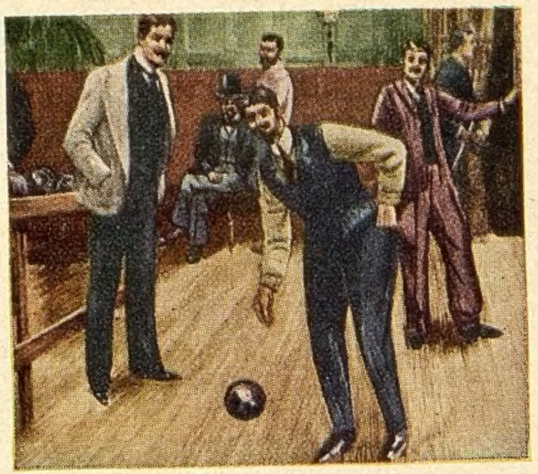
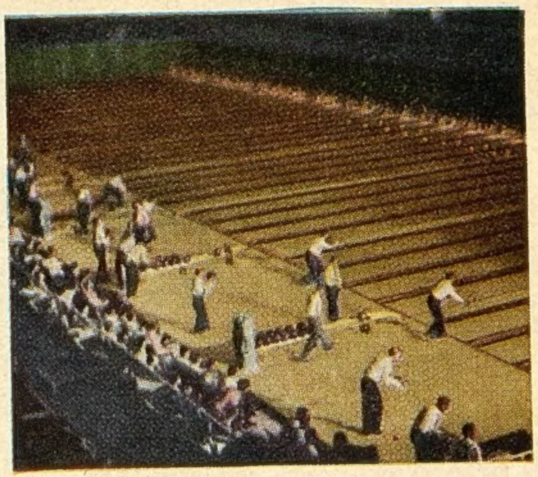
# Bowling...fun for 16 million



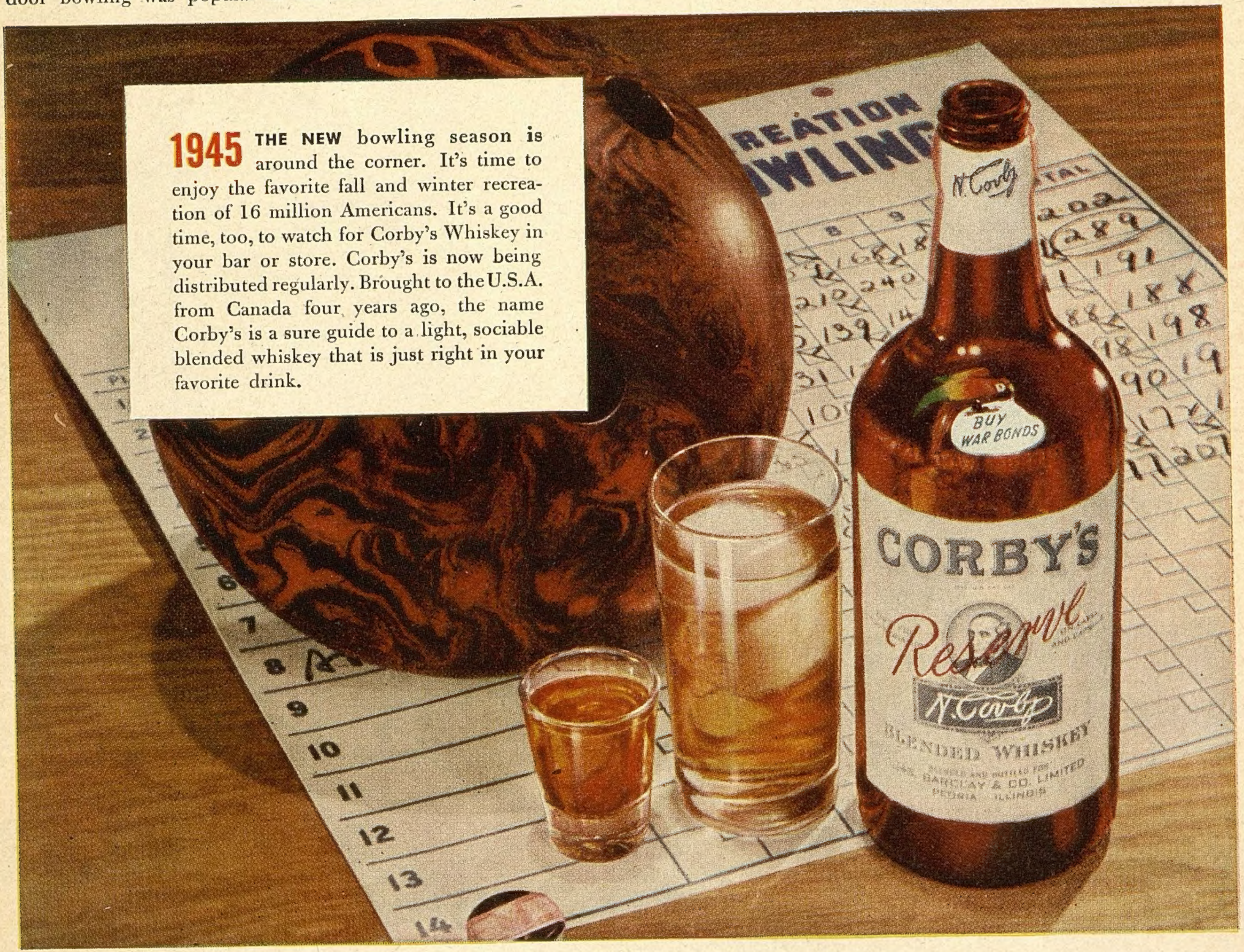
**1870** **THOSE WHO** enjoy bowling today have years of precedent behind them. "Bowling at ninepins" was brought to this country by early Dutch settlers. By 1870, 12 years after the name Corby's Whiskey was introduced in Canada, indoor bowling was popular in the East.



**1901** **BOWLING** was rapidly becoming an organized recreation with uniform rules throughout the U. S. The first national tournament was held in Chicago. Rules called for 10 pins; 464 entries competed for $1,592 prize money in this, Corby's 43rd year of Canadian fame.



**1942** **NEARLY 80,000** entries competed for $250,000 in prize money in the last national tournament held before war eliminated bowling congresses. Local competition attracted more bowlers than ever before, as the name Corby's reached its 84th year of great Canadian tradition.



**1945** **THE NEW** bowling season is around the corner. It's time to enjoy the favorite fall and winter recreation of 16 million Americans. It's a good time, too, to watch for Corby's Whiskey in your bar or store. Corby's is now being distributed regularly. Brought to the U.S.A. from Canada four years ago, the name Corby's is a sure guide to a light, sociable blended whiskey that is just right in your favorite drink.

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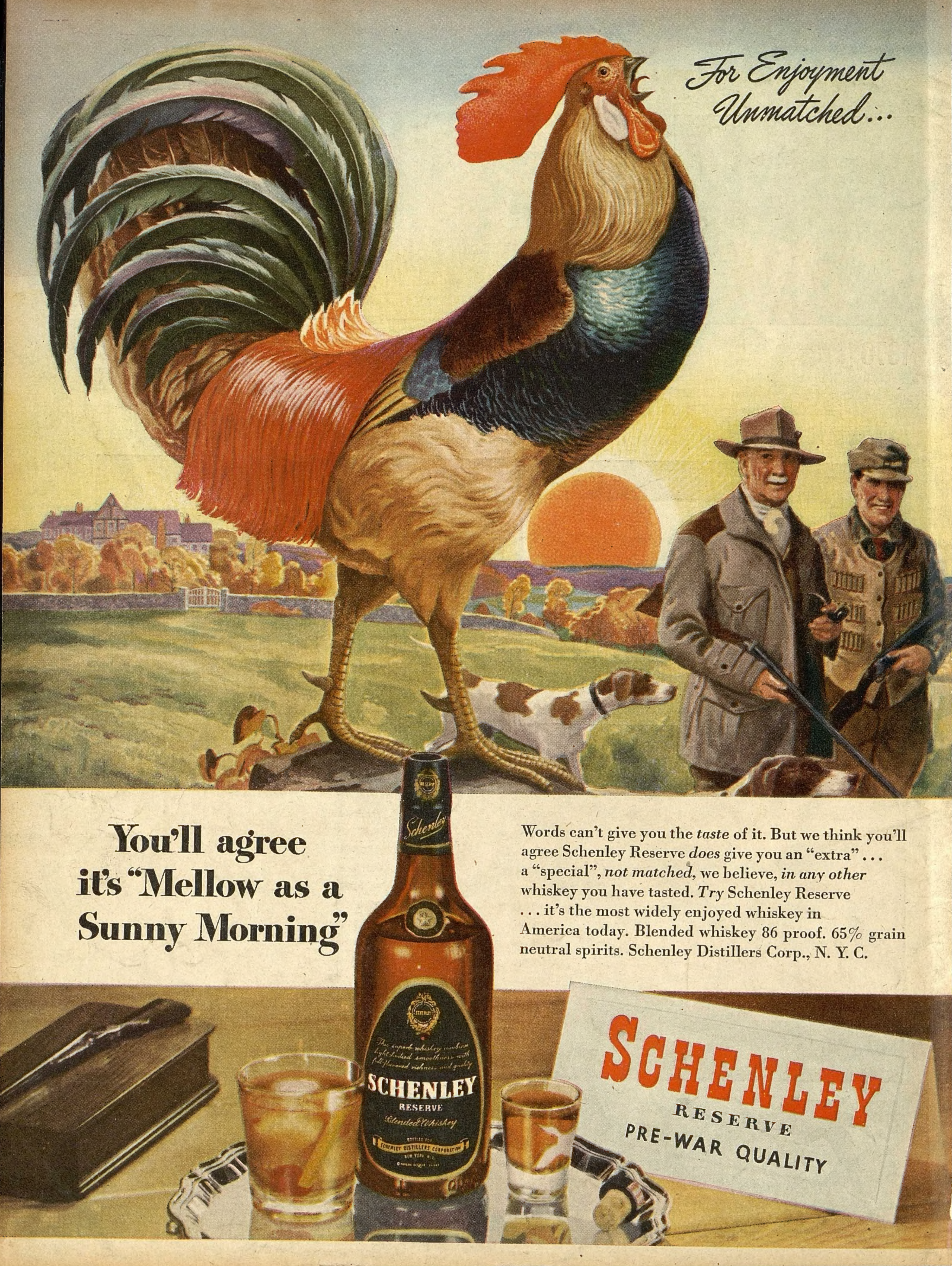
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